FOREST AND STREAM.

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DR. G. BROWN GOODE.

DR. GEORGE BROWN GOODE, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and Curator in charge of the National Museum, died on Sunday last at his home in the suburbs of Washington. In his death these two great institutions have suffered a severe loss.

Dr. Goode came of old Colonial stock, being descended from John Goode, who, in 1675–76, fought against the Indians in the Virginia Colonial forces under Gen. Bacon, as well as from William Swaine and Hugh Calkin, who were deputies to the general court of Massachusetts in 1636 and 1650 respectively. He was born in New Albany, Indiana, in 1851, and was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1870. His interest in science was already so great that in 1871 he was placed in charge of the museum of that institution. In 1873 he was invited to Washington, and took a place in the Smithsonian Institution. From that time until the death of Prof. Baird, he was in close and intimate association with that eminent man, who selected him for many services of responsibility and trust. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876 he had charge of the natural history division. In 1877 he served the State Department as statistical expert in connection with the Halifax Fisheries Commission. In 1880 he was appointed United States Commissioner to the International Fisheries Exhibition held in Berlin, and he held the same position in London in 1883. In 1887 he was appointed United States Fish Commissioner to succeed Prof. Baird, but gave up the position because it interfered too much with his work in the National Museum. He was a member of the Government executive board for the New Orleans, Cincinnati and Louisville expositions in 1884, and represented the Smithsonian Institution at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. In 1895 he was a member of the board of awards at the Cotton States International Exposition at Atlanta.

Dr. Goode was an investigator and published many papers chiefly on fishery subjects and on museum administration. One of the most important of the works to which his name is attached is the Fishery Industries of the United States, a series of volumes to which any one interested in fish or fishing must constantly refer. There was no higher authority than he on all matters connected with this subject. Of late years the exigencies of his important positions in Washington had in some measure deflected Dr. Goode's energies from actual personal investigation in science to the directing of such investigation. Yet he continued to do much writing, and there is soon to be issued a book on deep-sea fishes, the joint production of Dr. Goode and Dr. Bean. Nevertheless his work became more and more administrative, but it was not on that account less effective, and it may be doubted whether in all Washington, that center of scientific work for America, there is a man who in the same time has accomplished so much for science as he.

Notwithstanding all his work on his favorite subject, it is as the planner and director of the National Museum that Dr. Goode will chiefly be remembered in Washington and throughout the scientific world. To him far more than to any one else was due the success of this great institution. To it he gave his best thought and time and work. He had many able coadjutors in the different departments, but he was the guiding spirit, the head, and while he has not lived to see all his plans carried out, yet they are so far completed that only their execution remains to make the National Museum by far the finest museum in the world. This then is Dr. Goode's monument, a memorial worthy the man, and one which is destined to secure for him and for his life work growing appreciation and livelier public gratitude as the people of the United States shall realize in fuller measure the magnitude and the excellence of their national possession in the museum.

One secret of the remarkable success achieved by Dr. Goode lay in his charming personality. Of him it may be truly said that he was universally beloved by his associates. It was equally his part to encourage men and to help them on, and to adjust differences and to smooth over bickerings, and this last he accomplished with the utmost tact and skill, finally winning over both disputants to his view of the case.

Dr. Goode's energy and his love for his work induced him to labor so hard and so continuously that he was always at the breaking-down point; so it was that when he was stricken with pneumonia a few days ago he had no recuperative power, and although not supposed to be dangerously ill, he succumbed to the disease.

Dr. Goode's contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM began more than twenty years ago and were continued over many years, and until the pressure of his work in Washington put an end to any but the most special papers. The sense of personal loss which has come into this office with the news of his death is but typical of the unaffected sorrow with which that intelligence will be received everywhere among those whose privilege it was to know and esteem him.

SNAP SHOTS.

For his breakfast, one morning in New York, Li Hung Chang was presented with a fresh Virginia shad. He was so well pleased with it that he requested his host to supply some little shad for stocking the Yang-tse-Kiang River in China. We take it that the enterprise would by no means baffle the skill and ingenuity of American fishculturists, and such an undertaking would be only one more in a long line of transplantings of the fishes of this continent to distant lands.

American black bass are now counted among the angling resources of Great Britain. Our rainbow trout is numbered among the game fishes of England and Germany, and of far-away New Zealand. The stocking of New Zealand waters with both the rainbow trout and the speckled has been a pronounced success. The current report of the Wellington (N. Z.) Acclimatization Society records that the rainbow is a species which is "well established and is giving splendid sport, proving itself to be intermediate in its habits between the salmon and the trout. It is a valuable addition to our rivers."

These international transfers of food resources are among the most interesting and impressive achievements of fish-culture. It is worthy of note that our own continent is so rich in the supply and so favored in the quality of its indigenous fishes, that while we are sending our own species for adoption by other countries, they profess to send us in return out of their own indigenous fishery resources nothing worthy to take the place of our natural supply. As to China, her carp may not for a moment be counted an equivalent in exchange for the American shad which so tickled the palate of the visiting Viceroy. Carp in some form or another must have been among the seventy courses of the banquet given to Gen. Grant by Li Hung Chang in Tientsin in 1879; but it is inconceivable that the Americans should have been so charmed with the fish as to have desired its acquisition for United States rivers; nor is it recorded that the shark's fin tid-bits prompted the guests to suggest that we should open our ports to Chinese man-eaters. But in this wonderful dinner, with its eggs preserved for forty years and other delicacies, we may be sure that some one of the Chinese pheasants was included, and it was perhaps on this occasion, then, that Judge O. N. Denny, our Consul-General and a guest at the banquet, resolved to introduce the Mongolian bird to the sportsmen of America. Through Judge Denny's offices China has contributed to the continent a new game bird; in return we might gracefully present her with the American shad, a food fish which Li Hung Chang declared to be the finest fish he had ever eaten.

That the wild turkey hunter be so expert in simulating the bird's call as to lure the game within range is not enough; he must cultivate his own ear for bird music, so that he may be able to distinguish the false note from the true, the man turkey from the real turkey. For it often happens that a caller who fails to deceive the birds does yelp to the undoing of a fellow man; the birds recognize the false note in the cry, but the man does not. In the same week in August that a Maine camper shot at a movement in the brush, thinking it a bear, and killed a man, a like tragedy was enacted in the wild turkey covers of Alachua, Florida. Two hunters had gone out together and had separated for turkey calling. After a while one man heard the other yelping, took him for a turkey and yelped in reply. The calls and answers came nearer and nearer together as the two men crept toward one another, until finally one hunter eagerly peering into the brush saw a movement of what he thought was the bird, shot at the mark, and rushed forward only to find that he had made a victim of his companion.

Mr. Tom Padgitt, of Waco, Texas, who is stirring up the sportsmen to do something about the desperate game situation, has given out a letter received from Mr. Horsbrugh, manager of extensive pasture tracts in western Texas, who says that all over the western counties last year quail were netted in vast numbers for export at $1 a dozen at the shipping points. If this wholesale destruction goes on, he declares, the quail supply will be exterminated before the danger has fairly been realized. Mr. Horsbrugh thinks it is time that the Legislature took up the question of quail protection in dead earnest; and to this end he would persuade the politicians to believe that "more voters would like to see the quail treated as God Almighty meant them to be than the comparatively few who net and haul them off by the thousands amount to. In the Old Testament we read that when the children of Israel were making their excursion out of the land of Egypt they struck a desert and liked to have starved for something to eat. The Lord sent them manna and quail, and they came through all right. This He did to supply their immediate wants. Had they gone to netting and hauling off the birds, instead of using them right, God would have shut down on them quick enough." If Mr. Horsbrugh has interpreted the Biblical passage aright, it would appear that the subject of quail destruction in western Texas might be taken up in earnest not only by the politicians, but by the clergy as well.

The last work of the Texas Legislature with respect to game protection was to exempt a hundred and twenty counties from the various provisions of the law. We presume that the member from each of these counties rose in his seat and demanded immunity for his constituents. No law can amount to much when one-half of the State is exempt from it and the other half pays no attention to it. If game protection is good for one county, it is good for all. Make the Texas game law cover the State of Texas.

The last twenty years have witnessed in this country a succession of game protective clubs and associations; but if we are not mistaken no single one of these has maintained its active work in the field for the entire term of that period. The average life of a game protective association is short, that is to say the active life, for very often the name and the organization remain long after their existence is of any practical account as a live force for good. The rule is that a handful of enthusiasts, sometimes a single individual, gives the impetus, others join in the movement, plans are laid out, work is begun and the outlook is full of promise. Then comes the call for individual and personal effort, which is given while enthusiasm lasts; but it does not last very long, and gradually the number of active members dwindles until only the original enthusiast is left; then he too grows weary, and only the name remains. If there are exceptions to the rule, they are few. And yet we could not fall into a more serious error than to criticise such efforts as wasted. In the aggregate they count for all that we have of game protection in this country. One individual or a single society may appear to have accomplished little, and yet the influence of each has made up that public sentiment which has grown in the years from the 70s to the 90s to be such a potent force. We may not recognize the thousand and one contributions of individual enthusiasm, but we do know the results; we can appreciate the progress insured by the united influences of them all.

Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket would protect him in the woods from being mistaken for a deer. The effect upon the game would be either to fascinate it or to drive it into the second county beyond.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN NOVA SCOTIA.

WE recently coasted the south shore of Nova Scotia from Yarmouth to Halifax, and discovered on the way a sportsman's paradise known only to a favored few. The side-wheel steamer City of St. John, leaving Yarmouth every Friday morning, affords the only means of access to this region, so that if the tourist stops off at any of the several villages at which she touches he must perforce remain a week before resuming his journey. This is a disadvantage or not, according to one's tastes and circumstances.

A railroad has been laid out as far as Shelburne and is now building. Eventually it is to be carried on to Halifax; then this secluded corner will be as accessible as any part of the Province. But it is this inaccessibility which has made it so fine a game preserve.

With fair weather the voyage is the most delightful within reach of the traveler. The shore line of Nova Scotia is more irregular than Scotland's, being indented by deep bays and broken by bold headlands, while there are at least ten islands for every mile of coast—some of them mere gull-haunted rocks barely visible at high tide; others are many miles in area and covered with forests or with farms. Your steamer is never out of sight of land, and most of the time is threading a devious channel between green islands. The first stop is at Barrington, thirty-six miles from Yarmouth. We have run inside of Cape Sable, the most southerly point of Nova Scotia on the way, the cape lying at the extremity of a long island called Cape Sable Island, which begins nearly opposite Barrington.

During the run we had our first experience of a Cape Sable fog. This species of mist lies in strata on the water, adhering to its surface "like a face cloth to the dead," so that we sailed through alternate layers of mist and sunshine.

At one moment it would lift, revealing the steamer embayed in hundreds of bold islands with narrow, tortuous channels between; the next moment space was blotted out and a gray blankness enveloped us.

In the midst of one of these transformations we heard some one shouting dead ahead. There was a bustle in the pilot house, one bell—stop quick—rang in the engine room, the paddle wheels ceased to revolve and then whirled swiftly in the opposite direction. The next moment, under our bows, not a boat's length ahead, rose the rocky front of one of the afore-mentioned islands.

Fortunately it was a bold shore, and the steamer lost headway and was backed off before running aground. Barrington is a village of several hundred souls, divided pretty impartially between Barrington Head, Barrington Neck and Barrington Passage. With the exception of a few farmers, shopkeepers and offshore fishermen the village is tenanted in summer solely by women and children, the men being at sea or off to the Grand Banks or Labrador fishing. It is a pretty village of neat, white-painted cottages, betokening thrift and prosperity.

Walking out into the primeval forest which surrounds it, we found a party of Micmac Indians encamped—that is, seated on the ground around a fire, over which a pot was boiling. A handcart near by filled with what looked like "old clo'es" and bedding was the only suggestion of sleeping arrangements apparent. They had come from the blueberry barrens, we learned, and were bound to the Point for splints for making baskets in which the fruit was packed for market. Close by a brook brawled over a rocky bed into the sea, and we asked the man if there were trout in it.

"Yes," said he, "in spring; but the Clyde about seven miles out on the Shelburne road is best for trout and salmon." He said if I would come up in May he would show me plenty of both.

"Plenty o' moose and bear," he added, in answer to my question. "No deer, call a moose any day in season."

A big lumber box wagon rolled past piled high with crates filled with quart baskets of blueberries. The barrens, he said, began about four miles out and extended nearly to Yarmouth. In July and August hundreds of men, women and children, Indian, Caucasian and negro, flock thither to pick the blueberries, which grow in profusion upon them, and are shipped to the Boston market by hundreds of thousands of quarts.

Shelburne is the next stop, fifteen miles east, at the head of the finest harbor on the coast or on any coast. A pretty, quiet town of some 2,000 inhabitants, whose only communication with the world is by the weekly boat. Her people live in the contemplation of her past. No town in the world has had such a history. One May morning in 1783, after England had finally relinquished her hold on the thirteen American colonies, a fleet of twenty craft of all descriptions—men-of-war, square rigged ships, schooners, snows and sloops—entered Shelburne Harbor. It was crowded with American loyalists, men who had remained loyal to King George during the struggle, and who were now willing exiles from their old homes and intent on forming new ones under the old flag. They were people of wealth and distinction from the highest circles of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. They had had their houses built in New York before sailing and brought them with them—houses of oak, with marble mantles and mahogany stairways; they had brought slaves to put them together, and furniture of the most elegant description for their furnishing. The king's engineers had laid out the city on the most liberal scale, and in September following, when a second fleet arrived, there were 14,000 people, the *élite* of America, in its homes.

In 1784, when Gov. Parr, of Nova Scotia, visited them in royal state, they entertained him royally and changed the name of the city from New Jerusalem to Shelburne in honor of the English premier. A little later Prince Edward, the father of Queen Victoria, came and was entertained in the same princely fashion. There were fêtes and balls and banquets day after day. No one but slaves worked. The Government furnished supplies, and they had brought $3,000,000 in money. Work was beneath them, especially fishing and trading in furs, the only avocations open to them. Their neighbors, the sturdy fishermen of Lockport and Liverpool, looked on in amazement, called them "the dancing beggars," and predicted they would soon come "to the end of their rope," and so they did. The Government supplies were cut off, the $3,000,000 were soon spent, famine followed feasting and lamentation merriment. Soon they began to desert the whilom gay capital. Some returned to the States, some removed to neighboring towns. In a few years the population dwindled to 400. Palatial houses stood open to the weather for birds to nest in. Some were taken down and conveyed to Halifax and other places. Others still remained to bear witness of the ancient glory of the town. One of them, in which Prince Edward was entertained, was pointed out to us as we strolled through the pretty village. There are, too, the old pumps set in the middle of the streets, and the antiquated fire engine presented by King George to protect the settlement from fire. Shelburne is very quiet and isolated now, but the railroad is on the way, and when it reaches her she expects a new era of progress and prosperity.

At present the village is a paradise for the angler and sportsman, if all reports are true. Haunts of moose and caribou are close at hand, and there are three rivers within easy reach, all famous for salmon and trout: the Shelburne, which empties into the harbor close by the town; the Jordan, ten or twelve miles to the west; and the Clyde, the same distance on the east. These rivers abound in falls and rapids, and are fed by scores of lakes, which form chains taking one sixty or seventy miles inland to mountains. There is a local "squire" in Shelburne who has the record of twelve salmon in a single day ranging from 9 to 30lbs.

Lockport and Liverpool next beyond are pretty towns, affording equally good fishing and hunting; then comes Lunenburg, famed as the Gloucester of Nova Scotia, with a hundred sails on the Grand Banks and Labrador. Germans settled it in 1753 in answer to some glowing promises of King George's ministers, and some of the quaint old customs of the fatherland are still retained by their descendants. For instance, the oxen have no yokes, but draw by stout leathern bands wound around their horns. The country about is fully cleared and settled by thrifty farmers. There is little attraction for the sportsman here except the deep-sea fishing for cod, haddock and mackerel in their season, which indeed may be had all along the coast.

It is forty miles from this port to Halifax, the last stage of the journey. The St. John passes the mouths of Mahone and St. Margaret's bays, two beautiful island-studded sheets extending far inland; passes the cove in which the ill-fated Atlantic met her doom, rounds Sambo Head at the entrance to Halifax's beautiful harbor, and at 11 o'clock ties to her dock in the American Gibraltar, having been a little over twenty-four hours in making the distance of 240 miles.

C. B. T.

SAVED BY AN ENEMY.

JOHN GARDENER was hunting and trapping in the Adirondacks in the fall of 1868, following one pursuit for sport and the other for profit—with considerable success in both—when he met with a singular adventure.

He was living alone in an open-fronted log shanty on Otter Pond, in what was then one of the wildest parts of the region—though a smart hotel now occupies the very site of his rude shelter, and swarms of fashionable tourists have spoiled the neighborhood for one who loves the solitude of nature.

The moose, shyest denizen of the forest, had not entirely forsaken the place, for his broad footprints were yet occasionally seen in the deep moss, while the long howl of the wolf and the panther's scream were heard often enough to account for the scarcity of deer. Yet there were enough to afford Gardener the moderate sport which he desired, and a frequent over-supply of meat, for which he found a convenient outlet on the other side of the pond, where a small party of men were building a lumbering camp for the operations of the coming winter.

These were his only neighbors—two miles distant at that. His visits to them were not frequent, but welcome—especially when he brought a quarter of venison to break the monotony of salt pork and beans.

The cook of the party was something of a trapper, and therefore particularly interested in Gardener's success in fur-gathering. On his part, Gardener was glad to do his neighbors a good turn and break his isolation by an occasional touch with humanity, though with the rough side of it, and he, having the greater need in this respect and the more leisure, did most of the visiting.

Gardener's shanty was situated midway in his line of traps, which for the most part were set for the pine marten—misnamed the sable by our hunters and trappers, who go still further astray in mispronouncing the name "saple."

At intervals stronger traps were set for that notorious trap robber, the pennant's marten or fisher, and at likely places on small streams traps baited with fish were set for mink, which by a caprice of fashion had at that time become one of the most valuable fur-bearers.

The line marked by blazed trees extended so far in each direction from the shanty that only half of it could be gone over in a day, the other half the next day, an arrangement by which Gardener could attend wholly to his traps as he went out and give his attention to hunting as he returned to camp, making such detours as occasion required.

During a week of most favorable weather he had extraordinary luck with his traps, when he went over to the lumber camp with the half of a fat deer more than he could make use of.

He received a hearty welcome from his friends and as hearty congratulations on his good fortune, which he was quite free to tell them of, as none of them could in the least be considered as rivals, unless it was Murdock, the cook, who did indeed prick up his ears and look out of temper when he heard the count of mink and sable. But he soon recovered himself and made qualified congratulations.

"You've done consid'able well for a green hand at trappin'," he said, as he began cutting some slices of venison to fry with salt pork, after the barbarous fashion of backwoods cookery. "If I wa'n't so tormented busy I'd go over an' show you a trick or two that's worth knowin'. But these fellers' jaws keeps me a-hustlin' so 't I hain't time to stir a rod from camp."

"Just listen to him," cried Williams, the boss of the party. "You'd think he had to hump himself the whole time to cook for six men. Somehow he's managed to ketch half a dozen saple an' two mink since he's been here."

"You wait an' see the animals feed, an' then tell me what you think of cookin' for six," retorted Murdock, addressing Gardener. "An' them saple an' mink come right here to be ketched."

"Off tendin' his traps two three hours every day," Williams remarked; "but I don't care so long 's he gets the grub ready on time."

Murdock dropped the conversation to attend to his regular duties, and soon served up the dinner, to which Gardener was of course invited and given an opportunity to see how the company bore themselves as trencher men.

He was forced to admit that they did valiant service that made Murdock's office no sinecure, but when half an hour after dinner he left them to return to his own camp the cook seemed to have arrived at a period of leisure, though he made some show of being busy while making casual inquiries concerning Gardener's usual hours of being at home.

A few days later it so happened that Gardener returned from his traps two hours earlier than ordinary, and upon quietly approaching the shanty surprised Murdock inside rummaging among the mixed confusion of its contents. He showed some embarrassment at being detected in making himself so free, but gave as an excuse that, having come over to call on Gardener and not finding him at home, he was searching for tobacco to solace himself with a smoke while waiting for his host's return, and Gardener thought little of it at the time.

He supplied his visitor with tobacco, and the two fell to talking over their pipes of trapping and of fur and the examining of Gardener's stock, which already made a pack so large that he declared he must soon go out to the settlements or be obliged to make two trips.

Murdock offered to take it out for him, saying that he would be going in a few days to get supplies for the lumber camp. This offer was declined, but a bargain was made for the deer skins that should be delivered at the camp within a week.

Then the fur was packed in a neat bundle and deposited in a corner of the shanty, supper was cooked and eaten, and after a parting pipe the visitor departed, his host accompanying him to the shore and watching him on his way till his boat disappeared in the gathering twilight and the splash of the oars could no longer be heard.

Gardener cut the supply of night wood that he never neglected preparing, for he liked the company of a cheerful fire and its guardianship while he slept.

Then he stretched a couple of "saple" skins, the result of the last tour of the traps, and after a final comfortable smoke turned into the blankets with his good rifle close beside him.

He had not slept very long, as he judged by the condition of the fire, when he awoke with an indefinable sense of uneasiness. As he lay quite motionless, compelling his drowsy senses to gather acuteness, he became aware of footsteps moving stealthily a short distance from the shanty, parallel with its sides and moving toward the front.

The slow footfalls, making frequent stops, were evidently those of some large quadruped, which he at once conjectured to be a panther, of whose presence in the neighborhood he had seen recent signs, and which was now no doubt attracted to the camp by the half of a deer hanging on a sapling near by.

Gardener sat up in bed and got his rifle in hand without making the slightest noise, and watched intently for the animal, which if continuing its course must presently come in sight from behind the wall of his shanty.

He had not much of a mind to risk a shot at a panther in the uncertain light, but he had as little to lose the meat, on which the main part of the morrow's rations depended.

The night was cloudy, but not dark, for a full moon dispersed enough light through the veil of clouds to render near objects dimly discernible, and at times the flicker of the fire threw some into relief against the dark background of the woods.

The burning logs had so disposed themselves that Gardener sat in deep shadow, while the muzzle and bead sight of his rifle were in the light, a circumstance which gave him a desirable advantage.

The night was intensely still. No sound was heard louder than the snapping and flaring of the fire, the sudden sinking of a brand, the occasional flitter of a falling leaf, the far-off, faint echo of a wolf's howl, and among these the more regular punctuations of the yet unseen intruder's cautious footfalls.

At last it came within range of Gardener's vision, a bulky, dark object moving clumsily and slowly, and making frequent halts for reconnoissance in the direction of the camp and always keeping out of the firelight.

"Nothing but a bear after all," Gardener thought, and was further convinced when the creature arose on its haunches and gazed intently toward him.

He felt no hesitation about shooting now, and carefully drawing up one knee for a rest took a quick yet deliberate aim at the center of the breast.

His finger pressed the trigger, it was almost yielding to the touch, when there was a sudden upward spring and swish of a great hemlock bough, 20ft. from the ground, a lithe tawny form was launched from it in a swift descending curve upon the clumsy figure beneath, and in the same instant the silence of the night was rent by a yell of terror so human and yet so unearthly that Gardener lost his nerve, and the aimless rifle blazed its ineffectual charge into the tree tops.

The unexpected and human outcry of its intended victim had a no less demoralizing effect upon the panther, for it sprang away with a prodigious leap, vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared, yet for a moment its rapidly retreating bounds could be heard as it struck on all feet at once in an exaggeration of the performance of a frightened domestic cat.

The flying figure of a man, sometimes stumbling and falling, but never stopping, vanished almost as quickly in the opposite direction.

Hastening down to the shore, Gardener heard the rapid strokes of retreating oars.

Two days later he took his deer skins over to the lumber camp, but Murdock was not there.

"He went a pokin' off one arternoon," said Williams, "an' didn't turn up till next mornin', lookin' 's if he'd been run through a thrashin' machine. He wouldn't tell what ailed him, an' cleared out, hook an' line, bob an' sinker, 'fore noon. It's almighty cur'ous."

Gardener shuddered to think how near he had come to killing the scamp who he could not believe had visited him with any worse intention than theft.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

STORIES OF JOHN GOMEZ.

NAVAL STATION, Port Royal, S C.—*My dear Mr. Forest and Stream:* I suppose that you think I am no longer in the land of the living. Well, you do your part anyhow; for your dear old paper comes along with great regularity, and is the joy and delight of our little community down here. I am not dead, but wilted. When a man for his sins or otherwise is a prisoner on an island, in such heat as we have wallowed through during the two months last past, and furthermore when the aforesaid man tips the scale well up toward the 300lb. mark, then with the thermometer at 100° he wilts. No other word expresses it. Now in a chronic condition of wilt how is a man to use a pen? Trickling streams run off his finger ends and wrists. Little rivulets send creeping drops to the end of his nose, whence they fall on the paper, and all the exercise of a seething brain, all the result of the working of a massive and fiery intellect, all the sentiment that would crystallize on the willing paper, become soaked, pulpy and semi-liquid, and only fit for the waste basket So, dear brother, when I have seen the words written by the toiling and sporting brotherhood, that have caused my heart to burn within me, and have brought to my recollection many scenes that would interest the vast and genial assembly of your readers, I have felt myself helpless in the surrounding deliquescence and barely able to keep my mouth above the surface of the prevalent liquidity.

But this state of things could not last forever, and now we have a glorious change. It is a little cooler, a little dryer, a little more possible for one to exist in some sort of comfort. Therefore I desire to renew to you all the assurances, etc., and say "howdy."

We are a small community of Uncle Sam's servants down here, but every man has a gun and knows how to use it; every one smokes blessed tobacco in a wooden pipe and enjoys it, and each one has one or more accomplishments connected with a free life in God's out o' doors which give harmony and community of tastes which is very pleasing. People such as these do not quarrel, but dwell in blessed unity and peace together, and swap yarns about fish seen and caught in Alaska, about the slow and ponderous rising of the cinnamon bear from the long grass, about pheasants shot up the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Pei-Ho, and in the country around Newchang and the Great Wall of China, as well as at the mouth of the River Plata; relate wonders about the wildfowl at the Falkland Islands and the big-tailed sheep at the Cape of Good Hope. These people aforesaid steadfastly regard each narrator of tales with a fixed simplicity and an absolute reliance on his veracity, else how shall each in his appointed time be faithfully believed when his turn of narration shall come. Trouble can only arise in such a convention when some incredulous home-plodder expresses doubt or asks inconvenient questions. Such are summarily dealt with. The darkening frowns on brows that have braved the battle and the breeze in many climes should warn such doubting Thomases that "fools rush in," etc., and the end of it all is that hurricane speech or a withering sarcasm generally metaphorically wipes the floor with the doubters. Oh! when will such people learn wisdom to avoid the fate that is so richly their due?

I cannot tell you now about our spring shooting, which was abundant. Some time I hope to tell you the story, but at various times and seasons we have an irruption of the good people of Beaufort, who come down here to try to teach us something about shooting the wary and deceptive clay pigeon. Of these people I can only say that their fate is sadness and misery enough. We hope later in the season to give them a few easy lessons in the proper method of shooting rice birds, quail, plover and deer, with other incidental game thrown in, and in due course of time, if they follow directions implicitly, they will probably become fair amateur shooters.

I have recently seen mention in your paper of John Gomez, a citizen of the world, and more especially of the west coast of Florida. Long years ago, say in the summer of 1863 (that seems a long time, does it not?), I became the proprietor of John Gomez. The Commander-in-Chief of the East Gulf Blockading Squadron (there was war in those days) selected me for the command of the U. S. schooner Two Sisters, familiarly called the Two Shysters. This lofty vessel was a Baltimore "pungy" of about 40 tons, drawing about 9ft. of water aft and 4ft. forward, as some suggested, so that she could climb hills like a kangaroo. She carried under my command one 13-pounder howitzer, and was manned by twelve seamen, three petty officers, one master's mate and a pilot. When I proceeded on board to take charge of this my first command in the Government service, I found sitting on deck, smoking silently and diligently, his knees near his chin, his back rounded like a bicycle scorcher, his old straw hat covering his head from the nape of the neck to his eyebrows, John Gomez, Pilot, U. S. Navy—a man swarthy, silent, and looking like an Indian, but when once opened up, like an oyster, with considerable meat in him. John was my property actually for about six months, incidentally until the war closed. He ate and drank with me, and slept, when he did sleep, somewhere near at hand. He knew a good many things not generally known, and when he chose to talk he could be very interesting. The duty on which I was employed was of great interest and frequently very exciting—that of the inshore, shoal water cruising, and blockade of the west coast of Florida. Gomez was in his way a perfect pilot. I think he knew familiarly every shoal, rock, oyster bed, creek, inlet, mud bank, fishing ledge, roosting place for birds, deer track and channel from Key West to Pensacola. It is my impression that most of our living came from his directions about where to find fish, game, shellfish, etc., and it was a most fascinating species of yachting and hunting combined, where the game was primarily blockade runners and men generally, and secondarily everything edible that waved a wing or wiggled a fin.

John came originally from Central America—Honduras, as I remember now—or had lived there many years. His age was apparently between forty and seventy. Over that range of thirty years you could guess at will. There were no fences on the range. After he had warmed up so as to talk, he related strange stories. He had lived many years in Florida, had an intimate knowledge of the Everglades, and an acquaintance with the Indians resident there. He had apparently made his headquarters at or about Tampa. When the war broke out he was thereabouts, but a time soon came when he found it convenient to cross the lines, and also not to be too slow about it. So he "took to the bush," and found rest for his wandering feet at Key West. It will be almost impossible for me to reproduce his picturesque language, but, as far as I can, I will tell the story in John's own words. It seems that John had a family in Tampa. I do not know whether it was his own family or one that he had adopted, but it seems that one day a troubadour, returning for a brief season from the wars, had, or fancied he had, some rights in the case, so he attempted to enter the precincts of the homestead occupied by Mr. Gomez and the family aforesaid. John said, in telling the story:

"I yere talk in town, that man Willums come back. He say he kill me. One day I see Willums come 'long the road. I take my gun. I say, 'Willums, I no wanta you come in here.' He say, 'I come in. I killa you.' I say, 'Willums, don'ta you come in da gate.' Willums, he coma in da gate, I shoota him, an' he staya there. I coma 'way."

That seemed to me to be good and sufficient cause for John's hegira, and later his family joined him in Key West. He found employment as pilot on Government ships, but he did not like to serve on the steamers or larger ships. Once when employed on one of the fast steamers running up the coast for Tampa, close inshore, the night being very dark, John did not make out how to go slower, as he desired to do, and unaware that he should tell his fears to the officer of the deck, he wandered about until he found the engine room, and said to the engineer on watch: "Mista Engineer, don'ta b'ily your water too hot!" which was his idea of going slower.

To tell of the fish we caught and the game we shot under John's direction and guidance would be "another story." He was a new and unique type to us. He was a compound of Spaniard, Indian, hunter and fisherman all in one. He carried, somewhere about him, a flint and steel and a horn full of tinder, and produced fire from it to light his pipe. He was always perfectly clean and neat, but his clothing was tropical and free; I do not think he liked to wear shoes. Squatted on deck with his old pipe was his usual posture. His language was calm and slow; I rarely saw him vehement. But there was a secret, somber force about the man which savored of helpfulness and power, and I have rarely met a man whom I would tie to, for outing or danger, ashore or afloat, with more confidence than I would to John Gomez.

He told me a story once about a deer hunting expedition of his in the Everglades below Punta Rossa which has left a picture in my mind which will never leave it. He was trying to creep up to a spot where he had seen a deer. He was standing for an instant in a flat place, peering cautiously through the bushes in search of his game, when he felt something strike him gently on the inside of each leg. He cautiously looked down, moving as little as possible, and saw an enormous rattlesnake between his feet, head erect and ready to strike if he moved an inch. He was forced to stand immovable until the snake lowered its head and uncoiled its length, when a great leap took him clear of its attack. At this moment he heard a low laugh and saw an Indian in a tree, who had been an amused spectator of the scene. The rigid John, the wrathful snake and the chuckling Indian would make a picture if they could be painted or drawn. That would have been the chance of a lifetime for the camera fiend.

The last time I was in Key West I inquired for John Gomez, but could not learn his whereabouts. I am glad he is still alive. All true sportsmen would fully appreciate this son of nature. At first sight he would be passed by, but if once one could penetrate beneath the bark there was the rich yield of a life of adventure to gather sap from. The species is fast dying out. Soon there will be no more. Pioneer, hunter, sailor, fisherman, all in one, the school is closed that made them, the books are out of date from which they were taught, and the railroad shrieks where they hunted, and the bicycle whirls where once the deer paths ran. Good bye, old John; we shall cruise together no more, unless there are happy hunting grounds and smooth seas where we are both bound.

C. H. ROCKWELL, Commander U. S. N.

Natural History.

THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD HEATH HEN

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will not some of your readers who know tell us about the prairie chickens on Martha's Vineyard and also whether they, as I suppose, once existed on Nantucket and the mainland of Connecticut, also Long Island and the Pine Barrens of New Jersey? During the last four or five summers I have used such opportunities as occasional brief visits to Martha's Vineyard afforded to ask about the prairie chickens. I have generally heard what seemed to me credible accounts of the existence of these birds on the island, but whether they are the original stock or a late importation from the West, or descendants of both, I cannot ascertain.

I have heard that the bird was indigenous to the island, but that at one time it was nearly, if not quite, exterminated, and that some birds from the West were liberated on the island. I am certain that there are prairie chickens there now, for friends of mine have seen them this year, but I am anxious for an authentic history of the bird on the island and feel confident that there are those living who could give one.

Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Me., the well-known ornithologist and careful student of natural history, once showed me a skin of a prairie chicken which he was fully assured was of one of the original Martha's Vineyard stock.

It was very interesting to me, as being decidedly of a more red or ruddy color than the prairie chicken of the West.

I called some years ago at a fishing hamlet near Gay Head, and on inquiry learned that prairie chickens—there known as "hethens," *i. e.*, heath hens—were well known on the island. Their habits were described to me in terms that left no doubt whatever in my mind that genuine prairie chickens were referred to. I am greatly in hope that my inquiry will bring out—through your friendly columns—full account, not only of the original prairie chicken of Martha's Vineyard and such other portions of New England as it inhabited, but also of whatever importations of Western stock may have been made.

Will not some one tell us also of the game preserve of the island of Naushon, and of the other islands of the group, all of which have such musical Indian names. As my boat swept by Nonamesit the other afternoon I heard from it the musical pipe of a quail. I have heard that the covers of Naushon are plentifully stocked with deer and many other kinds of game. The island is to me the most favored of private and princely domains, and I would gladly learn what its honored and high-minded owner has done in the way of game propogation and preservation.

C. H. AMES.

[The FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 25, 1890, has a two-column paper from the pen of William Brewster on the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard. The species, which is indigenous to the island, is closely allied to the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken of the West, but the two are now generally considered by ornithologists to be distinct. The Vineyard bird is identical with that once found at various points along the New England coast from Boston to Connecticut, on Long Island, and in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The area covered by the range of the heath hen Mr. Brewster estimated as forty miles, and the probable stock of birds in the autumn of 1890 as 500.]

Another Hornless Bull Caribou.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the deer at Roger Williams's Park here is a four-year-old buck caribou without antlers. He has been here since the spring of 1894, is thin and small and lacking in vigor. I notice that the deer—of which there are several in the same inclosure—seem much in fear of him. F. T.

On receipt of this letter we wrote our correspondent, asking him if possible to make a physical examination of this animal in order to determine, first, whether it was entire, and second, whether it bore on its head the horn pedicels which were to be expected. Our correspondent's report is given below:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As suggested in your favor of the 29th ult., I have carefully examined the deer at our Roger Williams's Park.

This animal is a State of Maine bull caribou, four years old last spring. He has been here since the fall of '94, has not been castrated nor in any way injured, and has never grown any antlers. On his head are the pedicels or bases on which the antlers would grow if he had any, but these are covered with skin and hair the same as the rest of his skull. He stands 40in. high at the shoulder and measures 41in. around the body just back of the shoulders. At the time he came here his size was about the same as now, and evidently his growth has been stunted, as his weight does not exceed that of a wild yearling.

We found considerable difficulty in catching and holding him, for he is timid, though not vicious. F. T.

Audubon Plates Sold for Junk.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your last issue you announce you propose to publish for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM readers some of the Audubon pictures, and it reminds me that over twenty-five years ago our house had sent them from New York six of the original copper plates of Audubon's birds as sample of the lot, which were to be sold for old metal. They were in very good condition, and by a very little retouching could have been used again. We thought it a shame to destroy them and tried to get some of our Boston publishers to purchase them for legitimate use, but failed in so doing. James R. Osgood almost was persuaded, but we finally sent them back to New York, as we would not consent to be instrumental in their final destruction. Whatever became of them eventually I never heard, or if I did have forgotten.

I remember one of the sample plates we had was the bald eagle, and I managed to take a hand rubbed copy from it. These plates were the Elephant edition. I think our correspondents in New York at that time, of which there is one still living, might remember where they went to, for the senior took the same views of our house and thought it vandalism to destroy them; but as there were several tons in all, their value then for old metal, copper being so high in price, amounted to a good sum.

REIGNOLD.

Yearling Doe with Fawn.

IT has been said, I think, that some handwriting is divine, and that there are other sorts which are devilish. My handwriting is not of the divine kind, but I am prepared to swear that if I am given sufficient time I can write the word one so it will not look like two. This evening a friend came in to see me with a smile on his face and a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in his hand.

"What is the answer to this puzzle you have given in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 29 under the heading, "Breeding of Deer?"

"That is not a puzzle. What I wrote, or think I wrote, or intended to write, was that a female fawn born in 1895 gave birth to a fawn of her own in 1896."

That is the point of the note, but when the types said, "Two years ago a female fawn was born in the park, and this year that fawn is the mother of a fawn," the point was blunted or broken off. A. N. CHENEY.

Mr. W. S. Hills.

BOSTON, Sept. 7.—W. S. Hills, the blind fisherman, of whom the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have heard before, is still in the land of the living, though sickness, as well as the total loss of his sight, has conspired to keep him indoors more than formerly. But his love for the rod and reel has continued, and though totally blind, he takes every opportunity to indulge in the sport. Hampered as he is, salt-water fishing affords him more satisfaction than his old love, the Maine lakes and streams. He is summering, as usual, off the Rhode Island coast. With his boatman and attendant he goes fishing whenever the weather permits. The other day, unaided, he landed 150 mackerel with hook and line. He is justly somewhat proud of the achievement. Is there another blind fisherman in the country who has done as well? Mr. Hills does not fish for a living, but for recreation and for the momentary feeling, when a fish is on, and he feels the thrill along the line and up the rod, that he has his sight again and is on the Maine waters, where trout and salmon are wont to hide. A lover of FOREST AND STREAM and other fishing literature, he derives great comfort from being read to.

SPECIAL.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

BUTTE CITY, Mont.—Deer stalking and trout fishing in the Cascade Mountains, Oregon, under the frowning shadows of Mount Hood, constitute the most exhilarating and exciting sport known to the average angler and hunter of the Webfoot State. We do not have to travel very far from the city of Portland on the Willamette to reach the very heart of the hunting and fishing grounds.

A pleasant journey of forty miles, due east of Portland, will bring one to this paradise of game and fish. An excellent wagon road leads over the Cascade Mountain, and the distance from Portland to the summit of the range can be easily made in a day and a half of moderate driving. But the best hunting and fishing are some distance west of the summit, along the streams Sandy, Salmon, Zig-Zag and Still Creek.

Our party was well equipped for an outing of two or three weeks. Two two-horse wagons were chartered and we had a complete camping outfit, plenty of provisions, guns, ammunition and fishing tackle.

Ten hours' brisk drive brought us to the Sandy, and from there the road led up the picturesque valley for about fifteen miles. The Sandy is a genuine mountain torrent. At its lowest stage it is a bold, turbulent stream, dashing over a rocky bed. At no time of the year are its waters clear, although it comes from pure ice and snow. For that reason it is not considered a very good fishing stream, notwithstanding it abounds in fine trout.

Salmon, the largest tributary of the Sandy, was reached late in the afternoon; it is one of the most beautiful mountain water courses. Its source is near the summit of the Cascades, from the south base of Mount Hood, not far from Government Camp. As it does not flow from glaciers, the water is as clear as crystal and cold as ice. For its entire length—about twenty-five miles—it passes over a very rocky channel and winds tortuously among lofty, timbered mountains, and through deep cañons, whose rugged and frowning walls often close in and compress the waters into a very narrow compass. At such places the pent-up flood rushes through with great force and fury, causing rapids and great swirling eddies. It is a magnificent trout stream.

There was high feasting in the camp that night. Just before sundown one of the party killed a fine, fat, young blacktail deer. Several of the most expert anglers succeeded in capturing about forty toothsome mountain trout in less than an hour. These ranged in length from 8 to 14in. They bit with great avidity and were landed very rapidly. Then followed the bivouac and the most refreshing slumber. Though in the month of August, the night air was quite cool and blankets were a comfortable adjunct.

Twelve miles further up the beautiful and picturesque valley of the Sandy brought the party the next day to the old and historic Toll House. Here it was concluded to pitch camp and remain for several days. The scenery is wild and sublime. Lofty mountains rise all round the valley to the height of thousands of feet. What added to the lonely grandeur of the scene was the fact that there was but little vegetation on the mountain sides and summits to relieve them of their ruggedness. About forty years ago a fearful forest fire swept over the Cascades for several hundred miles, destroying everything green. For many years the mountains presented nothing but a blackened and charred appearance. Millions of partially destroyed tree trunks were left standing—mute monuments of the vast holocaust. A great many of the old charred snags are still left, like so many forest sentinels. In the long lapse of years a younger growth has shot up and clothed with verdure the general desolation. On all the mountains around the Toll House there was but a sparse and straggling growth scattered here and there.

Just below the old Toll House two more streams pour into the Sandy, one the rushing Zig-Zag and the other Still Creek. The Zig-Zag, as its name implies, is a most tortuous stream, winding into all sorts of shapes, and rushing most impetuously over its bouldery channel from its source near the mountain's summit until it mingles its ice cold floods with the milky-hued Sandy. Still Creek, on the other hand, which flows parallel with the turbulent Zig-Zag for some distance, is a mild and meek little watercourse flowing softly over a bed of fine white pebbles and sand. Both streams abound in trout.

A short distance from the Toll House the party went into camp and here several days were passed. Many magnificent trout were caught, more than the party could possibly eat, and the overflow was generously distributed among some campers who were less fortunate.

Several fine blacktail deer were killed and half a dozen or more of the whitetails. There was feasting and a general good time all round. After the fatiguing and exciting chase we had voracious appetites, and when night came stealing over the lofty mountain tops, and silently wrapped the valley and streams in its drowsy embrace, all were ready to turn in. The distant sound of the rushing Zig-Zag and the more subdued murmur of Still Creek, and the sweet, fresh mountain air, all lent their gentle influences, and hunters and anglers slept at the rate of "forty miles an hour."

Elk tracks were discovered by the hunters on several occasions and followed eagerly, but they invariably led directly up from the valley toward the sides and summits of surrounding mountains, and all attempts to overtake the game were abandoned.

Two black bears were suddenly overhauled one day in the dense brush near the bank of Still Creek, and were quickly treed by dogs and shot. One was a female, and search was made at once for the cubs, and two were soon found in the nest, which was not far away under one of the rocky cliffs. They were not killed, but brought to to the city for pets. These cubs were several months old, and lively, mischievous little fellows. They were captured without difficulty, and very soon became perfectly reconciled to captivity.

Laurel Hill, some eight miles above the Toll House, was the next camping place. The tents were pitched at the base of a precipitous rocky bluff, which rose several hundred feet above the level of the valley and within a few rods of the Zig-Zag. A great many fish were caught, and as the supply greatly exceeded the demand a quantity was salted and cured by smoke.

Two of the hunters one day sighted a large elk with a magnificent pair of antlers. The animal was fully half a mile away, but through a strong field glass a splendid view was obtained of the noble game. He stood on the summit of a high bluff overlooking the valley, and as it would have been next to impossible to reach the spot without coming into full view the hunters made no effort to stalk him, though they abandoned the attempt with great reluctance.

A huge track of a bear, which must have belonged to a grizzly, was also discovered. Several of the hunters followed the imprints, which led toward the mouth of a deep, yawning cañon, the bottom of which was covered with a dense thicket. However, they could follow the tracks only a short distance, for the ground became so rocky and broken that all tracks were obliterated.

While encamped at Laurel Hill several of the party made a trip to Government Camp and the Summit House, which was located a few miles beyond. The trip, though rough and fatiguing, was enjoyed. They visited the famous Summit lakes and caught some fish from those wild, isolated and romantic little sheets of water. Government Camp is the place where the trail leading to the base of Mount Hood leaves the main road that crosses the Cascade Mountains. It is the route generally taken by all who ascend to the summit of the Snow Peak, and Government Camp is a general point of rendezvous to all tourists and Alpine climbers. Both the Summit House and Government Camp are immediately beneath the frowning shadow of that vast mountain sentinel. On a clear, bright day, the view of Mount Hood from either point is grand and awe inspiring. The colossal upheaval seems as if it would topple over and bury the beholder.

On the morning of the fifteenth day after setting out from Portland on the outing trip, we broke camp and headed for the city. All voted the mountain excursion a success. The trophies comprised deer, bears, trout and a few dozen feathered game. J. M. BALTIMORE.

IN CAROLINA QUAIL FIELDS.

How sweet are the things of the past if they make pleasant and profitable the present, like the hanging of a pretty drapery or the purchase of a precious gem. This hunt is a thing of the past, yet I recall it as a wholesome privilege.

The trunks have been packed and the long, weary journey across this big continent and back is over. The extending of the glad hand of hope and receiving the marble heart of disappointment (commercially) is happily at an end. Months have passed. The autumn leaves with all their fragrance and beauty are gone, Jennette spends much time in her kennel with her young hopefuls, sons and daughters of Mecca. Mont lies idly around, dreaming of his days afield; while staid Mecca, long wanted, but recently obtained, is trying to accustom himself to his new surroundings. The guns rest snugly in the cabinet, always a joy to see with their scars of battle well rubbed down, though handsome still in their graceful outlines. I have just left George at the club, finished a good cigar and a better chat, and he told me with splendid emotion and graceful gesticulations that our last trip to North Carolina rests and snuggles in his memory as one hunting trip that he will always look back to with much pleasure and great pride from the fact that annoyances were few and disappointments, just one. An ideal holiday he had had following his young dogs for a whole week in the hands of that excellent handler Jno. N. Lewis, he had witnessed with so much zeal their improved work from day to day. The evenings were gone over, spent so pleasantly by the big log fire in the snug log house, listening with aching sides to Lewis's by no means limited repertory of stories and the day's hunt gone over, each point well described, all good shots mentioned and bad ones forgotten, and the much needed dreamless rest.

We reached Reidsville one bright Sunday morning in early November, where Mr. Witt, with his hack and the same young gray horse and the same old black one, met us just as he had done the year before. The only change noticeable in the whole outfit was the increase in avoirdupois of Mr. Witt, and still he claims to be a temperance man. The drive to Monroeton was interspersed with stories of the changes in North Carolina of political faith by Mr. Witt and hymns sung by George.

A warm reception was accorded us. All looked as we had left them the year before. In fact, everybody and everything looked so natural, it seemed impossible we had been away a full twelve months. Our room was ready, the traps were unpacked, and then a visit to the kennel seemed in order. George is not certain to this day whether or not Donald knew him, he having been in Lewis's care over three months, and in that or less time Lewis will impress any dog with the fact that there must be but one master, and that must be Lewis. This was also true of Rab and Rush. Had I any doubts of Mont and Jennette they were soon dispelled by their glad pranks at seeing their master again. Jennette and I had had many pleasant days together after grouse only a month ago, while Mont had rested at home after a long and nearly fatal illness.

A perfect Monday morning broke to our view. Everything was white with frost, the air was clear and bracing; but it was not the morning for an early start; the birds would not be astir. However, delay at this stage of the game was wearing to the nerves. So after breakfast by Mrs. Hopkins, grace by George, a story by Lewis, the start was made, George and Lewis in one direction, Hopkins and I in another.

By the edge of an old creek corn stood in shacks awaiting the fall husking; across this in the distance a most promising stubble revealed itself. Toward it we make our way. Mont and Jennette are down and both showing a speed and quality calculated to make their master vow they are the greatest pair of dogs on earth, but pride must take a tumble. Between two of these corn rows lay a covey of quail, and Mont, who is heading Jenn by several lengths, runs into them without showing any intimation whatever that he ever scented them for a second, and they go to cover. My heart sinks within me, for this is my first hunt with him since his four months of severe sickness with infectious distemper and typhoid fever, which had left him with an emaciated head and clapping lower jaw, with his scent very much in question; and while he had been in North Carolina nearly a month, the weather had been so dry up to a day or two before our coming that Lewis said he didn't believe any dog he had could smell a "beefsteak and onions."

Now the real test had come, and I alone was to witness the outcome. I requested Hopkins to take Jennette up, while I put Mont at his old specialty, "singles." I must confess a feeling of a battle between hope and despair as I called this fine son of Antonia to me, and threatened him, but chastised him not, and started across the lowlands in the direction the birds had gone, and poor Mont, with his flag lowered, followed at heel.

Across the Cripple and I call "Get away, be confined," and again with head and tail high and back forming the letter S he plunges into the thicket. How those leaves did fly as he swung to the right, and from a full running gait stopped! So sudden was it that his tail in one of its revolutions came to a full stop at right angles. I step in and flush a bird and miss. Intensity of feeling alone would have made me miss a barn with me inside of it and the doors shut. Mont looks reproachful and Jenn pulls at her leader. We are "at it," and she insists on her share of the fun.

A little further comes another point, and my invoked dog is in his glory and prime again. This time two rise and two fall. Jenn is released and performs one of her many specialties—retrieves them and immediately proceeds to point another, with Mont backing. Now, indulgent friends, I own this pair of dogs (and others), but they are my first pair of modern field dogs; they cost me a lot of money to get them where they are (perfectly broken), besides the expense of $100 to save one of their lives. I love a good dog, and these two are to me much. Their love for their master is always apparent. Their work had few faults and many virtues. Mont's nose was no longer in doubt, and I was having a part of my yearly (well deserved, I hope) holiday. If the eyes grew moist, the nerves unstrung, and I wandered back to childhood and the delights of my "new books" with red tops, and once more played "cobs for horses" in the sand on the sunny hillside, and introduced that time into my shooting, you can understand why night found me with just ten quail and a wood duck, but never happier in my life. Before the log fire and behind some good pipes I listened to enthusiastic George relating his experiences of the day; and I force him to listen to my own, while Lewis sat by with that comprehensive smile, and I verily believe reflected, "those fellows need more training than their dogs."

This morning Lewis loans me an extra dog, a real little wonder. She is put down fresh and keen, my dogs being along on leaders as a reserve force. Birds seem scarce, so that after an hour of unproductive work I request that all the dogs be turned loose. We enter an immense stubble. At one end of the clearing is seen a high-pointed knoll. I make my way toward this elevation, where I can watch the work of the dogs, one hurrying here, another scurrying there, while Mont, with head high, his tail cutting graceful circles, passes around the base of the hill and begins working up from the further side, shortening the distance toward me with increasing strides.

This is where I saw a reproduction of Blink's celebrated painting in real life. Within 30yds. of me lay a covey of quail; the three dogs came upon them from three different directions at almost the same time, each securing the coveted scent and a full point. As I have said before, this hunt is over, 'tis a thing of the past, yet how it flavors the present. Memory serves me well. I can feel the sensation yet. Mont and Jennette are lying beside me; their worth I know; their work I remember; their talents I appreciate. I flush and kill three birds (most unusual for me), one for each dog. Jennette retrieves them all.

That night George had the floor, and his dog Donald the crown, and well he deserved it; he had done great work that day, and at night he had a fond master. Donald is of the old Gladstone type, long and racily built, with a sure nose and the endurance of steel. I look for this dog to win fame at some of our national events. I am satisfied that his last great effort of that day was told just after I had passed into total oblivion in a neighboring bed in the same room.

My first thought next morning was, how short is the night, but what a time I am having, and I must not lose any of it in slumber. George says, "Crawl out; we can sleep after we get home." After a hearty breakfast, and drawing fresh dogs from the kennel, we make our start, and return at noon with a fine string of birds. I greet George with, "Oh, I am on to 'em. Am shooting like a 'profesh.'" Lewis remarks, "If that fellow keeps on, I won't have birds enough left to train my dogs on." He suggests that I am working my dogs to death, and tells me to spell them a bit by taking his dog Ben Giles that afternoon. Should any one accuse Lewis of being foxy at times, I trust he will have the modesty not to deny it. Knowing something of B. Giles's reputation, I decided to have taken along an extra to fall back on. Wise thought! I got close enough just twice that afternoon to that dog to see him scatter to the four corners of the earth two coveys of birds, and then watched him try to drive them off the corners. Of these birds, with the assistance of my extra dog, I got just three. I had been once on this trip "too glad" to shoot. This afternoon I was "too mad." I have since my return presented our friend Hopkins with a gun. Lewis, to offset the damage he might do to the bird crop, has given him Ben Giles. There will be plenty of birds there another season, and they ought to be big, strong and healthy from the exercise Ben will give them.

Another morning, yet dark and dreary; fog and rain seemed the order of the day. It is decided that we shall go to the old Beaver Pond. If we cannot find quail we will try ducks. This journey of five miles in a North Carolina tobacco wagon was one of the features of our outing. All we needed was the broad-brimmed sombrero to resemble the pioneers of the early days wending their way westward, then the "wild and woolly West," now the great and glorious West. We divided into two parties, leaving Bob to make camp. We put a pair of dogs into the wet weeds and were off. A fog horn would have been of more service than a gun. It was a hard, unprofitable morning's work, with everything in soak, the sand soft and yielding, the tramping most fatiguing. However, upon our return to camp we could forgive all hardships. The horses were sleepily feeding from the box, the extra dogs were tugging at their chains, fairly howling their welcome. Bob was whistling the "Alabama Coon" and poking at a roaring fire, while the boiling pot

sizzled and steamed with gladness. A log had been rolled near the fire, in front of which the feast was spread. Never did a cup of coffee taste so good. Each hot drop seemed to remove a distinct and separate chill. After lunch I was requested to tell a story. I related one from Dante's Inferno. I have since regretted I didn't go higher for my text and preach a sermon. My story started Lewis, and while the clouds of steam arose from my drying boots and corduroys we were eloquently entertained.

What a change in a night. This, our last morning, proved the uncertainty of things; by noon the thermometer registered 75° and all creation seemed to be boiling and steaming; clouds of mist arose, to be absorbed by a summer sun, the dogs came in with drooping heads and tails and tongues exposed to the roots. We quit. All had done a big week's work and showed it, and in most cases felt it, but none so much as Hopkins, who had faithfully followed me six days afield. I didn't notice the change, as it had come gradual, but Lewis declared it would take him most of the winter to "pick up again." George looked tired, but the keenness of his eyes told of the great benefit he had received, and when he had slept by the yard at home he had measured it off by the mile the last few nights in North Carolina. A tired brain had been refreshed, and while he might say not, I believe a doctor's bill was saved.

The journey home was soon over. Early next day found us among scenes ever dear. As I close I find Mont, Mecca and Jennette surrounding my chair, living witnesses of those days in November; as I look into their intelligent eyes, I wonder what they are thinking.

THOMAS ELMER.

ELIZABETH.

A DAY WITH COOT AT MANOMET.

ON a cool day in November Archie, Doc and I went for a day or two with the coot at Manomet. We met Arch at good old Plymouth and drove over Manomet Hills. Did you ever take that drive? Manomet is about eight miles south of Plymouth on the shore of Cape Cod Bay, and if you have never driven there you have missed a treat. On a clear day in the fall to ride over these hills and see the changing color of the foliage, the sumac beside the road with clusters of red berries, to get the perfume of the wild grapes, and then to burst out in view of the bay with the Gurnet in the distance is a tonic for an invalid.

As we come out of the woods the old church at Manomet comes to view, and passing that we drive on the shore road to the cottage. Our house is situated on the bluff and overlooks the bay. To the north the Gurnet and Brant Rock are seen, and away to the south Sandwich, and in clear days Provincetown can be seen. We have for supper clam chowder and steak, after which Doc and I look over our case of shells and get out the guns. We find we have a good stock of No. 4 and No. 2, so everything is right in that line. Next we must look over our shooting clothes, for we start out at 4 in the morning, and it will be cold. Now for a call at the life-saving station to see the boys and get our boats. As we enter we are greeted by all. Uncle Sam employs some fine fellows in the life-saving stations, and there are none better than Capt. Sampson and his crew at Manomet. We have a little chat with Scrubby and George, and they promise to wake us in the morning when they go out on the south beat on patrol. Everything is fixed for the morning, and we pick our way back to find Arch more than busy with hooks, lines and leads. You would think by the layout that he intended to catch all the fish in the bay. He would rather fish than eat any time, and is getting into gear. Doc and I turn in.

It seemed as if we had hardly closed our eyes when we hear a stone on the roof, and Scrubby is saying, "Wake up, sleepers! Get out and kill a coot." We tumble out of bed, call him in to warm up beside the fire and then hustle into our clothes. Cold? Well, I guess. We bundle on all the coats we can carry, and take our guns and case of shells; but where is Arch? In bed and sound asleep. This won't do. He must wake up to enjoy the fun. We put a few cold stones in the bed with him, and soon he shows signs of life. "Come, get up and hear the birds sing!" "Oh, you go without me; I will come out later and fish a little." We go to the landing, put our decoys into the boats, pull them down to the water and then wait for daylight.

As we sit and talk over old times we hear the "tramp of many feet," and look up to see the gunners coming in a body. They are saying which berth they will take, and have the whole thing arranged; but we push off, and taking the oars run out to sea. We have an idea that we will make a slight change in their plans. But perhaps you do not know what I mean by berth.

The boats form a line from shore out into the bay. The first one is about 60yds. from a large rock called the Gunning Rock. The first man out has his choice, and then the others line out by him. The first boat anchors about 60yds. from the rock and is said to have the first berth, the second boat the second berth, and so on. The first and second boats are called the best, and our gunner friends had the whole thing fixed. As we row out by the rock we are hailed by a man. He says, "I am first berth. You will get two and three." Good enough. Doc takes No. 2, and I go offshore far enough to make a place for Arch between when he comes out. The boats are about 60yds. apart and that is about right for old hands, but rather near for a novice. I carry two shot in my face as a reward for violating this rule.

We get our anchors down and then curl up in the bow of our 15ft. dory and wait until we can see. The boats go past us and we have counted twenty or more. Soon one comes out and finds that he must go to the end of the line. He is not much of a sailor and it looks a good way from home out there. He thinks for a time, then runs up to Doc and resorts to strategy. He says: "You are too far apart, there is room for one between." Doc answers: "That is as near as I dare get to that fellow." Then he comes to me and asks: "Why can't you go out a little so we can go in there?" I say: "That fellow shot a man here last fall, so don't get any nearer, on your life." This settles it and he falls back and makes the first boat in the second line. By this time it is light. We place our decoys, load the guns and get ready for fun. We hear some one say "Nor'ward inshore" and we know something is coming. What is that black string close to the water coming past the Gurnet? We get as low as possible and wait. Soon the string turns into a flock of coot flying evenly and coming straight for our boats. Now they lift, see the gap and head that way. Now they see the decoys. They are undecided; part come to me and the rest go to Doc. We wait till they get as we want them, then each sits up and shoots. We get one each. Do we hear you say, "Why not get more?" Did you ever try it? Remember, you are in a little boat and the water is rough. You hold on a bird and pull. Your boat at the same time brings up on the anchor line and your gun goes off. You shoot into the air and perhaps land on your back in the boat, or if you are not careful you shoot a hole in the boat. Perhaps you kill the bird, but I find it as easy to miss as to kill. We throw over our buoy and pick up the birds; have hardly got back to our place when "Nor'ward outside" a flock of large white-wing coots are coming. They see the boats and go over. There is a puff of smoke, then another, and two are seen to fall. Then you hear the report of the guns.

Now a large flock is seen coming for the boats and every heart in the line is pounding like a hammer. There are hundreds of them in this flock and every one is saying to himself, "If that raft of birds comes over me I will cover the water with game." But the birds see the boats, rise and then turn back and go out to sea so far that they can pass the boats in safety. "Skunk heads always do that," says our neighbor. But here comes another flock so high that they look like sparrows. There are lots of them. Some one shoots and makes a laugh. Soon an old loon comes down close inshore; he gets to the first boat and then thinks he will go outside. He turns and heads out to sea. He will not change his course, so every one in the line takes a pop at him. He is not quite near enough, but many of the shot hit him and sound like shooting at a board. As he goes past the outside boat he looks back and laughs, as much as to say, "What kind of a time was that anyway?" But what was that that went by me like a bullet from a gun. Doc is laughing and says, "Why didn't you kill those old squaws?" (or as we call them, quandies.) "If they are going to fly like that I don't want any," said I, and settled down for more birds.

Now we see a bunch of sea ducks coming straight for my boat. Down I go as low as I can and wait. Soon I see their heads over the bow. I sit up and see three in line. I shoot, then hold on two more and pull again. One strikes so near that I reach out and pick him up. I throw over the buoy and row after the rest. I find that I have four out of seven. Not very bad, is it?

A pair of coots come to Doc and set their wings to light with his decoys. One shot is a fair miss; another shot and they come to me. As they cross each other I hold about a foot ahead and pull. Much to my surprise they both go down. "I can do it every time, Doc." "Yes, in your mind," says he.

While we are talking some one says, "Howard, look out!" and there are about a dozen large white wings just about to light with Doc's decoys. He takes his gun and with a quick glance along the barrels pulls, then another, and there are five of them on their backs with feet fanning the air. Doc thinks he will take a little smoke, so fills his pipe, lights up and then looks for his birds; there are only three and one of them has his head up and is looking to see what hit him. Doc throws over the buoy and the coot goes under like a flash. Now the others are up and he gives them both a charge of shot. They dive at the flash of the gun and come up again a little further away. As soon as Doc sees a bill he shoots again and this one comes up dead. But the others are making time for the Gurnet and Doc is too old a hand at the sport to chase much. He gathers in the three dead ones and goes back to his place.

Arch comes about this time with a boat full of cod lines and bait. Looks like an old salt right from the banks. Now, fishes, look out. He thinks the coots are not flying thick enough for him, so taking his marks for the fishing grounds he goes to work—and fishing is work with him. Woe to any coot that comes within a mile of him. He shoots anyway; says if he don't hit them he will make them fly. He don't want the things anyway. It is cold, but he fishes hard to keep warm. We row over to him and find that he has an assortment of cod, hake, mackerel, skate and pollock. It makes no difference to him what it is as long as it is fish. But what a looking boat! Lines and fish, gun and everything, are in a snarl, and Arch is enjoying to the fullest his short vacation. Come large or come small, it makes no difference to him, and he is perfectly happy as long as the boat is above water. Talk about Izaak Walton, he could not compare with our fisherman. He invites us to move off as we frighten the fish; and as we go we see a coot coming between our boat and Arch's. He sees him and goes after his gun. I tell Doc to look out and then go down into my boat as flat as possible, and no sooner do I get down than I hear the shot whistle over and into the boat. Don't get up yet; he has another barrel. Bang! and I hear Doc say, "Good boy; you killed the coot, and every man in the line is out of sight yet. Come up, fellows. The bird is dead." Arch says he can kill them any time if they come like that; but he has a cod on the line in his hand, and that ends the talk at once. We go back to our moorings.

The birds continue to fly until about 10 o'clock; after that time they come along one or two at a time, and do not make good shooting unless the weather is stormy, then they fly all day. The best time for this shooting is just before a storm. The coot seem to know there is a storm coming, and they are on the move. The water is also very rough at these times, and this makes it unpleasant; often it is so rough that the boats can't go out. Then the gunners sit on the bluff and swap yarns, and tell how many they could kill from each flock were they only out there. Once in a while there is a flock of brant which will come near enough to the bluff to make a fair shot. The guns go off like crackers and perhaps they get a bird, not often. I remember once being on this same bluff with the station boys. We saw a flock of coot coming, and they were going to cross back of us. I took my gun and ran to the place where I thought they would go over and got there just in time and fired. I killed two, but when they came down one went through the window of a fisherman's shanty and the other struck the roof so hard that I thought he would go through it. I can hear George and Scrubby laugh now.

But I am getting away from my story. The day of which I am writing being cool and fair, we decide it is useless to stay out any longer; so getting our anchors and decoys we row ashore. We are nearly the last ashore, and find that we are high line. I count up and find that I have thirteen. Doc has sixteen. We wait for Arch, and soon see him coming along. He has fish enough for the crowd, and some nice cod and mackerel among them, but only two coot. "Why, Arch, where are the coots?" we ask. He says: "He could not get his lamps on them."

Well, we have fish enough, and more than enough coot. So we go to the house and get breakfast, or dinner, and with keen appetites. Did you ever try a mackerel just caught broiled over a coal fire after you had been on the water for about five hours? or a broiled live lobster? We surmise that Arch will have to fish all the time to keep us going. We make it a rule to eat as much of our game as we can, and some of our game dinners are dandies. The coot are not so nice, but after you get the taste well trained you can stand even them.

After dinner we go for quail or turn in, as we feel inclined, and rest for the next day.

About guns. Doc shoots a No. 12 English gun, while I use a No. 10 Parker. We can't see why the No. 12 is not just as good as the No. 10, but I do not care to change.

We find that Saturday night comes all too soon, so with many regrets we pack up and go back to Plymouth.

I can only say to my shooting friends, if you have never tried the coot, do so as soon as possible, and I shall hope to meet you some fall in Manomet. F. E. WOODWARD.

A CARIBOU HUNT ON WOLF HILL.

ON a bright October morning—and bright mornings are few and far between in Newfoundland, that island of rain and snow—with two friends and our guide, I left our snug little camp on Big Marsh to look up a small herd of woodland caribou which one of our men had seen the previous day. We followed a much-worn deer trail across the marsh until we reached French Woman's Creek, a deep and rapid trout stream, which we forded with much difficulty. While crossing a small marsh beyond the brook I was surprised to see a two-year-old caribou stag trotting toward us. I had a few moments before mistaken this same animal for a gray rock, a mistake very easily made even by experienced hunters. He trotted up to within 50yds. of us in his effort to get our wind. Then he would rush off 100yds. or more. What a chance for a camera! These antics he kept up until finally he became satisfied we were enemies, and left us for good. I could have shot him a dozen times, but had no earthly excuse for the slaughter. After an hour's hard tramp we reached the foot of Wolf Hill and commenced our stiff climb. When near the top my guide pointed out two or three cowlike animals and whispered, "Caribou!" We started after them at a sharp run to try and head them off, but they disappeared in the bushes before we could get near enough to them for a shot. We reached the crest of the hill without further incident, and threw ourselves down on the moss to get our wind and enjoy the glorious view spread out before us. While sweeping the country with my glass I suddenly made out some moving objects on a neighboring ridge among the stunted bushes. My guide saw them at the same moment. There were five or six of them, and one was a very good stag; so we determined to stalk them at once. Crouching low, we ran back out of sight and made for the bushes toward which they were swiftly feeding. When we arrived at the point where we expected to find them they were not there, but to our astonishment and chagrin they were feeding swiftly over the crest from which we had first seen them and which we had left a few moments before. This was from no fault of ours, but is a common mishap when stalking these erratic and restless creatures.

We followed them, rather tired and discouraged. Suddenly my guide crouched down behind a rock and beckoned me to him. I ran up; about 200yds. off in front of us were three caribou feeding in the bushes and coming our way. Two were females and one was apparently a young stag. They all carried antlers. When about 100yds. off they turned at right angles. I selected the young stag and fired a quartering shot in his side. He dropped flat without the slightest struggle. The wind was blowing a gale, so the others did not notice the report or the smoke; they stood there smelling of the stag and acted in the most stupid manner. I could have shot them all. Finally I ran up to within 50yds. of them. Then they got my wind and rushed off like race horses, snorting and shaking their heads in terror. To my disgust my young stag turned out to be a female with a fine head, but she was in fine condition, and I knew would make fine venison for our larder. Before my guide finished skinning and cutting up this one, two other caribou fed up to within 50yds. or less, offering me the most tempting shots, which I declined, but made a rough sketch of them in my sketch book instead.

The view from the high hill was superb. To the south lay the purple hills at the head of Hall's Bay; toward the north the queer top sails stood up boldly among the famed "White Hills." Sheffield Pond lay at our feet surrounded by the dark green forest, looking very much like one of our Adirondack gems at home. It was a grand day and a superb view. After my successful shot I felt pleased with myself and all the world and particularly with Newfoundland. After a frugal lunch and a drink of cold tea we lit our pipes and returned to camp. On our way back we saw three more caribou, but did not attempt to stalk them, as we had all the venison we could possibly carry and a great plenty hanging up in camp. Altogether I had twelve good chances that day that I did not take advantage of. On our return to camp I selected half a dozen nice fat chops, which I placed in our wire gridiron and stood it before the hot coals; then I made a big pot of strong coffee, while one of my companions mixed a dish of Indian meal bannocks, which he fried in hot pork fat. We made a royal supper after our day's hard tramp, and after a pleasant smoke before the big fire crept into our blankets for a sound sleep, well earned by eight hours of steady walking.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

Indian Territory Game.

LOCO, I. T., Sept. 1.—Birds have fared well this season but for scarcity of seeds and grain. Some quail have the third brood. Prairie fowl have the second brood, the first being fully grown. Highland plover are numerous. Saw bluewing teal on Aug. 23. Large game here is but a memory. There will be no end of netting and shooting for market here this fall and winter. Can nothing be done to put a stop to this practice? Could not the authorities prevent shooters from shipping quail and chickens out of the Territory? L. D. W.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

OF all the kinds of shooting of field and forest, the sport of woodcock shooting holds the warmest place in the hearts of its devotees. The woodcock shooter is an enthusiast of enthusiasts. He may take a keen pleasure in bringing other game birds to bag, but when woodcock shooting is under consideration comparison ceases. And indeed this sport possesses many fascinating features peculiar to itself. First of all, it can at best be indulged in but in very small quantities. There is but little of it when compared to the abundance of other kinds of shooting, for the woodcock is comparatively a rare bird, and its season is a short one, therefore the keen edge of enjoyment of woodcock shooting is never dulled by surfeit. The habitat of the bird is distinctly different from the habitat of all other game birds, and of the vast tract of land which makes the earth's surface there are but tiny spots here and there which meet the wants of its nature, and many vast tracts of fertile country have no woodcock ground at all.

It too is a bird of mystery, of whose coming and going no one knows. It is nocturnal in its habits, and its haunts being such secluded and unused spots, ones rarely invaded by man, it is rarely seen. The residents of sections wherein is the home of the woodcock may never see one from year's end to year's end, and indeed may go through life with no more knowledge of them than that derived from hearsay, or, seeing one, may still remain in ignorance of its identity. While the quail, the partridge, the snipe and other game birds are not unfamiliar to country residents and are readily identified by them, that of the woodcock and its doings are shrouded in mystery. The large woodpecker in some sections is called woodcock by the country folk, while in other sections any plover with a long bill is classified as being the same bird. So little is the bird known that sometimes when killed it is called snipe and sometimes the snipe is called woodcock by those who have not given the bird special study or attention. Its life being so entirely without the sight of man and in general so little being known of its haunts and habits, it is not all strange that the little accurate knowledge is obscured by the air of much mystery, and that those who seek the bird find a fascination in it greater than that of any other form of game bird shooting. The bird itself is of peculiar form and of rare richness in its colorings, and its flesh is esteemed a morsel of rare excellence, fit for the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Thus it affords great sport in its capture and is pleasing to the eye and palate.

Its habitat is generally in densely shaded nooks in out-of-the-way places where man rarely enters, and where the soil is soft and moist, for in such places is its food obtained. The alder ruins, and slopes in the birches, and nooks in the woods where springs or rivulets or excess of moisture makes the ground soft, are its favorite haunts, and sometimes in certain sections it finds spots in the cornfields which are desirable feeding grounds, though haunts and feeding grounds are never plentiful. In Mississippi it is occasionally found in open sedge fields. Many places which to the eye have every appearance of home for it still have no birds in them.

The scarcity of the bird, its beauty and the delicate flavor of its flesh, all serve to enhance its value, and its mystic life adds a charm to its pursuit which is distinct from all others.

The difficulties of woodcock shooting have been greatly exaggerated in every particular, particularly as concerns the extraordinary skill required by the shooter, and the still more extraordinary labor and consequent fatigue imposed on the dogs, the latter being an indispensable factor in the sport, if any success worth considering is sought. While intrinsically the sport possesses all the requirements of the highest degree of wing shooting, the writers on it have deemed it fitting that it be dressed in a glamour of romance, presumably that a little knowlege might be presented in an elaboration of high colors which touched on the sky, the sunshine as it glinted through the alders, the beautiful color of the foliage, the balmy zephyrs laden with nature's perfumes, *ad infinitum*, all of which are present in all other kinds of shooting, or indeed present if there is no shooting at all. The shooting of woodcock is difficult, it is true, but not so extraordinary in its difficulty as to be distinctly special, and far from being so difficult as most shooters make it from injudicious selection of guns, loads, etc.

Woodcock shooting is close shooting, the closest of any kind of shooting recognized as legitimate sport with the shotgun. While the woodcock is called a game bird, it is gentle and mild in its habits, with none of the pugnacity or extraordinary vitality possessed by members of the grouse family. The smallest of shot is sufficiently heavy to kill it, and the cylinder-bore gun is amply close enough for the ranges which one must accept in shooting it. The choke-bore of any kind is out of place in such extremely short ranges, and unfit to use on a bird so easily killed, though, strange to say, the use of it is not uncommon, owing no doubt to the fact that many men owning but one gun must use it for all kinds of shooting, and in other instances to the further fact of thoughtlessness concerning the proper requirements of the sport. Short barrels too are desirable, the difference in the handling of a 30in. barrel and a 24in. barrel in cover being far away in favor of the latter.

Woodcock shooting is largely a matter of snap shooting; therefore a wider pattern at a much shorter distance is a requisite if one is cultivating success instead of nursing a fad in respect to the use of choke-bore guns for all kinds of shooting, whether the guns be fitting or otherwise. In the shooting of quail, or chickens, or ruffed grouse—to a lesser degree with the latter—a certain degree of deliberation and quick aim can be practiced, but in woodcock shooting the opportunities for deliberation are the rare exception; hence the need of adopting an open gun to meet the requirements of quicker work and short ranges. Light loads and smaller shot can be used successfully, some noted shooters using dust shot exclusively. With a short, cylinder-bore gun—a true cylinder-bore, not the modified choke-bores which are often called cylinder—such a pattern can be secured at 15 or 20yds. as will insure fair success to the average shot and the best of success to the good one. It might be said that such a gun and load are too murderous, and indeed they would be in the hands of a man who could shoot with any degree of precision if he could exercise deliberation, but as in the greater number of instances the shooter has but an instant in which to act, the results are far from being so fatal as one might fancy them to be. Often there is but a momentary glimpse of a dusky shadow flitting through or across a small vista in the dense growth, and the shooter must fire then or not at all, unless he is pleased at a purposeless tumult, that being the sum total when he shoots and trusts to luck for the execution of his purposes.

As in all other shooting, experience enables the sportsman to recognize the promising nooks for woodcock, and the signs which denote its presence, they being the holes made by it in boring in the ground for its food and other signs well known to the shooter, and which can only be recognized by experience.

As to the labor and fatigue imposed on the dog while seeking for woodcock, they are largely an exaggeration. Wilson, in his work on the birds of North America, specifically mentions the fatiguing efforts which the dog encounters in woodcock shooting, and mentions that relays of dogs are necessary. As a matter of fact the work of the dog in woodcock shooting is the easiest of all kinds of shooting. He must range close to the shooter, or at most not beyond a gun shot if he serve the best purpose in that kind of shooting, and it is not at all essential or desirable that he work at high speed. It is essential, however, that he be intelligent and know thoroughly the best manner of working to the gun and assisting the shooter to get his shots in the manner to insure success. He should work diligently, but not hurriedly, and it is hardly necessary to add that the work should be done as silently as possible, though this also is true of all other kinds of shooting.

The dog should be a good retriever, otherwise a large percentage of the birds will be lost, for many times it is as difficult to find the bird after it is killed as it is before. Dogs which run riot in this shooting can soon tire themselves out, particularly in summer shooting, when dogs are out of condition and the weather warm, the consequent fatigue from such over-exertion and unfit condition cannot be justly attributed to the difficulty of the sport. It is rather hard work for the shooter, particularly he of the North, where the quest must be made afoot and where the footing is difficult and insecure, though after all it is but little more difficult than any other shooting in which the shooter walks.

As the dog often comes to a point in thick cover out of sight of the shooter, even though the point may be but a few steps away from him, a bell attached to the dog's collar has been found of great assistance in determining his whereabouts, and its silence indicates when he stops on point, matters very essential in conducting the sport. Not every dog is a good woodcock dog, even though he may be excellent on quail, snipe, chickens, etc. Some dogs appear to dislike the work intensely, others refuse to recognize the bird at all. A few take to it very kindly and work to the gun from observation to a useful degree far above what could be established by the most careful training. The spaniel is but little used in the United States for woodcock shooting or any other shooting, for that matter, though there is no doubt but what they could be made eminently useful in field sport.

In Louisiana and other sections of the South, where the woodcock seek a clime more genial than that of a Northern winter, the conditions of shooting change almost entirely. In sections at certain times, generally in the last of December and the fore part of January, they may be found in great numbers, and a bag of twenty, thirty or forty in a day is not then considered remarkable. They frequent the switch cane bottoms, or woods in the timbered prairie in which the heavy fall rains have softened the ground and where abundance of food can be found. Their stay in the South is very short, they starting North immediately on the lessening of the winter cold, probably after a stay of about two or three or four weeks, their coming and going then being quite as silent and secret as in the North. They are there killed in great numbers both day and night by market shooters, and shipped to the home and distant markets. They have their choice feeding grounds even in that land of abundance, and skill, diligent effort and knowledge of habitat is quite as essential to success in the Southern winter shooting as it is in the less bountiful shooting of the North in summer and fall.

B. WATERS.

A Roe Deer Hunt in Germany.

"JOE," whose letter to Mr. Elmer is printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8, must have been in very bad company. If he had been among sportsmen and killed two roe deer with his 16-bore hammer gun, *i. e.* with shot, he would simply have been asked to leave the grounds and to bear in mind that the shooting of roe deer with shot is considered a disgrace. Roe deer, like red deer, are shot with the rifle, and it is nothing unusual to see a good shot make "*eine Doublette auf Rehe*," not, as Joe quotes it, "a *doubletta* on *reh*," with the last-named weapon, provided they are bucks, for does again are sacred to every true sportsman in and out of season. Roe deer are by no means scarce in this country. Even around Berlin Joe could see as many as from 100 to 200 in broad daylight on good hunting grounds covering from 3,000 to 4,000 acres. Yet Joe terms it a rare opportunity to shoot one in one's life.

ARMIN TENNER.

Quail in North Carolina.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 28.—I heard through Jack Flint, an engineer, that there was a wonderful crop of quail getting ripe in North Carolina. This news I conveyed to my hunting companion, Fred Ford. We decided to take our dogs and go up there on a prospecting trip, and bought tickets via the Sea Board Air Line to Waxhaw, Taylor county, N. C. From there we drove four miles out to the home of Mr. Horne (a friend of Jack's), who lives on Twelve-Mile Creek, where we arrived in time for supper.

The next morning, accompanied by Mr. Horne, we rode horseback through the fields until 9 A. M. During that time (about three hours) we found fourteen coveys, some of which must have contained thirty birds. The coveys were so large that I thought there must be several banded together, but Mr. Horne said he thought not.

Some of the birds seemed to be full grown, but others could hardly fly, and Mr. Horne said they were a second brood.

At 3:30 P. M. we were in the saddle again and going in an opposite direction. We found nine coveys before sundown, two of which were very large ones.

The next morning Mr. Horne drove us to Waxhaw. When we started we let the dogs un, but subsequently had to take them into the wagon, as they were continually on the point.

I hope later to take a trip to Waxhaw with Fred. Then of course we shall take our guns, which were left home on this occasion, as we never shoot out of season or pot a covey.

C. E. RANDALL.

The Rifle Again.

I WISH to express my sense of personal obligation to the various gentlemen who of late have written so interestingly about rifles and calibers, especially to Col. Clay, H. B. S. and Stewart. As to the first of these, it must be a matter of no little wonderment to other ordinary mortals who like myself have the usual complement of arms, legs and hands, just when and how he acquired the mastery over the grooved barrel which his shooting displays. Of course, if a man is going to shoot like that, an old cavalry carbine, a .44-40 "baby," or 'most any other piece of a gun will do him. I should have to practice at the rate of about forty shots a day for the next ten years to be as independent of mechanical helps as he is.

Why doesn't somebody rise up and defend the nitro cartridges for the ordinary calibers? I invested in one box for my .45-70, but their shooting was decidedly miscellaneous. Those I loaded myself with nitro rifle powder were even more so. It seems that nitro will do very well when you are shooting at a whole army—good fellows at that, whom you had really rather miss than hit—but that when it comes to putting a bullet into the most obnoxious part of a grizzly's spinal column it is better to depend on the old familiar black diamond dust. By the way, speaking of animals dropping "as if struck by lightning," did anybody ever see them do it except when hit in the head or spinal column?

The article on caribou shooting was choice. Here we have exact facts, not theory. The writer's objection to the Gould bullet for animals the size of the caribou seems well taken. But I believe that if it can be so tempered as to mushroom and not split off, it is a good missile for deer and animals of a similar size. I am inclined myself to try the 350 solid bullet made of nearly pure lead, so as to mushroom. My experience is that if a rifle is kept clean lead bullets can be shot from it without any serious loss of accuracy. It would seem that the 405 bullet with about a 20-grain hole in the point ought to be good. That would give a weight of 385grs., with a heel long enough and heavy enough to penetrate well and deliver a heavy shock.

AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEX.

Bull-bat Shooting.

"A BULL-BAT—what's a bull-bat?"

"Why, don't you know what a bull-bat is?"

He did not explain, and not knowing any other name for it, he was like the old wise-in-his-conceit darky who wouldn't gratify the "phorocity" of his ignorant sable friend who wanted to be informed as to what "dat transom of Venus wus." Hence I was left with my "phorocity" until September, at which time I saw the thing he meant, which in all probability is the whippoorwill.

The bird is seldom seen here, except for two or three weeks in September; and as the days of this month draw near there begins a sharp lookout for the bull-bats, for fine sport is expected. Good, bad and indifferent shooters, boys as well as men, are on the watch, and on the first appearance of the birds they repair in haste to the outskirts of town, for their flight lasts only for an hour or two and it behooves the shooters to make the most of their time. Soon the air is filled with the bats, silent as the owl in their flight, irregular in their course, darting upward, downward, to right and left, now overhead, now skimming swallow-like near the ground in the eager pursuit of food, heedless of man and fearless of his death-dealing arm. *A la* Tennyson, to the right of you, to the left of you, behind, before you, all around you, they furnish excitement to the shooter not altogether of a tame character. The firing is incessant. For an hour it is a continuous fusillade, not unlike volleys of musketry in battle. I think I do not exaggerate in saying that 1,000 shots are fired sometimes during an hour within an area not over a quarter of a square mile. This is when the birds fly as I have described. More often they fly rather high, not one in ten being low enough for good range; and many inexperienced shooters, whose judgment of distance is faulty, waste any amount of ammunition.

The flight of the birds begins about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but is not always on consecutive days. The sport lasts for a week or two, after which the bat is seldom seen. The noise of firearms doesn't seem to startle him, but when picked up wounded he sometimes utters a chattering sound indicative of fear. I suppose he gets his name, bull-bat, from the chubbiness of his head. He is plump and fat, and makes a very palatable pie or stew. I can't see that there is the least diminution in numbers of these birds, but rather an increase yearly.

N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

[The bull-bat is the night hawk (*Chordeiles Virginianus*). It is an insect eater and not properly a game bird.]

Chickens and Deer.

A FRIEND just in from North Dakota wheat fields, where he has been in the interest of agricultural implements, says there is a good crop of prairie chickens up there.

Mr. Magee and party, of Winchester, Ind., just back from an outing in northern Wisconsin, report deer quite plentiful. They were camped sixteen miles from Fifield, on the spot our tents stood in October, '94. They found excellent bass fishing in the lakes and muskys in the Flambeau River.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Texas Plover Shippers.

VICTORIA, Tex., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With reference to the party who is shipping plover from this point, I would say that I have been able to make an investigation of some shipments, and that so far I have found nothing to substantiate the report that he was shipping immature quail. Personally, I was glad to find no evidence of violation of the game law, as it seems to me far better—and I believe your paper will join with me in this feeling—that there should be no violation of it than that there should be such violation, even if discovered

W. M. PETICOLAS

A Florida Game Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About twenty-five miles south of Kissimmee, Osceola county, Fla., three large lakes lie closely together with an immense marsh surrounding them on three sides.

Into the lakes flow several creeks, and the lakes and creeks are full of black bass weighing from 1lb. up to 16lbs. The fishing is simply grand. I will guarantee to show you more bass there in the same length of time than you ever saw before.

The marshes afford a feeding place for countless number of ducks and snipe. Just after the first cold wind in October the snipe begin to come in and they come by thousands, also the ducks; the ducks are of a variety known as the Florida duck and mallards.

Out in the woods are all the quail you can shoot, and on the west side of these lakes is one of the finest deer and turkey countries in the State.

R. R. T.

Holeb Lake.

THE "ideal camp" described in our issue of Aug. 15 is situated on an island in Holeb Lake, Maine, not Hobb Lake, as was then printed.

Sea and River Fishing.

IN THE FAR NORTH LAND.—II.

[*For first paper see issue of Aug. 22.*]

THE great lakes and rivers of British America north of latitude 60° abound in fish which in size and quality far surpass those of more southern districts. In that vast and barren land they form a large part of the food supply, the Indians drying them for use in summer, or "hanging" them in the frosty autumn days for winter consumption.

The salmon of the Pacific is not found except near the mouths of several Arctic rivers, but there are other members of the salmon family as valuable for food as the better known species of the western coast. One of these is the *Salmo mackenzie*, or the "inconnu" of the early *voyageurs*. This I saw first at the Rapids of the Drowned on Great Slave River. At a glance it resembled the "silver salmon" of Alaska, but the head was larger and the shape less graceful. The inconnu, like a true salmon, has its home in the sea, ascending the rivers to spawn. It is found in the large rivers of Alaska—the Kowak, Youkon and Kuskowick—and in Backs Fish River and the Anderson of the Barren Grounds. There is a species also closely allied, if not identically the same as the inconnu, in the Obè, Lena, Kolyma and other rivers of Siberia.

The inconnu appears about the middle of June at Fort Smith, 1,400 miles from the Arctic Ocean, and would no doubt continue its journey up the Great Slave River as far south as Lake Athabasca were it not for the fierce Rapids of the Drowned, which at this point bar the river. During its long journey no obstruction breaks the flow of the mighty Mackenzie, and the fish arrive in fine condition compared with the mutilated and dying salmon one sees in the headwaters of the Columbia and Fraser in British Columbia. The specimens which I saw averaged about 12lbs. apiece, the flesh in the more southern districts being a bluish white, and very palatable, though inferior to whitefish. At the Delta of the Mackenzie, where the fish were fresh run from the sea, the flesh was firmer, of much finer flavor, and pinkish white in color.

While at the Rapids of the Drowned I talked with William Flett, an intelligent Louchoux Indian, who, as a boy, had accompanied the late Robert Kennicott on his expedition to Alaska, in 1865. William Flett told me that the largest inconnu ever seen by him was caught at the Mackenzie Delta, and weighed 50lbs. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of Washington, D. C., gives this weight as the maximum one, but Mr. Camsell, chief factor of the Mackenzie District, told me of an enormous specimen of 90lbs. weight. This was taken by an Indian at the mouth of Hay River, on the southern shore of Great Slave Lake. It was so large that when carried on the back of an Indian its head projected over his shoulder, while the tail dragged on the ground. The Louchoux name for the inconnu is "thlycog-cho," meaning a long, narrow fish, perhaps referring to its elongated snout. The proper pronunciation for this name is a combination of a gurgle and a chuckle.

I tried in vain to catch the inconnu with hook at spinning bait while camping near the Rapids of the Drowned. The Eskimos at the Mackenzie Delta take the fish by both means, and it is probable that the inconnu, like the Pacific salmon, will refuse food while far inland on its way to the spawning grounds. I have fished successfully for salmon with trolls and artificial flies in the bays and mouths of rivers in Alaska, though I failed to capture one in the upper reaches of the Columbia River.

Although the inconnu is a valuable food fish in the far north, it plays a less important part than the whitefish. This, in numbers and quality, is far and away the best fish in British America. There are several species, the most widely distributed being the common whitefish of the Great Lakes. The usual weight is about 3lbs., though it often attains a much larger size. It spawns in September and October, and at such times the Indians fill their nets as fast as they can be lowered. The Hudson Bay Co.'s posts consume an enormous number of fish, a "district" or head post requiring about 18,000 during the year for their officers, servants and sledge dogs.

The great lake trout or "namaycush" abounds also in the north, reaching a weight of more than 60lbs. It varies as much in the color of its skin and flesh as does the trout of our Great Lakes. Small specimens are often taken in the whitefish nets, which have a 5 or 5½in. mesh, but the largest are captured with cod hooks and bait. Perhaps the finest fish in the country are those of Great Bear Lake. The depth of this inland sea, its extent of 14,000 square miles and the clearness of its waters, supplied by the cold, rushing streams which come from the Barren Lands, all combine to render the fish exceptionally fine. Great Bear Lake was too far out of our course for me to visit it, but I saw the Bear River, its outlet. Not far from the Hudson Bay Company's post, Fort Norman, the Bear sweeps into the Mackenzie in a fine curve at the point where Bear Rock rears its precipitous cliffs 1,400ft. above the level of the river. For some distance beyond the junction the two bodies of water remain quite distinct: on one side the great flood of the Mackenzie, pale brown in color, opaque with the sediment brought from the south; on the other the steel-blue current of the Bear, clear as crystal, rolling rapidly and smoothly, unbroken by ripple of fish or insect.

Having a few hours to spare one evening, I determined to try the river with rod and line, though with little hope of success. Duncan, one of the men at the post, and I took a small skiff and rowed some distance up the Bear. It was after 10 o'clock, but there was broad daylight; and as we passed under the banks we could hear the bees humming busily over the patches of early primroses, Arctic asters and Indian pinks.

For an hour we tested the fishing carefully with bait, spoon and artificial fly, but not a rise did we have. Leaning over the water's edge, I dipped my hand into the water. It was icy cold and a few seconds made my fingers smart and tingle. We knew the river was full of fish, but they evidently were to be taken only by nets, and at last we gave up in despair and turned our faces homeward. We paused as we passed the company's nets to see what they had captured. The nets had a mesh of 2 or 2½in. and were weighted down at the lower edge by stones and floated at the upper one by wooden buoys. Duncan pulled up length after length, revealing scores of beautiful fish caught by the gills. They were round, fat, about 2lbs. in weight and as bright as burnished silver. In the north they are known as the "herring," but are in fact a true whitefish (*Coregonus lucidus*). Sir John Richardson, of the Franklin Arctic Expedition, found them in this locality and gave them the name. They resemble the cisco of Lake Superior (*Coregonus artedi*), but are superior in quality, and there are differences which a scientist would detect in the formation of the head.

The grayling (*Thymallus signifer*), or "blue fish," as it is called in the Mackenzie District, was met with halfway down the river. We had put ashore to get some wood, and were detained some time. I hastily caught some "bull-dogs" (a kind of deer fly) and with fly and bait rod went a little distance from the boat. A missionary, who was on board, went with me, using my bait rod while I tried some artificial flies. We could see the fish breaking the surface of the water in midstream and I hoped for some good sport. But I seemed fated to have no fishing. We had hardly reached the spot when a sudden gale arose, making it impossible for me, by no means a skillful caster, to throw the flies far enough in the face of the wind. Just as I was about to take the bait rod that missionary caught with it our only grayling. I was delighted to see it, even if I was not to be its fortunate captor. It certainly was a beauty: a male fish, 10in. in girth, 18in. long and weighing 2½lbs. The general color was a purplish silver, the tail a soft red gray, the large dorsal fin a dark bottle-green, with changing light blue and light green spots on it, and lovely iridescent hues. The lower fin greenish gray, with pink and purple stripes; eyes dark brown or black, with golden rims. The stomach was full of small stones, vegetable matter like half-digested grass and small sticks, a beetle, a grasshopper and many May flies.

The storm increasing, we were obliged to give up our fishing and return to the boat. I saw the grayling once more at Big Island, where the Mackenzie leaves Great Slave Lake, but we did not pause long enough to try the fishing.

The grayling is found in the Barren Lands east and north of Great Slave Lake, and in the cold rapid streams flowing into the Mackenzie. I did not hear of it south of the lake, though it probably exists in the mountain streams that feed the headwaters of the Peace and Athabasca rivers. The Louchoux Indians at the Delta call it the "Tsee-Jah" or "Shee-Jah." "Shee" means a knife in Louchoux, and the name probably is an allusion to the great dorsal fin which resembles a knife-blade.

This fish must afford fine sport with light tackle. The one we caught was delightfully gamy and fought as well as a Nipigon trout. The grayling are very active, jumping clear from the water after insects or seemingly in play. They love clear water, and are not found near Fort Rae on a branch of Great Slave Lake, where the waters are shallow and often muddy; nor are they taken at that point in the Mackenzie where the Liard River pours a turbid flood into the main stream.

This species was first discovered by Sir John Richardson in the Barren Lands. It differs from the southern grayling (variety *ontariensis*) in having larger scales and the great dorsal fin being much higher, with more rows of spots. During my whole journey I had few opportunities of fishing; either we were traveling without pausing night or day or the waters were unfavorable for fish. I regretted this especially at the Delta and Peels River post, the most interesting places on our voyage.

At the latter place I purchased some Eskimo hooks, or baits made of walrus ivory or blue soapstone, found on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. These were used in trolling, with lines of whalebone, and were most skillfully fashioned. The largest were about 5in. long, and had toward one end a nail inserted sharpened and bent like a hook. On the ivory were little figures of whales and seals etched with some black substance, while some were ornamented only with black lines and dots. The herring hooks were not more than ¾in. in diameter, several being fastened with short 5in. snells to the main line of whalebone. The Eskimo through an interpreter assured me that inconnu of even 12lbs. weight could be captured with these small hooks by "going very easy." The large baits were used for inconnu and the great lake trout. The Eskimos take fish also by nets or by fishing with bait through the ice. Whitefish and other species of freshwater fish are found in Mackenzie Bay, far out beyond the Delta. Such a vast body of fresh water is discharged through the many channels of the Delta that the influence of the ocean is hardly felt for many miles.

I secured one hook and line which closely resembled those of the Alaska Indians. The line was of reindeer skin, and the hook was made of bone securely lashed at a sharp angle to a small stick of wood with thongs of reindeer skin.

As we were passing through one of the river channels on our return, we heard a shout from the shore, and a long-pointed Louchoux canoe darted out from the shore, its occupant signaling for us to stop. We knew that the Indian had fish for barter, and as our supply of dried reindeer meat was falling short, the captain checked the boat's speed and the canoe was drawn up alongside. It was half filled with inconnu and whitefish, and never have I seen more beautiful fish. The inconnu were fat and round as little mackerel, and averaged at least 18lbs. apiece. I selected a smaller one of 12½lbs. and a whitefish of 5½lbs.; as I had not alcohol enough to preserve the whole fish, the captain and I fell to work and soon had two skins which could be packed in smaller bulk. The latter proved to be *Coregonus richardsonii* or *Coregonus kennicottii* of Milner. It was a female, and at that time, July 13, was full of eggs about the size one sees in shad in April. These whitefish were nearly the same size, averaging perhaps 6lbs. apiece, and were very round and fat, with large brownish scales. And I can testify that never have I tasted more delicious fish; no, not even a Nipigon trout fresh from the rapids, eaten after a hard day of portaging and paddling.

I saw splendid inconnu of 25 and 30lbs. weight at Fort Good Hope, near the Arctic Circle, and at Peel's River post. I heard, too, of fine mountain trout taken in the spurs of the mountain and west of the post. These may be the malma trout, or it is possible that the rainbow trout is found here as well as in the more southerly ranges of the Rockies near the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The far north offers a wide field for the naturalist. Mr. Macfarlane and other officers of the Hudson Bay Company have done valuable work in ornithology, but the fish, smaller animals, insects and plants remain to be carefully studied. A few imperfect collections have been made by Polar expeditions in certain districts, but immense tracts of country are still practically unknown, never having been seen by white men.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Matters.

SPRING PARK, Lake Minnetoka, Minn., Aug. 28.—There is an old saying among men of the cloth—the green cloth—that nothing will beat luck. The FOREST AND STREAM luck is proverbial, and of a sort, I am persuaded, to put one in a position to give that unfortunate gentleman, Napoleon I., cards and spades. The main difference between Napoleon and me, as near as I can discover by diligent reading of the current monthly magazines, is that, although we both have been broke at times and have both had good runs of luck, his luck ran out on him entirely after a while, whereas mine never has. Napoleon, for instance, was never at Lake Minnetonka, and in fact seems never to have known anything at all about the possibilities of the beautiful State Minnesota. Napoleon may have worn a sword with diamonds on it, as against a plain six-shooter with a wooden handle, but he can't eat three meals a day where he is now and I can. Napoleon may have a larger and colder coffin than I will ever have, but he has got none the best of me, for I can sleep in a tent, and sit by a camp-fire and watch the moon come up over Minnetonka, and do a lot of things that he can't and never could. In short, the difference between me and Napoleon is mainly one of point of view. Napoleon has been taken up and boomed by the magazines, and I have not, that is all. Really, when it comes to this destiny business, I am a lot luckier than Napoleon.

The FOREST AND STREAM luck this week has brought me to a part of this big and wonderful United States hitherto unknown to me, though known about, vaguely, by all who live within 800 miles of it on any side—that is to say, the wonderful lower lake country of Minnesota, the State of lakes. While by no means new, this State is by no means known. I have long thought that Minnesota was soon to succeed Wisconsin as the main field of the sporting travel of Chicago, and certainly it seems as though Minnesota had enough of resource to stay and content for many decades the angler, the shooter, the tourist, and, above all, the summer traveler.

Lake Minnetonka I had always pictured to myself as a nice sort of pond, with a big hotel on each side of it, and a few boats with perch fishermen anchored out between the hotels. I thought they had a band come out once in a while and play a few popular airs, and that the girls put on their good gowns once in a while and had callers on the front porch; and sometimes they all went riding on a hay wagon, the guests of one hotel visiting those of the other. I thought Lake Minnetonka must be anyway more than a mile across.

Investigation proves that I was a little shy on facts about Minnetonka. Instead of being a pond or a lake it is a sea, made up of many lakes. It has a shore line of over 120 miles, and one so broken and varied that one can never see more than a small part of it from any one view. It has two big railroads to feed it, and some day that vigorous Westerner, Jim Hill, will just about build a railroad clear around it. It has three big hotels, miles apart, where hay wagons do not constitute the chief means of locomotion, and there are dozens of towns and villages built along its shores, and of its 100 miles of available shore front over fifty miles are built up with cottages and summer homes. It is a vast summer city whose population comes from the cream of the West and South and East. All the world here is free from care. All the world sails, swims, rows, fishes, and is happy. What a relief, to leave behind the great city where all are unhappy, and land after a night of sleep in a city where every one is happy. There the hurrying people all wear the frown of care. Here every neighbor has a smile. Unlucky Napoleon, to have been concerned so closely with affairs of business!

Mr. Carrington Phelps is a long-time member of the FOREST AND STREAM family, who was aware of the fact that both Napoleon and myself were shy on Minnetonka, so he invited us both out for a look at the country. Napoleon sent regrets, poor fellow, but here I am.

Mr. Phelps has 580 acres of the best land around Minnetonka, with timber and bluffs and that sort of thing, and at one of the loveliest parts of this body of land he has pitched his summer camp for several years. Here there is a fine dining hall fully 25ft. long, made, like a claim shack, of boards and tar paper, and a big house tent and a big sleeping tent, and some log stables, and a boat landing, and everything on earth you need for happiness in summer. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps and their son Carrington live here with their guests for four to six months each year. I think I shall live here six months or so myself, for I feel as though I were going to like the place. The home camp is on a bold bluff above a great expanse of the lake, and the view is lovely by day or by the moonlit night. An Aztec camp-fire, perpetual, unextinguished, burns in the middle of the community, bright and high at night, low and comfortable by day, so that always one has insensibly about that most soothing and comforting of odors, the smell of sweet smoke. It is astonishing

how one comes to be used to this faint smell, so that he misses it when away. So far we have been too comfortable to go fishing, but the walls of the dining hall bear an array of heads of fishes—17lb. pickerel, 5lb. bass, and the like—which show what Minnetonka has up her sleeve. And near by, in a place which my friends wot of—seventy-five miles is near by nowadays—there are some prairie chickens, and next week comes opening day. Alas! Napoleon, in every way except that of marble coffins you are not in it.

Minnetonka has sporting news about it in abundance, as has any place always where out of doors folk foregather. For instance, I learn of a certain type of yacht here of which I have not seen mention ever in FOREST AND STREAM, but which threatens to make revolution in Western sailing matters at least. This is the half-catamaran known as the Tartar. The man who built this boat knew about the Malay catamaran, and its faults as well as its virtues; so he made the bow of his boat like that of any boat (above water), and the stern of it he made like a catamaran, as who should say, he could have made a whole catamaran if he had tried. The result is a boat which theoretically and scientifically cannot possibly sail a lick on earth, but which practically and actually does sail about twice as fast as all the other boats. It is most singular, and at times most annoying, to see the perverse stupidity of facts.

Another item of interest to outdoor folk I find in Mr. Phelps's house tent in the form of a chimney. Most tent stoves wind up in a blaze of glory by burning the tent down on the first rainy day, when you need the tent most. Mr. Phelps has made a stovepipe which is also a tent pole. This stovepipe is an upright wooden tent pole for about 5ft., then it goes into a socket and becomes a galvanized iron stovepipe, with a hole in the side for the pipe from the stove. At the top of the tent this stovepipe tent pole swells out into a hollow cylinder, perforated for ventilation. Above the tent this cylinder is continued up in the form of a chimney, insuring a draft for the stove and carrying off all smoke. The tent, guarded by a leather collar, slips right down over the chimney as though it were a spike in the top of the pole, and stops away from it on each side. The idea is only a civilized adaptation of the Sibley tent and Indian tepee idea, one of the best ever hit upon by tent dwellers in search of warmth and freedom from smoke. Mr. Phelps guards against sparks by treating his tents occasionally with an alum solution. If a spark falls on this sort of a tent it burns in a small round hole which does not spread. A dry cotton tent not thus prepared will burn cheerfully down to the tent pins. E. HOUGH.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XI.—Gen. Martin Miller.

WITH clothing torn and bloody, his face bruised and cut, one eye blackened and swollen shut, Mat Miller came down the main street in Greenbush one day. Beside him walked a giant negro like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon his wrists," and in a condition like Mat's as to face and clothing. This sight so impressed me that it always came up whenever I heard of or saw Mr. Miller. We little boys had never seen such a sight, and when we learned that the colored desperado had been a terror to the country for miles around, and was a burglar, and that Constable Miller, having learned that he was sleeping in the old spook-house barn, had attacked him alone and captured him after a long and fierce fight, he was our hero. We learned in later years that this genial fine-looking athlete was the champion wrestler of Rensselaer county, and at "collar and elbow" or "square hold" could lay the local wrestlers on their backs. But this capture of the powerful burglar overtopped his other feats.

Some time after this event Herr Driesbach, the great animal trainer, wintered his menagerie in the village, in the stables of Bill Gaines, the local racing man, on Broadway, just below Columbia street, back of Fly's brick store, which still stands there. In those days the circus and the menagerie were two distinct things. The circus had no animals, while the menagerie had a ring in which dogs and monkeys rode on ponies and appealed to that portion of the public which objected to men and women in tights. In early days, when my father's barges brought emigrants up the river to Albany, Jake Driesbach was an emigrant runner for a line of canal boats which took them to Buffalo. He then went to Germany, and returned as "Herr Driesbach, the world-renowned lion tamer." Boys were not wanted in the stables, but as father's business froze up when the river did, and Driesbach came to our house in the long evenings to play chess with father, I had the run of the show, to the envy of the other boys, who could not get in unless I chose to take them. To be on intimate terms with so great a man—for a lion tamer is the biggest kind of man to a small boy—was indeed a pleasure unknown to men who were never boys. By that I mean those old fellows who were born "young men" and never had any fun because they had no inclination for it.

The privilege of seeing these animals at all times was something, but to witness the rehearsals that were necessary to keep both men and animals in readiness for the opening performance in the spring was a thing that a real live full-blooded boy would naturally class as but little below paradise, if he didn't consider it a dozen miles above. As the village constable, Mat Miller walked in the menagerie when he pleased. In fact any reputable citizen could, the line was drawn at boys who might get hurt or into mischief. There was no steam-heating apparatus in those days, and the two elephants, the giraffe (the first one ever in America), the monkeys and other inhabitants of warm countries were in the end where the great stoves were. One day a chained elephant became scared at something; Driesbach said the animal saw a mouse and feared it would go up its trunk. The cage containing the royal Bengal tiger was overturned and pandemonium, or the Cooper Union after an Anarchist meeting was a Quaker assembly compared to it. The elephants trumpeted, lions roared, hyenas howled, monkeys screamed and what the cockatoo said is lost. "Mat" was there and so was Driesbach and the writer. The constable jumped, grabbed the cage by the top and forced it back to its place at the expense of a coat and a torn shoulder from the tiger's claws. Driesbach was astounded at the quickness and strength of this unassuming man and offered him a lucrative position to travel with him, which was declined. Me? O, yes! After it was all over "Dandy" Nesbitt the jockey, Tom Scribner and I were found safe under the wagon where the trick bear had his residence.

Up to about 1845 there was lots of fun every year at "general training." This was an assembling of the uniformed and the ununiformed militia for several days or a week's drill in camp, as required by law. The ununiformed militia consisted of every man between certain ages, not specially exempted, who could, I think, escape by paying a certain sum. It was a grand spree for some and the guard-house was always well filled with drunks. When in garrison in later years this gang was known as Company Q.

Martin Miller was a general of militia, but of what rank I never knew, in fact, rank was unknown to us boys beyond the fact that there were officers and privates. It was my fortune to see two "general trainin's," one on the farm of John Morris, above the village, and the other at Clinton Heights. Then I think the law was changed and they were abolished, perhaps before 1845, for I was then old enough to remember more than two such rackets. It was a great event. Drums, flags, the squads of farmers' boys who couldn't keep step to the drum, the neat uniforms of some of the companies, the usual crowd of bumpkins, yokels, three-card-monte men, thimble-riggers, sweat boards, chuck-luck and other gamblers, peanuts, gingerbread and, above all, General Martin Miller resplendent in *chapeau bras*, epaulet, sword and sash, mounted on a white horse, trying to bring order out of chaos. If all these things did not make soldiers for the State out of the rawest kind of material it certainly made a very large day for the small boy.

If any one trait was more prominent than another in the mental make-up of General Miller it was his love of boys and his desire to see them have fun. Having no children of his own at that time, he was fond of those of his neighbors. Things were getting along in shape and the gamblers were reaping a harvest when the General invited a crowd of boys to follow him if they wanted to see some fun. Every sweat board and chuck-luck table had piles of coin of all sizes and values piled up to show their ability to pay bets, and as the General came alongside of one he would wheel his horse suddenly, clap the spurs to him and that gambler's coin was scattered far and wide, a harvest for those who could reap. Somehow the gamblers did not appear to like this, judging from their remarks.

Years after this the General became a grocer and in that very democratic community subsided into plain, every-day Mat Miller, so called by every man, woman and child in the village.

We were in his store one day talking of going down to the Popskinny for a couple of days' fishing and to camp in Rivenburg's barn in the hay.

"What do you boys do down there at night?" he asked. "Perhaps you raid Teller's potato patch and roast his potatoes with his fence rails. I think I'll go along to keep you straight."

"Come along," said Billy Shaw, "we'll let you gather drift-wood and then you'll know whether we use fence rails or not.'

"Yes," chipped in John Atwood, "and you can hook the potatoes too, if you want 'em. We never trouble the farmers and they don't trouble us. We take our grub along and just cook a few fish."

Billy Atwood, a boy who seldom said anything, remarked: "Mat might go and milk some of Rivenburg's cows if he wants to eat his fish in milk," a reference to a man who was said to have tried this dish on recommendation of one Harleigh Mather, whose humor lay in such things. This man was known as "Suckers and Milk" until life became a burden to him and he moved away. This same irreverent joker in after years replied to a clergyman who wished to know how to cook frogs: "Oh, we stew them just as we do bats." I do not approve of this sort of thing except when I do it myself.

Rivenburg's barn was only used to store hay in until it could be pressed into bales and sent off, therefore it was empty most of the year, but there was always enough loose hay left to sleep in. It was one of the finest barns you ever saw, for ventilation. The doors were off the hinges and were propped up by poles. We did not disturb them, but walked in from whichever side was convenient. The double doors were, if I remember, a trifle larger than the other holes.

John Atwood had brought the worms for bait in some old mustard boxes, and we assured Mat that they were not brought in the coffee-pot because that had been kept hidden in the barn as part of our permanent outfit, along with the frying-pan and tin cups. Hot coffee, fried sausages and other things saw us comfortably fed by sundown. Great clouds came up and the wind shook the barn and we hurried to the tightest corner as the storm suddenly broke over us. The thunder made the barn shake and it could not have rained harder. Flash after flash came so fast and the thunder followed so quickly that one could hardly note the interval. Heaven's artillery opened right over us and every fellow was doing his own thinking and keeping it to himself. Billy Shaw was the exception. He ventured to remark: "Maybe you fellows like this, but I wish I was home!" That broke the spell and he was nearly smothered in the hay which they piled on him. During this smothering of Shaw I saw, or believe I saw, a flash of lightning shoot up from the ground. It was so close to the barn that it seemed as if a man had shot a gun in the air. Two boards were off that side and there was no man there. If such a thing ever occurs, I saw an instance of it, if it does not I was deceived. No hole in the ground was visible in the morning, but half a century has not dimmed the picture.

Such a rain never lasts long and soon the stars were shining, and we rebuilt the little fire, and with dry material from the barn for seats were enjoying life, when the sound of oars was heard, and soon the lapping of the water under the bottom of a little scow told that a boat was near.

"Halt! Who comes there?" was the challenge of the General.

Bill Atwood, John's younger brother, who had already shown symptoms of nautical bacteria which eventually dragged him to a sailor's life, hailed the coming craft with: "Aboard the scow! Pull on yer starb'd oar or you'll foul our coffee-pot!"

A few more strokes and the boat was beached and out stepped the old trapper, Port Tyler. "Where's that coffee-pot?" said he, "I'm wet an' cold and some hot coffee is just what I want. No, thanks, nothing to eat, I've got lots. Why, Mat Miller! What you doin' here campin out with these boys? I see ye all go by when I was hid in the lilypads around the bend yonder watchin' for wood ducks, an' I knowed the hull lot on'y Mat, an' I'd a knowed him ef I'd a-suspected he'd come a-campin' with you boys. What 're ye up to, Mat? Burglars or thieves been on the island, or are ye on'y lookin' up the boys that's just come of age and just goin' to vote for the first time this fall?"

"Sit down here," said the General, "get outside of this warm coffee. I'm not looking for you, but there's a widow up there at John Morris's rope-walk that is, and she'll get you too if you don't look out."

This was a clean knock-out, for if ever there was a man who was shy of a woman it was that confirmed old bachelor, Port Tyler.

The stars twinkled. Venus just about to disrobe and retire for the night winked at Polaris, the night clerk, and hid herself behind Bethlehem woods. A night heron said "quawk" in a derisive tone, and even the little barn owl seemed unduly hilarious as it alighted on the gable of the barn with a field-mouse. Then there was a vast wave of silence that rose like the battle waves of Ossian and overflowed the lands on either side of the historic Popskinny. No doubt old Port might have thought with Hamlet:

> "It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
> But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue."

This is merely surmise. Miller's shot struck home, and the bashful trapper took it in silence. Not a leaf stirred. Billy Shaw finally ventured to ask, "What kind o' game are you after, Port?"

Oh, just lookin' for yellow-legs and shore birds. I've got three young *quawks in the boat, and nobody about here eats 'em but me; so I can't sell 'em, an' if you'll eat 'em I'll cook 'em."

By unanimous consent it was voted "a go," or words to that effect. Billy Shaw had no fear of thunder now that it was not in his immediate front, said that we were down for fun and might as well have it. "If you are not hungry now," said he, "you will be by the time old Port gets these song birds dressed and cooked."

John Atwood and I took Port's boat and put out his set lines for eels, in order to have fish for breakfast. These lines were of ¼in. cord, reaching from bank to bank. At every 2ft. was a 1ft. snood tied with a "bow-timber hitch," dropping only 1ft. below. This enabled the fisher to snatch a snood loose and drop it in the boat, eel or no eel; but the beauty of Tyler's rig was the eyed hooks with a knot above and one below, which prevented an eel from unlaying the snood and breaking it strand by strand, merely turning the hook as if on a swivel. There is no patent on it.

The quawks were roasted when we returned after putting out the eel lines in several places, and the fact that we had eaten one supper did not prevent us from eating of the strange birds, and they were not a bit fishy, as one would suppose, but were tender and good. Port had set up a wind break and heat reflector by the fire and hung the birds on strings, so that they kept twisting round. When we came to crawl into the hay for the night Billy Shaw seemed a bit nervous and inquired if there might be rats about, and that started stories of enormous rats that lived along the creek and in the barns, all for his benefit. The little owl would whinny not unlike a horse, and Billy was evidently uneasy until Miller ran a stick in a wiggling way into the hay and said something about snakes. Then Billy vowed that he would go home. The General owned up and persuaded him to lie down, and the next we knew the night had gone.

We had eels enough for breakfast on the first line, and then Port took up the others and left us. We fished until near noon, when the fish took a rest and we gathered at the barn, each with several strings of perch, bullheads and rock bass. John Atwood had a strange fish, one that none of the party had ever seen before. We learned that it was a black bass, a Western fish that had come into the Hudson by way of the Erie Canal, so Harleigh said, and he was the village authority on fish and fishing. Just why the bass have not become more plenty in the upper river is a problem. Down about Newburgh, where the water is often somewhat brackish, they seem to be more plentiful. A little more fishing in the afternoon, and we went home after sundown. The General declared it was a pleasant trip, but I never knew him to fish before or after this once.

Back of Ruyter & Van Valkenburg's tannery there was a great heap of spent tanbark to tumble in, and Jimmy Brown and I practiced somersaults there; the other boys merely jumped. This interested the General, and he would help us in a whirl with his strong arm, which landed us on our feet. This was a special help in the back flop. Poor Jimmy Brown! We used to play the banjo for each other's jigs on the sanded floor until he was burned up on the steamer Reindeer in the summer of 1850. General Miller also taught us to wrestle in the "collar and elbow" and "square hold" styles, and always impressed his correction of a fault upon us by taking hold himself and making the faulty one put his foot or his weight in the wrong position and then quickly laid him on his back. There were many fair wrestlers then among the boys of Greenbush.

One winter, when the ice was exceptionally good, he proposed a skating party to Hudson, some twenty-eight miles down the river. We had an ice boat that some of the boys built, and this was to go along to pick up stragglers and to return on. Cub Wilson sailed the boat. A Greenbush boy of those days had little reverence and less respect in his composition, and nicknames were common. Wilson was then about twenty-five years old, fat and unwieldy, and had been called Cub from boyhood and didn't mind it. He may have had a given name, and no doubt his mother called him by it. The party consisted of John Atwood, John and Hiram Stranahan, Jerry Van Beuren, James Miles, Isaac Polhemus, John Phillips, General Miller and myself, the youngest in the party. We started in the morning about 8. A light south wind was in our faces, and coats and overcoats were soon piled on the ice boat. In places the ice was too rough to skate, and once we took off the skates and walked about half a mile. Phillips and the Stranahans were the best skaters, and took the lead and kept it, reaching Hudson some

* This is the way we called this night heron, *Nycticorax*. The common name is sometimes spelled "squawk," while some naturalists call it "the qua bird." If you take my spelling and add "quock" to it, and then divide the sum total by two, you will get very near to the bird's own pronunciation of its name, and who should know better than he?

time ahead of us. Atwood, Van Beuren and I brought up the rear. We did the stretch in four and a half hours —some claimed less time—pretty well tired and with numb feet. We all wore high boots. The skates had great turned-over prows ending in brass acorns, were guttered in the bottoms, and strapped so tightly over the foot that the blood could not circulate. We did not think skating possible under any other conditions. When the strap would not take up another hole we drove wooden wedges between the strap and the boot to make it tighter. A few years ago I tried on the old style of skate and could get around a little, but could do nothing with those of the present model.

At Hudson Gen. Miller took us to a hotel and we had a good dinner. We had a strong wind from the west on the homestretch and the ice boat did not have to tack once, and we were not long on the way. Skipper Wilson remarked, "You boys beat me when I had to tack against a head wind, but you couldn't do it now." On telling the story the General said: "The boys are all good skaters, but you should see 'em eat! They cleaned up everything in that hotel, and if they ever go to Hudson again that landlord will close his house when he sees 'em coming."

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmel strahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Without intending any levity, this philosophical verse of Leland's comes up when that day is recalled, for all except the writer have passed into the *ewigkeit* of the Plattdeutsche, or *ewigkeit* of the German. Five died peacefully. John Atwood was killed by a boiler explosion, Van Beuren was drowned in California, and Phillips was killed by interlocking his "turn-over" skate with that of another boy, and his skull was broken on the ice. Surely I may ask: Where is that party now? And *ewigkeit* or eternity, as you choose, is the only answer.

I learn from one of boyhood's companions who has not yet crossed the Styx that Gen. Martin Miller was born on May 13, 1816; was Doorkeeper of the State Senate in 1845-46; was member of Assembly in 1858, and died in the summer of 1882. The General married a sister of my friend, Garrett M. Van Olinda, who is now in business at 18 Harrison street, New York, and one son survives him.

For a few days during the time of the Mexican war the sleepy little village of Greenbush was disturbed over a very small word and argument ran high. Abram Van Olinda, brother to the General's wife, had raised a company of volunteers for the war and the citizens of Greenbush purchased a sword to be presented to the Captain, but it must have an inscription of some kind to tell who presented it and also who it was presented to. A few had agreed that the blade should be inscribed: "Presented by the citizens of Greenbush to Captain Abram Van Olinda, and never to be sheathed but with honor." This was the sentiment of Volkert P. Douw, Squire Hogeboom and John L. Van Valkenburg. Isaac Fryer moved to strike out the word "but" and insert "except," and Thomas Miles and others backed him. The inscription hung fire and the women of the village took it up and hot arguments were held as to which of the two words was the best to use in the inscription. A meeting of all who had subscribed for the sword was called at Fryer's tavern, and after much argument from each side "Mat" Miller was asked to give his view of how the inscription should read. He rose and said: "'Never to be sheathed but with honor' is good, we all know what it means. We also know what it means if we say, 'Never to be sheathed except with honor,' and it's only a choice of words and 'but' is Dutch." That settled it. The Douws, Van Valkenburgs and Hogebooms were defeated by this thrust. Captain Van Olinda was killed while leading his men at the charge on the heights of Chapultepec, on Sept. 13, 1847. The result of General Miller's epigram is still preserved on the sword, which was sent home and is still in the possession of his family.

Mat Miller—I love to think of him as "Mat"—was a warm friend to boys. Perhaps he liked some boys better than others, but he was always my friend, and he was the manly sort of man that I could look up to with confidence. He was a man when I was a boy. When I was fourteen he was thirty-one, but he was always one of us on such frolics as have been related and never seemed to know of that gulf which separates the fun-loving boy from the money-grubbing man which some men develop into.

General "Mat" Miller! You covered yourself all over with glory when you attacked a desperate burglar, who outclassed you in weight, alone and single-handed in the old "spook-house" barn and brought him to justice. May you be crowned with glory now as the reward of an honest life, is the prayer of your boyish friend.

FRED MATHER.

O, dear! I've "been and gone and done it" again. When I come to read the sketch of Capt. Ira Wood in cold type there is the blunder of placing Mrs. Malaprop, with her "derangement of epitaphs," in the "School for Scandal" instead of "The Rivals." That pens will slip is evident and it is possible for an old fellow's memory to get mixed. No doubt the mail of FOREST AND STREAM will be full of corrections of this slip. All right! Boys, you have got me, and I've not a word of excuse. I only hasten to get this to the office before every one of you has jumped on me. F. M.

SEPT. 4.

MAGNOLIA, Md., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From boyhood through life I have been an ardent lover of field sports or rather the enjoyment of nature's beautiful and inseparable surroundings, and still love them equally as well in memory as when a youth, bounding eagerly over the green hills and through the lovely valleys along the margin of the historic river whose waters sing their everlasting dirge along the shores of Mount Vernon. Since age has interposed its prohibition of the practical enjoyment of those exquisite pleasures, I find great consolation in perusing the sporting papers—and I truly say I never was more delighted in reading any article than I was with one in your paper of Aug. 29.

It afforded me infinite pleasure to know that there is a gentleman who has known through life and appreciates the lofty and sterling qualities of a gentleman I take the liberty of calling my friend.

I thank the author for affording me the infinite pleasure of reading his generous and just tribute to my friend, Col. Charles H. Raymond. J. N.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 4.—Despite the fact that the first cool evenings of late August gave us cheering promise of good surf fishing, it has not yet materialized. While there is yet sufficient time, still the outlook is not of the brightest. Striped bass should now be plentiful, as well as kingfish and weakfish; but such is not the case. Fishing, however, continues fair in the rivers and bays, and inland fishing is now the order of the day. Snapper fishing has been looked forward to with great expectations and as a certainty, but not in years have they been so scarce.

The growth of snapper fishing has something of the marvelous in its nature. A few years since it was little appreciated, whereas now but few are too great to pay it homage. With the lightest of tackle, and when the snapper (which is the young of the bluefish) has reached the size of the herring, the sport is grand, and ranks as the best of our salt-water fishing. The average trout rod is too pliant to resist the pressure of the tides in which snapper fishing is always to be had under its best conditions, besides the split-bamboo is soon affected by salt water. I use a very light lancewood stock fitted with a Bethabara tip of lightest caliber 6ft. in length over all. For line I use Barbour's linen thread No. 30, thoroughly oiled, then dried and afterward waxed. This makes a line of extreme lightness, and will resist the action of salt water, which is so ruinous to silk lines. For a float I procure two bottle corks 2½in. long and pass a piece of bamboo through them, having first connected the ends together. I then shave and sandpaper them down, pointed at either end, until the greatest diameter about equals a lead pencil; this will sustain the small bait and split T shot sinker. I use a 3.0 ringed Carlisle hook, to which I fasten a 6in. section of hair wire ending in a small brass swivel, into which the line is fastened. I have found the foregoing rig most admirable, and it gives to the angler every atom of sport obtainable.

There is no doubt but the spearing, or what is usually termed white bait, is the most killing bait to be had, although they will bite readily at almost any fish bait or clam. A strong attraction for the snapper is found in the menhaden when ground or chopped fine and a portion inclosed in a muslin bag or other porous material and hung from the side of the boat. Agitating or gently squeezing the bag at intervals sets free the oil, which creates a slick on the surface of the water, which will be followed by the snapper to its source, no matter how great the distance; and once around the boat, with tackle as above described, fastidious indeed must be the angler who cannot extract true enjoyment therefrom.

LEONARD HULIT.

P. S.—I use a very small Kosmic multiplying reel, which will hold about 80yds. of above line.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. J., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bright days, sunny skies and northerly winds are contributing to the sport of pleasure-seekers at Barnegat Bay.

The fishing during the past week has been especially fine in the vicinity of the inlet. Numbers of yachts have caught large quantities of bluefish in the inlet, and many captains report good catches of large weakfish and croakers just outside the bar.

I saw one of the first flocks of ducks last Thursday. There were about fifty of them and they were headed southward. SEA DOG.

ANGLING NOTES.

Shad in August.

A NEWSPAPER that comes to me daily prints a lot of information about what to eat and how to cook it. I did not know about this feature, as I never happened to strike the culinary department of the paper until one of my family asked me if shad were in season in August; and then I read under "Menu for Friday, Aug. 7: * * * Dinner—Clam broth, planked shad," etc. I answered the question by saying that the legal shad season extended only from March 15 to June 15, but the query made me think of something.

The expression, "Poor as a June shad," is meant to convey the idea that a June shad is a pretty poor article, but if you consult a shad fisherman on the subject he will tell you that the best shad are taken, or rather used to be taken, in July. I was out with the shad netters on the Hudson one night this year and naturally the conversation was about shad. Some of the oldest men on the river were present and all agreed that a July shad was sweeter and fatter than any caught earlier in the season; that shad improved the longer they were in the water, and it used to be the regular thing, before the law interfered, to set the shad nets on the night of July 3 to get shad for a Fourth of July feast. Further, that shad were taken with hard roe as late as August; this was not unusual; and that shad had been netted in the Hudson as late as November.

So in talking to a shad fisherman the expression, "Poor as a June shad," will not express what it has been supposed to express during all the years that it has been used. If necessary, this may be amended to read "Poor as a June shad that has spawned," and it will go.

One evening when rowing up the river to the shad-hauling grounds I noticed the young herring turning out of the water exactly as the whitefish do the same trick. This action is particularly noticeable in the round whitefish, or Adirondack "frost fish." Swimming near the surface, if they are disturbed they turn to seek deeper water, and if the surface of the water is still they slap the water with their tails as they turn, and it makes a sound which I have compared to hail on a tin roof, particularly if the school of fish is a large one.

Bullheads.

If I made a note of everything told to me supposed to be unusual about fish, I would have to carry a good big memorandum book to record the strange things. Fortunately perhaps most of the strange things are not as unusual as they are believed to be by those who relate them. Here is one that will bear investigation: An engineer on the N. Y. Central R. R. was spending his vacation at Lake George, and told a friend of mine that about Aug. 20 each year the bullheads come to the surface of the water in the Mohawk River at Schenectady in schools, and that at such time they can be scooped out in a dip net. He did not pretend to account for the action of the fish, but declared that it was a fact, and my friend came to me to explain why it was so. I could only say, if it was so, that the fish were probably feeding on something at the surface that made its appearance about Aug. 20 each year.

This reminds me that I saw the largest brood of bullheads this year that I ever saw. It was at the Cedar Island House dock in the Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain. Standing on the dock with Col. A. W. Cole, waiting for our guide, I looked into the water and there was a black cloud moving here and there, and I called Col. Cole's attention to the brood of bullheads, and at first he was inclined to think I was not sincere as to what they were. Two parent fish were in attendance, hovering over and around the babies, and in spite of their care a baby skirmisher would get so far away as to be gathered in by waiting fish. The brood was so large that I thought it must be two broods combined. The ranks of the little bullheads were thinned as we watched them, and as they were apparently a week or so old there must have been many more originally, and this was more reason to make me think there were two broods in one, but I never heard of such a thing, and could not determine if what I thought were true.

Stain for Gut.

A writer in the *Fishing Gazette*, London, tells how to stain gut brown, and the editor commends it as a useful discovery. Here is the formula: "It may not be known to your readers that a brown stain may be obtained by this very simple process: Add a few granules of permanganate of potash to a tumblerful of water, and in this immerse the gut, which should have been previously soaked. A few seconds suffice for a fairly deep stain, and I always keep a basin of cold water in which to rinse the gut from time to time. A very few seconds are sufficient to produce an ordinary brown stain. The solution does not injure the gut, and removes the 'glitter.'" I just received some leaders stained very dark, and the maker thinks they are the better for it. I will find out in a few days.

A. N. CHENEY

THE FONTINALIS CLUB, OF MICHIGAN.

IN an earlier article in FOREST AND STREAM mention has been made of the beauty of many of the streams of the lower peninsula of Michigan, and something has been attempted by way of description of their natural excellence as fishing streams for trout. Any such description would be unfair and inaccurate which did not take into account the gradual but unmistakable and inevitable depletion which has taken place in those waters since the country has opened up. It is the history of all the wild regions. As soon as the railroads come there are paths along the trout streams. I spoke in this earlier mention of the disappearance of the grayling in Michigan, and mentioned the character of the trout fishing in some of the streams which once were famous.

It was at that time a matter of surprise to me to hear of a preserved trout stream away up north in the wild country of the pine-clad south peninsula, for it seemed as though each and every stream of that land should still be swarming with trout. I wondered when I heard of gentlemen coming all the way from the town of Grayling, on the Au Sable River, and from Detroit and other cities to fish in this preserved stream, and I could not understand the reason for existence of a trouting club in that country. It seemed to me like carrying coal to Newcastle. This was a different thing from the Castalia Club, of Ohio, which is right at the doors of the settlements and convenient of access for many business men. It seemed to me likely that this Fontinalis Club, which I heard of over on a branch of the Sturgeon, near Vanderbilt, must surely be the idea of a few men not contented with the earth and the fullness thereof. I learned later that it was the idea of a few men who have seen the inevitable advancing, and who have realized what we must all realise before long, that the American system of game and fish laws is inadequate to prevent the extermination of the game and fish of the country. I learned, even in my short experience in that region, that but for the continual stocking of the wildest streams by the State authorities the paths along the streams would long since have disappeared, for there would long ago have ceased to be any trout left worth fishing for. More than that, it became plain to me that even the best of State stocking cannot keep up a supply of trout in a stream, no matter how good a stream it may be naturally, if that stream is left open to the tender mercies of the general fishing public. The latter is bound to solve for itself the great problem of how to both eat your cake and have it, a problem which the wise men tell us never did have but one conclusion to it.

By this no disparagement whatever is intended for the noble efforts of the Michigan Commission to supply cake to the public, for theirs is a work which has restored many streams to the public which once were fished out, and made fishing streams out of some that would otherwise never have had any trout fishing in them. Of this latter fact I had a very good illustration near at hand to the camp on Mullet Lake, not far from Cheboygan, where I was stopping when first I heard of the Fontinalis Club. There was a little, tangled, brushy stream that ran through a cedar swamp for a few miles, and which carried the euphonious name of Nigger Creek. It was said to have trout in it, and I tried it one day. Near its mouth in Mullet Lake I found the farm of the settler, a gigantic negro by the name of Bush, who had been cause for the name of the creek. Bush proved a character in his way, and was able to tell me the history of the stream. He said there never was a trout in it till they were planted there by the Fish Commission some twelve years ago, though he had often since then seen them, lately of a size up to 3 and 4lbs. Bush told me that he came out into that wild pine country as a homesteader immediately at the close of the war, which found him living in West Virginia. He had lived before that in Virginia, and I was surprised to find, out here in a wild Michigan pine wilderness, a man who knew of members of my own family, back in Virginia, more than thirty-five years ago. Bush told me that he had heard of this land open for homesteading, and had concluded he could never start younger, so he had headed for Michigan. He had not known of the thousands of better farming countries he could then have gone

to, but thought that the cold and the terrible labor of clearing up a pine farm was a cheap price for the thought of owning a farm. So he labored on, and sent back for his friends, and they sent for theirs, until there was a colored settlement of some forty families working away up in the Michigan woods. They lumbered in the winter and cleared land when they could, and now their labor has made a little hole in the woods, though here and there a scarred hillside, slowly being eaten up again by the forest, shows all there is left of some man's efforts at making a home for himself. These things Bush showed me and told me about as he took me down to his little creek. He told me where I would see the trout, and I found his statement correct. I had visible proof of the efficacy of State stocking. I saw a dozen trout in my fishing that afternoon which would have weighed over 2lbs. each, and a few which I thought heavier than that. Of trout 10in. long there was abundance.

But there was another lesson in the day on Bush's Creek. The trout were there, and it was generally known that they were there, but the fact that they remained there depended entirely on the fact of their inaccessibility. I fished three miles of that stream, and never saw a worse stretch of water in my life. The cedar windfalls made a protection which but few anglers would care to break through at all, and fewer yet would care to try it a second time. It was not sport in any sense of the word. It was impossible to cast a fly or to use a fly in any way. At times one could not get a hook down to the water at all, so deep was the tangle of interlocked and bristling fallen trees that covered it like a floor. My fly-rod was in constant danger, and my clothing was soon torn. It was impossible to wade and impossible to walk the bank. It was a case of climb and scramble for three miles. There were trout there, to be sure, but only once in a while could one get at them decently, and never at all by means of the fly. No wonder the stream was not fished out, and no wonder there was no path along its bank! Now I had abundance of such fishing as this in my life before, and when I feel that I must have trout to eat I will endure it, albeit I cannot call it sport. But when I came out at the cross road, three miles above the point where I had gone in, and when I stood, black with the grime from burned logs and ragged from the war with cedar stubs, I vowed at the time that never again would I go after trout in such a place. And I registered my belief to myself, there alone in the forest, that I did not believe there was a stream out of doors in Wisconsin or Michigan where a man could wade like a gentleman and catch a basket of trout on the fly. My experience, a somewhat varied one, had once again taught me that where there were trout there was no wading, and where there was wading there were no longer any trout.

Then I walked six miles home and kicked myself every step. And when I got to camp there was an invitation from Mr. Geo. L. Alexander to come for a day on the stream of the Fontinalis Club. I took counsel of my own experience that day, and thought there might be reasons for this club. But still I was skeptical and said to myself, "If there is ever, anywhere, anyhow, upon the face of this green earth, in this whole State or anywhere else, a stream where I can really get in and wade and really take a basket of trout on the fly, I shall, the moment I see the truth thereof, establish a pæan of thanksgiving which shall be heard throughout the land."

This is the pæan. There is such a place. There are gentlemen so fortunate as to own it. It is better than I thought, and better than any one can know who has not seen it for himself. Best of all, it is not going to be ruined. It is going to be kept just as it is. There will be no willow poles in the deep corners where the market fishers threw them. There will be no tin cans of defunct worms along the banks. The trout will not all be fingerlings. And yet this will be in a locality altogether possible and pleasant. So much for the idea of a trout preserve in a region where fifty of the handsomest trout streams on earth bubble along emptily, telling you of what they were ten years ago, and of what they might be to-day were it not for the belief of the public that it can both eat and keep its cake.

In the excellence of the sport afforded, in the wild character of its surroundings, and in the thoroughly sportsmanlike though comfortable conditions under which the sport may be pursued, I imagine that the like of the Fontinalis Trout Club does not exist anywhere in the country. It is a stream of the wilderness, untouched since the hand of the lumberman left it at least, and showing no trace of any past or possible attempt at civilization. The stream is not "improved" or changed in any way. The natural cover has been left almost as it was originally. There is no artificial extension of the stream at all, and not the least effort to change its natural conditions. Here, let us thankfully remember, are at least five miles of the wilderness where the willow rod and the tin can and the side path shall not tell of glories gone by. The glories are here, just as they were when the cruiser first came. They are to remain here. No man is allowed to use anything but the artificial fly as a lure, and unwritten law places a limit on his take even then. This is the example of one preserved stream as against that of the fifty open ones. Against such an example the local public of course rebels, wishing always to break in and devour the cake, witting not that the wise self-restraint of the members of such clubs is only a fair and rational purchase price against the lack of restraint practiced by the general public. Ever since Biblical times the wise virgins who had oil to burn have had rather the best of the argument over the foolish ones who had none. That is the status of the game preserve question in America in a nutshell, one must fear. Not all men are wise, but some are, and some will fall back on the common law which governed individual action long before statute law was dreamed of. It will be the law of trespass against the fish and game laws in this country, before another generation has passed by, one must fear, though there will still be heard the cry, "Give us of your oil, for we have none."

My companion guests, Mr. O. A. Woodruff and Mr. W. H. Yardley, and myself drove in to the Fontinalis Club house from the railroad station of Vanderbilt, a little pine woods town which lies well up toward the top of the lower peninsula, something like forty or fifty miles south of Mackinaw City, I should guess. The road was sandy, but lay part of the time through a very pleasant bit of pine and maple forest, so that the five miles passed very quickly. At the end of our way there came into view a piece of clearing in the big woods, and here we saw the club house, a log house, to be sure, but such a log house as one sees nowadays, designed by an architect and worked out handsomely in one of the best building materials. This log house would serve well for a fashionable suburban dwelling, with its gables, its broad veranda and its generally handsome and substantial look. About this main building were grouped others, a cottage for the ladies, buildings for the keeper and family, a spacious barn, etc., in all quite a little settlement of a strangely finished and sophisticated look for that wild and unkempt country.

But it was the interior of the club house that most impressed one. Of course there was the usual dining hall, and upstairs, at one side of the great court which extended from floor to roof, there were sleeping chambers. But the main room of the lodge, a vast one, sided and ceiled and raftered with native pine, was a very dream of a place, a room such as one always thinks of when building air castles, a roofing in of the outdoor air, with sweetness, light, warmth, comfort, rest in every suggestion. The fireplace was a noble one, and the very flames in the corners of it winked at one with subtle hints of heroic stories told within its hearing. There were pictures of the right sort upon the wall—pictures, sometimes so difficult, but here so well chosen. There were big swinging hammocks dangerous to a fisherman's conscience, and indeed everything one could suggest to make the place an ideal gathering place for sportsmen. It was that combination of elegance and naturalness which is the expression to-day of the best of modern sportsmanship. My friends and myself, left alone for a moment, could not avoid comment upon the charm of the place, nor congratulations later to the members belonging to this lucky organization. Of all the halls, gun rooms and assembly places I have seen among the sportsmen's club houses in the country, I do not know of one where one would more willingly throw himself down and say: "This is the place, the very place!" The walls bore evidence of the occupancy, with their decorations of rods, baskets and the like, and the tracings of record trout taken on the Fontinalis stream or captured by traveling members on other waters. There were pictures of the great trout of the Nipigon and of salmon of the Restigouche (the latter taken on a very successful trip by Mr. Russel), and there were outlines of big trout killed on the home stream by members, notably one of 30oz. and one of 32oz., if memory serves, fish taken by Mr. Alexander and Dr. Longyear, showing what the sport can be there at the home of the club. It was all very fit and very sportsmanlike and very pleasant.

At the hour when we arrived we were not expected, owing to delay of our train, and none of the members were at the club house, all being out upon the stream improving the opportunity of a most excellent cloudy morning for fly-fishing. There were present at the club at the time the two Misses Russel, of Detroit; Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich.; Mr. Wm. K. Anderson, of Detroit, and his friend, Mr. Dwight; Mr. C. Valentine, of Chicago, and Mr. Kemp, of Gaylord, Mich., who was invited in with our party. At lunch time these all came in—for the fishing there never need take one far enough away to miss luncheon if he cares to come in—and then we met everybody. It was pleasant to learn that the Misses Russel are very ardent and successful trout fishers. When they appeared it was in regular trouting garb, with the waders which the fishing there makes necessary, and they were enjoying in a rational and pleasant fashion not only the happiness of being out of doors in the freedom of the pine country, but also the sport of fishing for trout and catching them, too, with the fly. There are not very many places in the country where this is a possibility. The ladies showed us their catch of the morning with just pride, and told us of larger fish which had escaped. Evidently the atmosphere of Fontinalis was of the proper sort. It is impossible to abide there without imbibing the first and highest principles of angling.

Mr. Alexander welcomed us upon his return from the stream, and soon everybody was crowding about him and peeping into his basket, for he is the acknowledged expert of the club, and usually gets trout if any one does. He smilingly emptied his basket, and to my surprise and delight I saw that he had actually thirty trout, nearly a basket full, some running up to ¾lb. in weight. They were bright and beautiful fish, every one of them killed honorably, upon the fly, as all trout should be, and certainly the sight of them was enough to make an angler's heart jump. These were real trout, actual trout, taken upon the fly, and upon a stream where a man could wade and cast a fly! Then I wondered if dreams ever had come true before.

Mr. Alexander is a born fly-fisherman and a tireless lover of the brook trout. He has a rare skill with the rod, as we had occasion to witness later, and he ties his own flies and makes his own pattern at times, as we also learned. (The best fly on the stream we found to be the one called the "Alexander," a white-winged fly with red body, devised and much used by himself.) But it is not as a fly-fisher that Mr. Alexander most excels, if he would allow us to say so, but as an entertaining and obliging host. A more unselfish man never lived, and his is always the task of taking care of everybody, and seeing that everybody has a better place to fish and a better time all around than he has himself. I don't know what title should be given the man who carries this responsibility, but the office is an unusual one, and one which should be maintained in every body of sportsmen in the land. The only objection or difficulty I can see to this is that there is but one George L. Alexander, and he is already located. I have read a good deal about the true sportsman, and have heard several speeches about him and have been on his trail, but if I ever actually saw him anywhere, it was right here at Fontinalis. This may be said partly at the charge of my exuberance at finally finding that long sought place where one could wade and catch trout on the fly; but there are a great many others who say the same thing, so I presume Mr. Alexander will have to blush and stand it.

When we got to the stream for our afternoon's fishing, I found it an ideal trouting water. The little river, which has the pleasant name of Fontinalis, is a branch of the Sturgeon River, and is preserved for four or five miles in all by the Fontinalis Club. It averages about 50ft. in width, I should think, and is rarely too deep to wade with high wading trousers, though some of the holes run as deep as 5ft. or so in places. The bottom is sandy or gravelly rather than rocky, and the stream breaks up into riffs, shallows and islands at places. There are three dams upon the club property, and above and below these the big trout love to lurk. Some of the shore is lined with windfall at the middle dam, and a boat is used there, from which to my surprise two of the party, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Woodruff, caught a nice basket of fish. Along most of the fishing water it is possible to walk along the shore, and part of the stream runs through meadow, where it is possible to walk along and cast fly and catch trout without wading. For the most part the best fishing is had by wading, and as in parts of the stream the bottom is a trifle soft, the most killing way of fishing is by casting up stream, as in wading down stream the rolly water disturbs the fish if one is not very careful.

But the trout! Never, even in the wildest mountain streams, have I ever seen so many trout. If I say the stream swarms with them I shall not exaggerate. By mistake in Mr. Alexander's directions I took the stream a little further up than was intended, and came upon it at a bridge once used by an old logging road. Under this bridge there is a deep hole, and above it the water runs deep for quite a little stretch. When I came up and looked over into the water here my hair fairly curled. A dozen trout, several of which would have gone 1½lbs. each, darted into cover from the white sandy spot over which they had been lying. And in the reach of the river above the bridge the trout were at that instant leaping and feeding by the dozen. It was a pretty sight and a thrilling one. Not for a long, long time had I been so near to some actual trout fishing. I confess I hurried in very unseemly fashion.

I dropped into the stream nearly hip deep along the cut bank above the bridge, and in two minutes was fast to my first trout on the Fontinalis. It happened that a little feeding flurry was going on, and I got half a dozen in a short time, some very handsome ones, but a few less than the established length of 7in. honest measurement required in the club rules, which latter were returned. Each of us had his hand measured before leaving the club house, and each of us had a certain crease marked on his wrist, which was just 7in. from the tips of his fingers, so there was no trouble about the proper measurements. It was not long before I saw the wisdom of the restrictions established by the club, which constitute a practical protection to the fish of the stream. In a short time my flurry of rising trout had subsided, and I cast for some time in vain. It needed a long and light line to take fish, for even on a stream so little fished as this the trout soon learn a thing or two. What one could do with bait upon such a stream is a different thing, but with the artificial fly alone and a standard of 7in. actual length it takes a good stream and good fishing nowadays to get a basket of trout. Of course we hear of a great many streams where this is possible, but we do not often actually see them. If the rules of the 7in. standard and the artificial fly could be enforced as statutory law we should see good fishing in open streams to-day that were long ago depleted by the usual methods. I saw hundreds and hundreds of trout, but some of them were feeding and some were not, and some were a little too small, and some did not like the sort of fly I had, and some preferred the abundant live insects to my fly, and some I frightened by bad casting at a critical time, and some saw me and ran away, so that I found at the time I left the stream I had less than a dozen trout in my basket. But they were trout, honorable trout, killed on a fly in a stream which permitted a long cast and a chance to play a fish. The next day I killed thirty trout before it was time to leave for the train, the most of these upon a crude Alexander fly, which I made by cutting down the wings of a May fly and wrapping the body with red silk. This is the best trout fishing I have ever had east of the Rocky Mountains. Of course I hear a great deal of parties going out and catching a thousand trout and all that sort of thing, but that is not trout fishing. It is no sport to grub trout out with a worm or a piece of fin or a grasshopper, nothing to compare with such angling as that at Fontinalis. To my notion there is no sport with the gun which surpasses quail shooting over good dogs, and no sport with the rod like that of fishing for trout upon a good stream and with the fly. Rare indeed is the opportunity for the latter.

These being the methods of the Fontinalis Club, and such being the natural excellence of their stream, it is an easy guess that they will always have good fishing. The stream is regularly stocked, and as the membership is only twenty-two, not many of whom are ever present at one time, the supply is equal to every demand made upon it. The trout are more abundant now than they ever were in that stream. It will for years yield pleasure to men who know how to enjoy it, and it is a living lesson against the foolish and wasteful ways of the men who fish on streams belonging to the people, and come back boasting of having killed a thousand trout.

There is a great deal of a kind of moss in many reaches of the Fontinalis stream, perhaps of the same sort that makes the Caledonia stream, of New York, and the Castalia stream, of Ohio, so famous, and certainly holding abundance of food for the trout. We found the fish lying under the edges of the moss banks, or in the cuts made by the current, and the best place of all was some deep spot where the white sand of the bottom was exposed. Here there was always the certainty of a strike if one were skillful and careful enough, for each pool of that kind would have a dozen or two of trout lying along the bottom. I sometimes parted the bushes and looked down into such pools, and often saw as many as twenty-five or thirty trout, some very large ones, lying in view in the transparent water. Yet in spite of the numbers of trout in this water it should by no means be supposed that the stream is a "tame" one, or one where it is easy to take a lot of trout. Indeed, it is much harder to take trout there than upon a wild stream which has an equal number of fish; for the latter is sure to be the less fished one. There are good days and bad days at Fontinalis, and even while we were there some of the anglers came in with only a very few trout. Luck is a large factor in trout fishing at Fontinalis as elsewhere. The fish taken there are clean and brilliantly colored, showing health and abundance of natural food.

The largest trout of the stream are of course found in the deepest water, and this is either above or below the dams. The club house is built upon a high bluff directly at the side of the stream, and near here is the lowest of the three dams upon the property, so that there is a lovely and convenient pool for evening fishing right at the door

of the club house. The second of the great pools lies less than a quarter of a mile above and is an admirable water for some big fellows, and it runs some 15ft. in depth. Here Mr. Anderson, standing upon the timbers of the dam on the evening of our visit, hooked and played for nearly a quarter of an hour a trout which he thought must have weighed 4lbs. He was alone and could not get down to the water, which was some 20ft. below him, and though he had his fish nearly dead on top of the water it finally broke away. At the lower dam, upon the same evening, Mr. Alexander hooked a good one or two which broke loose, but landed two that weighed over 1lb. each. The largest fish have been taken at the pools at night upon a light fly, preferably the white miller. It is a common thing to hear heavy fish feeding in this big water at night, but of course it is not the easiest thing in the world to go right out and hook one.

Enough has been said to show in outline the angling possibilities of this fortunate corner of the world, and I consider it lucky to have been able to tell FOREST AND STREAM readers something about this model angling organization. It shows the possibilities of these lovely Michigan streams, than which no better trout waters ever rippled out of doors. It is no wonder that the Detroit gentlemen are willing to go so far to get to Fontinalis. As we rode away, reluctantly, to be sure, and looked back upon the waving flag which bore the pleasant word "Fontinalis" high above the peak of the hospitable roof, one could not avoid reflecting upon the considerableness and the permanency of the hold which the sports of the rod and gun have obtained among the best citizenship of the land, a hold to be enlarged and strengthened more and more as the years go by, and in no way better than by such bodies of thoughtful and energetic men as those who thus went far into the heart of the Michigan pine forests to save a bit of nature for themselves and friends.

Fontinalis Club is young, not yet four years old, and seems to have known no troubles of any kind in its history. It is surely destined to a long and happy history.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Tame Gull of Big Moose.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to send you a letter for publication received to-day from Rev. W. H. Allbright, D D., of Boston, who has spent August at club Camp Big Moose, Adirondacks:

"Aug. 31 I was very glad to get the copy of FOREST AND STREAM you forwarded to me to Big Moose. Our party of four and guide have been on several expeditions of four and five days' length from camp.

"Fishing in Big Moose and thereabouts is not good in August. Some good catches of salmon trout were made early in the month. A 10-pounder and several smaller fish were taken by parties staying at camp. We took some speckled trout weighing from ¼lb. to 1¼lbs. The trout are here yet, but they are not disposed to be caught. We have seen plenty of game. Partridges are numerous. We have had fine views of otter and mink. Two red foxes came in our way, and deer to the number of about thirty. I have shot one and a half. The first I got the second day of the open season. The second fell three days ago. Two of us shot from the boat instantaneously. The deer dropped with a bullet through its neck, breaking the bone. Which one of the two sharpshooters killed it cannot be determined. As the law allows but two to each person, we shall have to go together and shoot together at our next deer. Our camp has had three.

"I must close with a reference to Bill Dart's gull. Bill is the popular proprietor of the hotel on Second Lake. This particular gull he caught when young and has tamed for the benefit of his guests. Bill, it is said, plays tricks with this creature. It has an unlimited capacity for big suckers. It will eat two large ones at a meal, swallowing them down alive. Bill feeds it on the sly, then brings the gull out to perform for the company. He talks to the gull, while the suckers keep up a lively scrimmage inside. Bill says, 'Now, my hearty, show us a trick or two.' Bill watches to see which side the suckers are kicking, then says, 'Fall over on your right side.' Over goes the gull, and the company applaud at the intelligence and drollery of Bill's bird. Then he tells it to 'shake its sides in laughter,' and when the suckers kick inside the gull the suckers outside squeal over the unique performance of Bill Dart's pet gull.

"The woods are full of people this year, and health and pleasure abound. Thank God for the woods and waters."

J. P. W.

"Popschany."

STOTTVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," No. 10, Mr. Mather speaks of the "Popskinny," and says that he expects to be called down on the spelling of this name. On an old English map which I have, entitled "A Topographical Map of Hudson's River," etc., and which map was published according to Act of Parliament Oct. 1, 1776, this name is spelled "Popscheny," and applied to a group of islands at the Overslaugh. The Normanskill Creek, also mentioned by Mr. Mather in the above article, is spelled on this map "Normand Kill." I bought this map in a second-hand bookstore some time ago, and in tracing its origin found that it had been taken from a copy of the "North American Atlas," published in London in 1777. A perfect copy of this atlas I found in the Lenox Library, and the map referred to is well worth looking over. The names Mr. Mather uses are evidently of Low Dutch origin.

A. C. STOTT.

Large New Jersey Rock Bass.

SALEM, N. J., Aug. 31.—Elisha Davis and Harry Bramble went fishing in "Fishing Creek" (a small tributary of the Delaware River) last Saturday, and among their catch numbered four rock bass that weighed 25lbs., divided as follows: 4½, 5, 7 and 8½lbs. each. Your correspondent saw the two largest, and they were beauties. They were caught with rod and reel, with soft shelled crab for bait. Quite a number of large rock have been caught in our streams here this season, but this caps the climax.

A JERSEY SANDBURR.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 23 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11 —Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Ayles, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Alcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE first day of the trials, Tuesday, Sept. 1, was favorable for work, a stiff wind from the southeast, a cloudy day and a cool temperature offering fair conditions for competition. A rainstorm set in in the afternoon. The attendance was light as compared to that of former years, and the number of starters in the different events also had decreased.

Mr. P. H. Bryson, of St. Louis, Mo., judged throughout, and his awards were commendably correct. Birds were in sufficient numbers to test the dogs' merits. Only three handlers from the States were present, Messrs. Rose, Nesbitt and Fay. After an absence of some years from field trial competition, Mr. Charles Barker again joined the knights of the whip and whistle, and showed that he had lost none of his old-time skill and address in handling, and was still able to cope with the best. The latter handled his dogs with noticeable fairness.

There were present Mr. John Wootton, honorary secretary-treasurer; Messrs. W. F. Ellis and E. McKenney, Manitou, Man.; Major J. M. Taylor, New York; E. C. Johnson, Chicago; F. G. Simpson and G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg.

On the evening of Sept. 1 the club held a meeting. The resignation of Mr. C. C. Chipman as patron was accepted with regret. Following is the list of officers elected: Patron, Lieut.-Gov. Patterson; President, F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg; First Vice-President, T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala.; Second Vice-President, G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg; Secretary-Treasurer, John Wootton; Managing Committee—W. C. Lee, W. F. Ellis, Geo. Soames. The trials of 1897 to be held at Morris, Man., beginning on the first Monday in September.

The Derby.

This stake had eight starters. There was an absence of good breaking in the performance of some of the competitors, conspicuously among which were those of Mr. McKenney and one owned by Mr. Wootton.

The Derby Stake was for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First, $100; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to start.

They were drawn to run as follows:

E. McKenney's b. b. setter bitch Maid of the Morn (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler, with Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Glenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. H. Maybury's l. and w. pointer bitch Alabama Girl (Von Arrow—Lady Mull), D. E. Rose, handler, with E. McKenney's b. and w. setter dog Barrister (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler, with John Wootton's setter dog Ben Bondhu (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud à Rose), owner, handler.

Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), with Del Monte Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

GLENN AND MAID OF THE MORN were started at 7:57 a short distance from town. Maid opened the work on chickens by flushing and chasing two of them, after which she flushed and chased a remaining bird. Glenn showed an inclination to join in the fun, but was obedient to command. Sent on, both soon stopped to a point, Maid going on to a flush and a chase, Glenn also behaving badly. Rose was unfortunate in flushing some birds which Glenn was working upon close by him. Next she pointed, then starting on a bird flushed down wind of her, after which she made two good points. Maid again flushed and chased. Up at 8:33. Maid was the better ranger, and worked her ground with better judgment. She was badly handled, which aggravated her unsteadiness. She had good natural abilities which were not properly trained. Glenn was working under disadvantages when against such an unsteady competitor, as are all dogs under such circumstances, and her work was better than could be expected amid so much that was distracting.

ALABAMA GIRL AND BARRISTER began at 8:35, and were ordered up at 9:05. Barrister opened the work with a stylish point, which was followed up with a flush and chase, and after order was again restored he repeated the error, following it with a third one of like kind, Alabama Girl yielding for a few moments to the temptation of the bad example. Sent on, Alabama Girl made a good point, and sent on again she flushed excusably. Their speed and range were good, and they beat out their ground with fair judgment.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND BEN BONDHU were cast off at 9:18. Both pointed; Ben had chickens; Zip, a lark. Sent on, Zip pointed on the footscent where the chickens had flushed. The birds were followed, and Zip was steadying to point as a bird flushed. Ben made a flush and a chase. Zip made two points; nothing found. Ben next found some of the scattered birds and flushed them and chased, his pleasure being augmented by the flushing of another bevy in his chase, whereupon he got beyond control entirely for awhile. Zip made two good points in the meantime. Though both worked well as to range and speed, Zip was the better and had also the better judgment, his superiority being particularly noticeable toward the end of the heat. Ben showed a disposition to potter awhile sometimes, and he was very erratic in his work; and his bad chasing probably ended all his chances in the competition. Up at 10:25.

CHRISTINA AND TONY WORKS began at 10:37. There was some uncertainty as to which had the first point, though there was no special merit in it. Christina made two points, one of which was at the moment the bird flushed. Next, Tony pointed; nothing found. Both dogs roaded and pointed; a single bird flushed wild ahead. Christina made a flush. Her range was limited, but she was diligent and speedy. Tony had fair speed and was obedient.

Second Round.

GLENN AND ALABAMA GIRL began the afternoon work at 3:10. Girl was just steadying to a point as the bird flushed and she made the bad error of chasing, though not a bad chase. Glenn next made a point on several birds. Up at 3:32. Girl was the better worker, and she was also the better in speed and range.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TONY WORKS were started but a short time when both pointed, Zip the first to secure the point. The dogs behaved well to flush. Sent on, Zip made a good point; Tony, called up to back, pressed in and flushed the covey. The birds were followed. Zip pointed, Tony backed; two birds were flushed to the point. When they were ordered up at 4:26, Zip was easily the better performer. Rain began to fall in the latter part of the heat.

CHRISTINA had a bye and she began at 4:29. No birds could be found to her first point, though birds were thought to have been there recently; sent on, a bird flushed ahead of her and she lost several other favorable opportunities to point birds which were lying close by. Afterward she redeemed her performance by some good points, but as rain set in steadily the trials were ended for the day.

Wednesday.

A cloudy morning with a breeze of bracing coolness, which soon gave place to a clear sky and a stiff wind, which increased to a wind so strong as to add to the difficult of the work by midday and also seemed to make some of the chickens wilder.

Third Round.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND CHRISTINA began at 8:15, and they made an excellent heat, displaying superior range, speed and judgment for puppies, and they had the best of the competition in the stake. Zip found a bevy on which Christina secured a point independently as she came up. Zip showed his superiority, Christina second.

The dogs were placed as follows: First, Hurstbourne Zip; second, Christina; third, divided between Alabama Girl and Tony Works.

It escaped Mr. Bryson's attention that there was a fourth prize, but on learning of it he let first and second prizes stand as awarded, but left the other for later action. Later Glenn was awarded fourth.

The All-Age Stake.

There were twelve starters drawn to run in the following order:

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.— ———), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with E. McKenney's b. and w. setter dog Val Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler.

John Wootton's b. and w. setter bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler, with N. T. DePauw's l. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), Charles Barker, handler, with W. F. Ellis's b. and w. setter dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), owner, handler.

G. B. Borradaile's b., w. and t. setter bitch Dodo III. (Orlando—Atalanta), absent, with D. E. Rose's (agt.) setter Greenway (Columbus—Maud à Rose), agt., handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b. and w. setter dog Domino, agt., handler, with Paul H. Gotzian's o. and w. setter dog Lawrence (——— — ———).

T. T. Ashford's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler, with A. L. Shonfield's b. and w. dog Noble Leo (Count Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

The All-Age Stake was for setters and pointers which had not won first place at any recognised field trials in any previous year. First $125, second $75, third $50 Five dollars forfeit, $10 additional for starters.

The Amateur Stake did not fill.

First Round.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND VAL LIT were cast off at 8:46. Val Lit flushed a chicken on stubble and chased it earnestly,

Ruth made a good point on a bevy. Val made a second chase, after which he got out of control entirely and so remained for a long while, evading all efforts to catch him. Ruth made a flush and a point and was ordered up at 9:16. She worked prettily and was obedient.

SISTER SUE AND BONNIE LIT were worked toward some marked birds, Lit making a flush which she should have avoided, as the chances were largely in her favor for a good point. After a long search Lit dropped in time to save herself from a flush on a chicken which flushed. Sue flushed an outlying bird which flushed the rest of the bevy. Lit made a flush down wind. Up at 10:25.

SAM T. AND COLUMBUS were started at 10:26, running over an hour. Columbus made a point on birds, and several other points were made to which nothing was found. They had a difficult part of the day to work in. Columbus had the better pace and range. Sam did not stay out at his work and was not spirited in it.

DODO III. AND GREENWAY were to compete next, but the former being absent, Greenway was run alone. He was started at 3:26 and ran till 3:53. His speed was fair and well maintained, though he showed a disposition to potter on footscent. He pointed a bevy nicely on stubble and was steady to shot. He next did some inaccurate work on a bevy and made some uncertain points on footscent, his work on birds being good in part and bad in the rest. He had medium range and beat out his ground by quartering it.

DOMINO AND LAWRENCE were cast off at 3:55. Domino pointed a single and Lawrence backed stanchly, and on the scattered birds this was repeated. Both next pointed scattered birds; and sent on Lawrence pointed a single on stubble and Domino backed. Domino pointed a single; then both did some slobbery work on the young birds scattered about, the dogs being pressed too hard by their over-eager handlers. Each dog flushed a single. In the latter part of the heat Domino broke away from control and ranged far away, giving no heed to his handler. Lawrence's range was narrow and his speed slow. His bird work was fairly good. Up at 4:25.

VON GULL AND NOBLE LEO began at 4:30. Both ranged wide and fast, though it was easily apparent that Von Gull was using his nose constantly and beating out his ground skillfully, neither of which Leo was doing, though going prettily and with speed. Von made a point on a bevy, and two points on singles, one of which was shared by Leo. Both pointed some remaining birds, there being no special merit in that, as the birds were marked and the work easy. Von made two good points on singles, and both going down wind flushed, then pointed remaining birds, after which Von pointed a bevy. Up at 5:05. Von Gull's speed, style, range, good nose and sound judgment, and his excellent manner of doing his point work, indicated a first-class chicken dog, one in the first flight of the great chicken dogs of America, if his work is sustained as well in his later trial. Leo's way of going was pretty and his range wide, but he had little to show for his many pointing opportunities. This heat ended the day's work. Up at 5:05.

Thursday.

The morning opened most delightfully, a sharp frost of the night before still filling the air with a bracing coolness. Birds were found in fair numbers when the dogs were worked near the stubbles.

GLEAM'S RUTH—BONNIE LIT.—They were started at 8:05. Lit made two flushes. Next pointed and roaded a long distance, Lit roading about the same distance in the opposite direction; nothing found. Ruth pointed at the same time a bird flushed; then held point, and Nesbitt flushed a bird to her point. Next Ruth pointed a bird up wind of it, and Lit made a false point on stubble. Next she flushed a bird, then pointed two birds and Lit backed. Up at 8:39. Ruth had the advantage in every respect.

SISTER SUE AND COLUMBUS were cast off at 8:42. Sue had a decided advantage in speed and range, and judgment in working out her ground; and also her work was better on birds, though she did one piece of very ragged work among scattered birds, flushing right and left under good conditions for pointing. Columbus flushed a single. Sue roaded on a single, which was flushed by her handler. Next she pointed a single nicely, and Columbus crossing in ahead of her flushed it. Sent on, he flushed another shortly, then pointed and a single was flushed to the point. Sue roaded on a bird which flushed wild. Columbus pointed a bird very close on it. Then Sue made several bad flushes in succession. Sue had the better of the heat, but had ruined her chances by flushing. Up at 9:14.

SAM T. AND GREENWAY were cast off at 9:19. A long search was made in the open prairie without finding; then a turn was made back to the wheat stubbles, where birds were in fair numbers. Sam pointed, roaded about 50yds. and pointed several birds. Up at 10:05. Sam came in to his handler at first, but was ranging wide at the finish. Greenway was also ranging wide, much better than in his heat of the previous day.

VON GULL was run alone 20m., beginning at 10:07. He pointed a bird nicely and his ranging was well sustained.

SAM T. AND GLEAM'S RUTH were called up to run and started at 10:55, the winner to run the final with Von Gull. Sam flushed a bevy, then false pointed. Both made a point on a bevy, Ruth the first to make the point. Sam pointed two remaining birds. Ruth pointed a single and Sam backed, and Sam did some awkward work on the remaining birds. Sam made a flush and Ruth a point. Both ranged well at good speed, Sam the better, though his bird work was very faulty. Up at 11:12.

VON GULL AND GLEAM'S RUTH were called up to run the final at 11:21. They ran 9m. Von pointed, Ruth backed; Von lost scent and roaded away from the bird up wind, casting then beautifully about with a high nose to locate it. It was flushed afterward by wagons. Next he roaded a bird to a flush. Next down wind he flushed a single excusably. He made an excellently well sustained showing and was far away the best dog in the stake.

The judges then awarded first to Von Gull, second to Gleam's Ruth, third to Sam T.

Von Gull exhibited a degree of merit but little if any short of first class. He carried a high nose and displayed a delicate nose and rare judgment. He scoured for the body scent and was very accurate in his point work. The work of the others was inferior in comparison.

B. WATERS.

Milwaukee show entries closed Thursday, Sept. 10.

"Forest and Stream" Advertising Covers the World.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—*Messrs. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:* The inclosed letter, among others, would show that you carry your circulation and our interests into countries many a long mile from here.

It so happens, by the way, that we are mailing to-day pamphlet, by request, to patrons in New Zealand, and have just received a request for a catalogue to be sent to Zanzibar.

SPRATTS PATENT (AMERICA) LIMITED,
R. C. RATHBORNE, Asst. Manager.

SANTIAGO, Chili, July 29.—*Spratts Pat. Ltd., New York:* Dear Sir—As I am the owner of several dogs, such as pointers, setters and others, and have seen your ad. in FOREST AND STREAM about dog foods and medicines, I would esteem it a favor on your part if you would send me at first opportunity this pamphlet. Thanking you in advance, I am yours truly, JAS. H. SPENCER.
Box 1795.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

A SHORT SQUIRREL HUNT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The opening of the squirrel season always makes me nervous, and I cannot do justice to my business till I have gone out and killed a few. The squirrel season opened in New Jersey Sept. 1, and part of New Jersey lies in plain sight of the office buildings of lower New York. That part is not very inviting, to be sure, to a squirrel hunter or anybody else; but another part, a little higher up the Hudson, is very different. It was the knowledge of the existence of this other part that made the docks and ferries of Jersey City and Communipaw suggestive as I looked over toward them, and this in the natural course of events was responsible for my condition of mind.

So along about 4 o'clock on Sept. 1 I could stand it no longer, and, breaking away from the restraints of business, I made my way uptown, and at 4.45 reached West 130th street ferry. I had my bicycle with me, and in its case, strapped to the wheel, was a .22caliber Marlin repeater.

It is a simple matter to carry a gun on a bicycle, especially if carried in a case. To attach my rifle to the wheel is only a matter of snapping a single hook, which I have fastened to the end of the shoulder strap of the canvas gun case. This hook is that furnished by the Winchester Company with rifle slings. It works on a swivel and is made of spring steel, so that once snapped it will not become undone. In attaching it to the gun case I took out the two rivets fastening the shoulder strap to the ring at the rear end of the case and riveted on the hook in its place. Then, when I wanted to put the gun on the bicycle, I could carry the shoulder strap around the lamp bracket, which is attached to the handle bar post, and back around the rear part of the saddle post, and then snap the hook into the ring at the butt of the gun case. In that way the gun is carried high enough not to interfere with pedaling. It can be drawn from the case very easily, or case and gun can be taken from the bicycle in a second.

I rode about six miles north from the ferry before I came to a spot that suited me. Then I turned aside from the main road into an old wood road that ran west, crossed a swamp, and mounted a ridge that was wooded with a handsome growth of large forest trees, in which oak and chestnut predominated.

As I advanced things became more and more suggestive of squirrels. In one of the main forks of a great branching oak I could see a nest, while near by were several old gnarled hollow trees that would furnish the grays a chance of escape when hard pressed. Circling around to the left was the swamp, and just where the land fell away were several shaggy hemlocks, offering another safe refuge for squirrels.

I paused, resting on my bicycle, and scanned the neighboring tree tops for some view of the nimble denizens of the place. For some minutes there was no evidence of life in that corner of the woods, except for the mosquitoes, which were of the usual Jersey breed and thoroughly aggressive. Then off to my right I heard a crash as a squirrel sprang to a light bough that gave way with his weight, and, turning my eyes in that direction, I made out a streak of gray running down one of the main branches of an oak 70yds. away. The squirrel was coming toward the point where I stood; so I drew the rifle from its case, worked a long rifle cartridge through the action into the barrel, and raised the folding Lyman sight. But the squirrel had no intention of coming nearer. He had found an abundant supply of acorns in the tree where he now was, and seemed fully satisfied to remain in it till dark.

Meanwhile the mosquitoes increased in numbers, and the competition for the tenderer parts of my anatomy was unusually brisk. Accordingly I resolved on carrying the war into Egypt, and, leaning my bicycle up against a convenient tree, I advanced toward the tree where I had last seen the squirrel, keeping my eyes peeled for any motion on his part. The leaves on the ground were dry, and he had heard the first step in advance I made and hidden. I walked around the tree, which was not one the squirrel would have selected for hiding if he had had time, and presently became convinced that a protuberance on a limb pretty near the top of the tree was not the kind that naturally grow on oak trees; so I selected a position where I could rake this particular branch, and where no intervening obstacle would deflect the bullet, and fired. Two or three pieces of bark came sailing down, and a second later the squirrel followed, falling with a thud at the base of the tree. He had been hanging head downward, for the bullet had gone in one eye and ranged the whole length of his body, coming out on the under side near his tail.

I looked at my watch and found that it was just 6 o'clock, and I took some credit to myself for having killed a squirrel an hour and a quarter after leaving New York's busy streets.

Holding the gray in one hand and also the handle bars of my bicycle, and with the rifle in the other, I set out again in quest of more game. Crossing a swampy place, I came to another ridge wooded very similarly to the first. Here I left my bicycle and advanced a short distance more quietly than was possible when pushing the wheel.

Down toward the brilliant glow of the setting sun, which had now gone below the horizon, I saw another gray. He was moving through the trees a long way off, but gradually he drew closer. Ten minutes later he was almost within range; but it was fast growing dark, and when at 40yds. I tried for a sight on the squirrel as he moved through the tree tops he was so in shade that I could not catch him.

After crossing in front of me at about that distance I lost sight of him, and a minute's wait convinced me that he had turned in for the night.

Going over to the place where I had last seen him, I discovered a nest, and feeling sure that he was in it, I sent up several shots through its outer edges as a gentle hint that I would like to see him. I stopped for a moment owing to a misfire, and just at that instant the squirrel popped out. I had no time to insert a shell without the bullet, and accordingly I pushed down the lever, withdrawing the shell that had missed fire, and then pulled it back again, putting a new cartridge in the barrel with two bullets ahead, which I let drive in the general direction of the squirrel. The squirrel ran a good race through several trees and I fired at him a number of times, but it was too dark to see him among the leafy boughs, and being convinced of the uselessness of it I gave up and let the squirrel finish his journey unmolested.

It was then so dark that I had difficulty in finding my wheel, and only a faint glow indicated the position of the sun. I knew that there was a good road in that direction, whereas the road I had come was newly covered with crushed stone and was bad riding; so I struck out westward. Far away I could hear an engine on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey puffing and rumbling along with a heavy train, and this would have given me my direction if the afterglow had been wanting.

At first the walking was easy. In under the big trees the undergrowth offered no obstacle to my progress. Presently, however, I came out into an old clearing grown up to brush and wild grasses and blackberry bushes, and the traveling became harder. I succeeded, however, in pushing my wheel through this, but in crossing the clearing I lost the old road, which no doubt ended there, and after that new difficulties arose.

In trying to get around a fallen tree I climbed up on a large rock, and, jumping down the other side, found myself in a jungle of scrub oaks higher than my head. Through these I had to carry the bicycle, as it was impossible any other way to force it through the tangled growth. I made my way around the top branches of the fallen tree, and to my great relief found another old road, where travel was comparatively easy. Quarter of a mile further on I reached the main road, which I had never imagined to be so far away, and then all was plain sailing.

Thinking it all over, I am surprised at the ease with which a bicycle can be taken through undergrowth, for I had really gone about as quickly as I should have gone if I had had no wheel. J. B. B.

Buck vs. Bicycle.

GRANT FROMAN left Albany, Ore., Tuesday morning on his bicycle for Belknap Springs on a fishing expedition. He traveled seventy-three miles that day, stopped at a farm house all night and started early next morning. He was directed wrong and went to Foley Springs, then started again after dinner, and on the way came across a buck lying in the road. He was slipping by on one side when the buck made for him, striking his bicycle and sending it 6 or 8ft., bending the rim and breaking two or three spokes, landing Grant on top of the buck where he sat a long time holding the buck down. When released the buck made off and Grant repaired his wheel and rode on, arriving at Belknap Springs at 5 o'clock in the evening, taking supper with Joe Meyers; at least that is the story the Albany *Democrat* tells.—*Morning Oregonian.*

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

12. Beverly, 8th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

NOT a few of the would-be experts have amused themselves before the races with that illusory pursuit of "drawing lines" in the effort to prove that the Chicago champion must win. The absurd extreme to which this performance was carried in the present case may be imagined when it is understood that the favorable forecasts of Vencedor's victory were based on the racing of Vreda, an old and long outclassed British 20-rater, of 46ft. l.w.l., and of Priscilla, the 85ft. schooner built in 1885 as a sloop to defend the America's Cup. On this ridiculous foundation it was confidently asserted that Canada had no chance whatever with Vencedor.

We notice with regret an attempt on the part of various American papers to depreciate the victory of Canada by misleading headings, such phrases as "Actually Beaten, but Won on Time Allowance," "Outsailed, but a Winner," "Won on a Fluke," etc. It is also made to appear that the match was an unfair one from the start, that the cunning and rapacious Canadian had taken an unfair advantage of the innocent and unsuspecting American. As far as the terms of the race are concerned, they are most unsatisfactory and unusual, but this is due to the fact that the construction of the challenger was begun before any overtures for a match were made. Comments on this matter were quite in order four months ago, but they are entirely out of place at this late day as an excuse for defeat. It has been evident for a long time that the match would be an unequal one, that while Canada stood a good chance in moderate weather, she would be greatly overpowered in the event of hard weather.

Without attributing to some of these biased writers any too much knowledge of yacht racing, it is safe to say that even they know that there is nothing discreditable in a smaller yacht receiving time from a larger one, and that the attempt to mislead the average newspaper reader into the belief that the Canadian yacht won by unfair means and fictitious advantages is not due to mere ignorance, but to deliberate dishonesty. Fortunately there are many American papers which have indorsed the opinions of all yachtsmen who are familiar with the two yachts and their crews; that the Canadians were decidedly superior in skill and discipline, and that their competitors can learn from them much that is worth knowing.

We omitted to state last week that the handsome photos of Canada and Vencedor were by C. E. Bolles, the yacht photographer of Brooklyn, who made a trip to Cleveland specially to catch these yachts, and who incidentally secured photos of a number of other Western yachts; both of the photos are copyrighted by Mr. Bolles.

THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CUP.

Contrary to some positive statements recently published, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has not selected the 20ft. class in which to challenge next year, nor in fact has it yet taken any action in the matter. While it is most desirable that everything should be arranged before the racing season is over, it has not been possible to get a meeting of the club during August, and such a meeting is necessary to confirm the challenge and to decide on the class. The feeling thus far on the part of yachtsmen within and without the club has been in favor of the 20ft. class, and it is probable that it will finally be selected. Messrs. Cromwell and Sherman, of the race committee, will go this week to Montreal to talk over the matter informally with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and to inspect the club sailing ground on Lake St. Louis, as the possible depth of water is in this case a very important factor.

The question of the selection of the class is an important one; there is much to be said on different points, but all that we have read and heard thus far has failed to satisfy us in either premises or deductions.

The first point in discussing the question of size—one, by the way, that is usually ignored or misstated—is that the yachts built for these races must be of extreme machine type. There is no use of talking about family boats or a sailing-boat for one's "best girl," or even of a wholesome and serviceable small yacht; but we must recognize the racing machine, and that only. If it be decided to impose special restrictions, that is a different matter; in this way it would be possible to produce any type of boat down to the safe and comfortable cruising tub. Thus far, however, the class, as in all other classes for international racing, has been left to the club rule alone, unhampered by special restrictions; the extreme in dimensions, design and construction has had full sway. Under the rule as it stands, all that can be looked for is a racing machine sailed by the most expert sailormen, and almost useless save for these special races. These machines may be built in one of three classes: 15ft., 20ft. and 25ft. racing length.

The 15ft. class is now well known; yachtsmen are perfectly familiar with its merits and defects—especially the latter, of which it has some serious ones. The winning boats of the cup and trial races this year show what may be looked for in the event of the retention of the class for 1897—the evidence of Glencairn, that a peculiar modification of the scow form must replace the old conventional V form, is corroborated by El Heirie; and as between these two, closely equal in many respects, the victory of Glencairn in the cup races demonstrates that in this class and under existing conditions extreme power pays. The class if retained for next year will be composed of boats of 18ft. l.w.l., 300sq. ft. of sail, of a form requiring extreme skill in handling, both to obtain speed and to avoid a capsize; and further, involving a risk of capsize that would be fatal to the winning of a race. In construction the boat will be strong enough to hold together through a racing season and perhaps for subsequent use. Thus far there has been no evidence of weakness in the light construction followed so far as strains are concerned; the great source of weakness lies in the very thin skin and light deck, liable to be holed by a slight mishap.

Those who oppose the 15-footers urge that they are too small for comfort and a useless type, both of which charges are perfectly true. On the other hand, the class is now established and a great deal has been learned which will aid in its further perfection and the elucidation of some most interesting problems, while this information will be of no use if applied to a larger class. The work of this year and last has left the hull problem still unsettled, but it has taught us how to build these little boats and how to rig them with a maximum of strength and a minimum of weight; this leaves the field clear next season for some experiments in dimensions, type and model that must be valuable and instructive. There are now a number of yachts in the class, the best of which, after a season's trial, will still have a fighting chance in the early races of next season, and which will materially strengthen the interest in the racing and increase the value of the results. Important as it is, the knowledge derived from Glencairn and El Heirie is still very incomplete; another year of the class will add to it immensely; but if the class be set aside for a new one, in which this knowledge appears only to a limited extent, all of the experiments must begin anew.

One strong argument for the 15ft. class is the cost, from $450, the cost of Glencairn, to $650.

The main argument we have thus far heard in favor of the 20-footer is to us an exceedingly weak one; it is said, in substance: "Look at Glencairn or El Heirie, the crack 15-footers, cramped and uncomfortable racing machines with big sail plans, capsizeable and useless save for racing, and then look at the 20-footers Eos and Bogie, fast, comfortable, non-capsizeable, with room for four or even five persons, good for both racing and cruising, in short an excellent type of boat." All this is very alluring on the surface, but has absolutely nothing to do with the case. The 20-footers are new and thoroughly modern boats, it is true, only recently launched, and all that their admirers claim for them; but so far as international racing for the Seawanhaka cup goes, they would never have a show after the first new boat had been built. They are both of a type that, in these classes, Glencairn has made obsolete; not only have they too much length and too little sail, but they have not the compressed waterline that is the radical and distinguishing feature of the two crack 15-footers, and without which they cannot win in the 20ft. class.

It is only a waste of time to consider these existing boats in comparison with the existing 15-footers; the true comparison demands that we should assume a 20-footer such as would be built to-day for international racing in summer. That such a boat could not be a fin-keel we are not prepared to say positively, but on the evidence thus far we see little to indicate that the fin would sail with the centerboard. The ratio of crew to displacement is not quite as extreme as in the 15-footers, but it is great enough to warrant the belief that live ballast would pay better than dead. We have very little doubt that the new 20 footers would be closely modeled after Glencairn, quite as useless save for racing, carrying one more hand, it is true, but costing at least double to build and more than double to transport and to race properly, being more difficult to handle in docking, etc., and greatly increasing the incidental expenses of racing. One designer who has been figuring closely on the probable boat for the class tells us that he would go very nearly to 15ft. l.w.l. and 600ft. of sail; in the course of his speculations he took a model at hand of a three-year-old racing sloop of 30ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l. and 8ft. beam, and started to whittle it down to the waterline of a racing 20-footer, but was compelled to throw it aside, as the deck plan was already too small. Whether it is to be 500, 550 or 600sq. ft. of sail in the proposed class, it is absolutely certain that the existing 20-footers or 19ft. l.w.l. can have no place in it, and that the new boats will have all the disadvantages of the 15-footers, except room in cockpit, and still be as far from the ideal wholesome racing and sailing boat.

So far as actual data go, the 20ft. class involves an entirely new course of experiment. The knowledge of scantling, spars, rigging, etc., derived from the 15-footers will be of comparatively little use; the hull experiment, the most useful one of all, will again be hampered by defects of experiments in scantling and rig; the class, instead of being ready in the middle of May, as the 15ft. will be, will follow the course of all absolutely new classes, the boats being but half completed for the trial races. As to the number of new boats, the added expense will deter many, and yet the class is not large enough to attract that class of wealthy yachtsmen who have created the 21ft. and 30ft. classes. In condemning the 15ft. class, it must not be forgotten that it has brought out more amateur talent in designing and sailing than any class yet known, and it may be expected to do the same next year.

In discussing the 25ft. class we encounter some considerations that do not appear so prominently in the other two, though they are quite important. In the first place, the mention of the 25ft. class in the notice of challenge was a serious mistake, the committee evidently overlooking the provisions of Article IX. of the declaration of trust, under which the holding club, and not the challenger, has the right to name the class for the following season. On this point the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has taken a very generous stand, waiving its rights in the matter, which are incontestible, and announcing its readiness to accept a challenge in any class. As far as the 25ft. class is concerned, it is beyond discussion in the present case, for the reason that the waters about Montreal will not admit of a fin-keel 25-footer; it would not be possible for the defending club to create a class of such yachts, even centerboard craft, for its trial races, and it would be most unsportsmanlike to force the club to build a few boats solely to defend the cup, and to transfer the races far from its home waters in order to obtain depth to sail them, thus losing all opportunity for the development of a strong class and the working up of a defender. The fin-keel problem in this class in a doubtful one; it is quite likely that the fin would sail on even terms with the centerboard, though we should favor the latter type with a crew of five men.

Much the same considerations apply in the 20ft. class; the fin must be at least recognized; and this the limited depth of water about Montreal makes impracticable; deep water courses may be laid out for a series of special races, but they would not be convenient to the club station; and the construction of a fin-keel fleet, or even the trial of the type, would be impossible, owing to the shoals in the lake, numerous and of great area, the very shoal water at the anchorage, and the absence of facilities for hauling up such deep craft.

On this point a suggestion has already been made by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., to the effect that if the S. C Y. C. should decide on the 20ft. class, an arbitrary limit be placed on the sail area and a limit of 6ft. on the extreme draft. This would tend to produce a much better type of boat; but it is a question whether arbitrary limits are desirable in international racing.

The feeling at the present time in the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is in favor of the 15ft. class for next year; and we believe that this is the best possible course. Too much has been done in this class to be thrown away, as must be the case to a great extent if the racing is transferred to another, while if it be retained in the class some very interesting experiments will be made. The interest now centers in the class; with the announcement of its selection for next year the work of improving the old boats and designing new ones will go on without interruption, whereas if the attempt be made to create a new class there will be nothing to begin on, there will be no existing boats to lend life to the early racing, and the result will be a fleet of half-completed boats for the trial races. As to the general usefulness of one class over the other, there is, as we have shown, but little to choose; and that, in the matter of cost, is entirely on the side of the 15-footer and against the 20-footer. The man who builds in either class for a safe, handy and comfortable sailing craft will be badly fooled.

CANADA—VENCEDOR.

The victorious Canada reached Toronto on Aug. 31, the entire city turning out to do honor to her and her crew. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed throughout the city, the day being observed as a holiday. Vencedor returned to Chicago on Sept. 4. The race has awakened a wonderful amount of interest on the lakes and throughout the West, and it is likely to be of permanent benefit to yachting interests on fresh water. It is certain that Canada will not be allowed to rest easy in undisturbed possession of her honors, and the effort to take them from her must, if it is to be successful, be carried out on lines that will tend to unify the various local interests, and to raise materially the standard of yacht racing on the American shores of the lakes. In the matter of systematic building and racing, and of improving the racing rules, the Western yachtsmen are still behind those of Lake Ontario and the coast; there has always prevailed a variety of conflicting rules that have tended to keep the different clubs apart rather than to unite them, and even yet the rules and customs of yachting and yacht racing are far behind those of the salt-water clubs.

The mistake that was made in the planning of Vencedor and the issuing of the first challenge is now generally appreciated, and we hope that the lesson of it will not be lost on lake yachtsmen, as the whole future of their yachting for some time to come depends on their action during the coming winter.

We have no sympathy whatever with the various attempts to mitigate the disappointment of Vencedor's defeat by blaming her owners, her designer or her builders. Messrs. Berriman have shown themselves to be spirited sportsmen and good losers, they made a fair offer in the first place, they accepted terms disadvantageous to themselves in order to get a match, and they have accepted the result in the best possible spirit, making no complaints and immediately issuing a new challenge.

As to the builders, they have shown both spirit and enterprise in their original offer to build the yacht, in the securing of the best possible skill in designing and building, and in the creation of a plant for the work. They have met with many difficulties incident to the inauguration of a new enterprise, and the chances of the yacht have been hurt by delays, but they have done everything in their power to make her a winner.

How well the designer has done his work it is impossible to say under the peculiar conditions of the case; the yacht has never had the sail plan which her dimensions demand, and lacking this no one can judge of the merits of the design. It is both unfair and useless now to condemn and decry those connected with Vencedor merely because she has been defeated. The one great mistake which they made was in attempting to introduce the extreme racing machine of comparatively large size on the Great Lakes.

A very superficial knowledge of lake yachting is enough to show the many serious drawbacks under which it has always existed, and that it can be put on a permanent and successful basis only by the adoption of a wise and liberal policy by all the clubs connected with it. The first essential is unity of action, such as has existed for a dozen years among the clubs, American and Canadian, of Lake Ontario, but not among the lakes as a whole, not even to any extent among the American clubs of Lake Michigan or Lake Erie. After many failures, the latest attempts at union on these two lakes now promise to be successful, and there should be no serious obstacle to-day in the summoning of a convention of representatives of every yacht club from Chicago to Montreal and the adoption of one uniform rule and of certain racing classes. What that rule should be is by no means as difficult a question as might be supposed in view of the general dissatisfaction and uncertainty existing in the large American clubs and also abroad. The conditions of lake yachting are different from those of the great Atlantic clubs, American and British; they are fewer, simpler and more easily understood and propounded.

The lake racing is a system distinct and apart from ocean racing, and while in the latter yachtsmen have been always reluctant to impose any restrictions, however necessary and salutary, which may hinder extreme speed, no such consideration exists in the former. The lake yachtsmen can and must leave to others the development of the highest possible speed, regardless of all other considerations; their only way to success lies in the establishment of permanent racing classes of thoroughly wholesome types. Whatever may be urged for the bulb-fin of matchbox construction on the coast and the ocean, there is no place for such a machine on the lakes, and no good argument can be urged against its summary exclusion.

The experience of twenty years on the lakes furnishes data which may be relied on as a safe guide in the formulation of essential limits. The yachts of the larger sizes have been entirely of poor quality, judged by modern standards; comparatively few new yachts have been built, but old ones, mainly brought from salt water, have been repeatedly rebuilt and patched over, with most unsatisfactory results. There is not now and never can be for years a racing class of large size throughout the lakes.

The first requirement of lake yachting is a type of yacht which, while fast enough and smart enough for racing, is still usable for cruising and general yachting; there are no yachtsmen on the lakes who will, if they can, maintain a sailing machine exclusively for racing. To be thus usable the extreme limit of draft must not exceed 9ft.; plenty more can be used over hundreds of miles of water, and rough water at that, but if a yacht is to be used all about the lakes and in such ports as she must frequent for shelter, repairs, docking and supplies, it will be found that a foot less than 9ft. is better than an inch more. This has been settled by practical experience beyond the possibility of contradiction. Whatever objections may be urged against an arbitrary limit of draft in other waters, on the Great Lakes a limit of 9ft. is in every way desirable.

This limit is in no way inadequate for the size of yacht best adapted to the general requirements of lake yachtsmen; of course larger yachts will be used in the future as they have been in the past, and will be raced in such job lot classes as can be made up at times, but for the largest permanent racing class, to which new yachts will be built from time to time, and in which such contests as the present one will be held, the size cannot greatly exceed that of Yama, Zelma and Canada, 42ft. racing length. A yacht of this class of modern but not extravagant construction will cost quite as much as the average lake yachtsman is inclined to spend on a racing craft, both in first cost and yearly running; in fact very many yachtsmen who are disposed to spend such a sum will prefer to buy an outclassed yacht of much greater size and do no racing. With that quasi-international stimulus that has existed in the present contest,

strengthened by local rivalry between the different lakes and the various ports on each, it should be possible to build up a class of about 42ft. racing length throughout the lakes from Chicago to Oswego, with more or less regular racing.

Pending anything better, and such does not now appear to be forthcoming, the Seawanhaka rule, as it stands to-day, in use by many lake clubs, might well be universally adopted, with such uniform racing rules as those of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Union. In the way of limitations for the largest class they might be 42ft. racing length, 9ft. extreme draft, and in addition an arbitrary limitation to the minimum coefficient of the midship section, such as would encourage a section like Zelma's with 6ft. of head room, instead of that of Canada. Added to these, some limitation on construction is most necessary, as the lake yachtsman who builds a yacht expects to use her, even in racing, for an indefinitely long time, and is not prepared to sell her after her first season. A limitation to the ratio of ballast to displacement, at some figure which would allow a reasonable scantling in bottom and deck, would be practicable and advantageous.

Such yachts as this class should produce would be fast, as is instanced by Zelma, and at the same time would give excellent accommodation, a good main saloon and after stateroom, toilet room, ice box, etc., and they would be safe and seaworthy even on the rough water and steep seas of the lakes. They would be well within the powers of a Corinthian crew, another important requisite in this service.

The new challenge of Com. Berriman names a limit of 43ft. l.w.l., or the same length as Vencedor, though it presumably means a new yacht in which the sail plan shall be better proportioned to the length. Such a yacht, even though not a bulb-fin, would be worse than useless on the lakes, there is no possibility of building up a permanent class, and it would mean the construction of a single syndicate yacht to meet her on the part of the Royal Canadian Y. C. This yacht would be of too great draft for the regular racing on Lake Ontario, she would have no class, and, worst of all, she would be big enough and fast enough to spoil the racing in the existing 42ft. class, of about 37ft. l.w.l. It would be merely a case of Defender over again; the new racing machine, while absolutely useless for other than the special race she was built for, would destroy all interest in smaller and better yachts. If the yachtsmen of Chicago desire such a yacht as best suited to their requirements, and are prepared to build up and maintain it as a regular racing class, they have of course a perfect right to do so; but we doubt whether this is possible in Chicago, and we know that such a class cannot be maintained permanently on all of the lakes. There is an opportunity just now to promote the building of fast modern yachts if the cost can be kept within a reasonable figure; but if the cost is large and the yachts are of an extreme racing type, then the lake yachtsmen will do as they have in the past: put their money into outbuilt but comfortable cruisers and leave racing to the syndicates.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

THE following commentary on the Toledo races is by Mr. O. E. Cromwell, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. race committee, who was one of the judges of the Canada-Vencedor match:

"The match between Canada and Vencedor was one where the making of the match was the making of the race; the making and drawing up of the agreement, you know. Vencedor was obliged to sail under actual waterline length, at not less than 43ft, and her sailing length, from which her sail area is computed, could not exceed 45ft. She was thus obliged to take in ballast to bring the waterline to 43ft, and cut down the sail area to classify in 45ft. sailing length. The result was that she carried an unnecessary amount of ballast, and had her wings clipped. Canada was restricted to ½ft., and the effect of this arrangement made it impossible for Vencedor to win in light weather, and difficult for Canada to win in heavy weather. The race thus resolved itself into a question of prevailing force of wind, instead of the speed of boats. It is almost impossible to arrange a fair match between two boats of such unequal size as Canada and Vencedor.

"Another consideration which has great weight is the fact that the Canada was one of the latest constructions of Fife, a crack British builder. She is beautifully constructed, exceedingly light in hull, almost like a racing shell, fitted with hollow spars, and her rigging and gear were of the lightest possible character consistent with requisite strength. On the other hand, the Vencedor's sails, while of fair quality, were by no means what they should have been for so important a contest. Her blocks were unnecessarily heavy, and the entire fabric throughout was clumsy and cumbersome in comparison with the thoroughly up-to-date hull, rigging, gear and sails of the Canada. The Corinthian crew of the Canada was one of the best I have ever seen in an experience of forty years' yachting, while that of the Vencedor was a very fair crew, but was no match for their competitors. It is my opinion that such important events as international races should be sailed by well-trained professional crews.

"The second race was the Vencedor's without question until she made the fatal error by mistaking a mark boat, and thus overstood the mark, losing about one and a half or two minutes. This was caused by a number of small fishing boats of precisely similar character to the mark boat anchoring in that vicinity during the absence of the yachts and committee steamer down the course. It was difficult to distinguish which was the mark boat. It should have been supplied with some distinctive mark, such as a sphere or some large flag of peculiar pattern.

"I think that Chicago's well-known enterprise, push and vigor cannot consent to play second fiddle to Canada in the matters of yachting, and I hope to see an intelligent effort made by her citizens to bring the cup back to this side of the lake next year. To do this a yacht of the proper size, say like the Canada, if that class should be agreed upon, should be designed and constructed by or under the immediate supervision of some first-class designer, like the Herreshoffs, Gardner & Cox, Cary Smith, or some other designer of well-known reputation. One of the most important things after the vessel leaves the designer and builders' hands is to have some amateur yacht sailor of skill and experience take it in hand, tune her up, and get the utmost speed out of her. Such men as Mr. Fish, of the Atlantic Y. C., and T. G. Zerega, of the Seawanhaka Y. C., are men possessing the necessary qualifications, and I do not doubt would accept with pleasure a proposition to take in charge vessels of this type for this purpose, as they are enthusiastic yachtsmen and men of means, having leisure time at their disposal.

"It is very fortunate that this international cup of the Great Lakes and the Seawanhaka international cup have gone to Canada, as the Canadian yachtsmen have proved themselves to be thorough sportsmen, and of far different caliber to some of the English yachtsmen who have visited our shores, such as Ashbury, Dunraven and Brand, who are constantly making protests and seeking opportunity for dissension."

THE AMERICAN WAY AND THE BRITISH WAY.

THE complaint has been repeatedly made, and perhaps not without reason, by the British press generally, that the "Yankee" does not know how to accept a victory gracefully, but "slops over" in a way that is both ill-bred, boastful and undignified. The true Briton is different; self-contained, unemotional and modest, he at least knows how to accept a victory—when it comes—in a correct and utterly proper manner. Here is a specimen from the *Mail and Empire*, of Toronto:

Canada by 26 seconds!

The American Eagle will not screech to-day.

An Eagle with its tail feathers pulled is not in the humor for screeching.

A bird without pride is a bird without voice.

The Canadian beaver has quietly accomplished its purpose.

Canada by 26 seconds!

The maple leaf rustles gladly in the brisk autumn breeze.

The hearts of the people are swelled with the national pride.

The Lion with the talons of the Eagle still marked in his back looks on approvingly.

Canada wins!

It is a victory of which all Canadians justly may feel proud. It is a victory of which all Canadians will feel proud. On the waters of Erie, in the midst of a great flotilla of American yachts prepared to blast forth the triumph of one of their numbers; in the midst of a great concourse of American citizens eager for the signal to rejoice in the vanquishment of their rival neighbor—there, alone, uncheered, unsung, unboasted, a Canadian craft, with a Canadian crew, carried the Union Jack twice over the course in advance of the Stars and Stripes.

Hurrah for Canada!

Now may some Canadian poet jingle his lines to the peerless craft that bears the name of the Dominion she represents. What more inspiring theme could he desire? Less variable than the winds that carried the Queen of the Lakes to the goal of her final triumph would be the sentiment that would install him in the hearts of a glad people.

Such an invocation as this certainly could never fail; the unknown laureate has responded, as witness the next issue of the same paper.

THE CANADA.

Uncheered, unsung, unboasted,
In that vast crowd alone,
With the Union Jack above it,
Our Canada held its own.
With our dear flag floating o'er it—
A Canadian craft and crew—
It defied the American Eagle,
And struggled proudly through.

On the waters blue of Erie,
Surrounded on every side
By yachts that claimed the Eagle,
And boasted in their pride.
They felt they were secure,
That they had naught to fear,
With triumphal blast they waited,
The victory to cheer.

But they knew not skipper Jarvis,
Nor our Canadian crew;
Knew not our gallant Canada,
Till it sailed so proudly through.
And the Maple Leaf is rustling
Glad in the autumn wind,
And the Lion looks on approving,
For the Eagle was left behind.

And Canada should glory,
And Canadians rejoice,
And the pride they're justly feeling
Be echoed with one voice.
All honor to our Canada,
So gallant and so true;
All honor to her skipper,
All honor to her crew.

N. M. Q.

Alas! for such pathos and such doggerel, even worthy of Austin himself, but facts are stubborn things, as the following letter shows:

Editor Mail and Empire:

SIR—On our return from Toledo this morning it was with regret that we read your remarks prefacing your account of the Vencedor-Canada race yesterday, as it was altogether out of accord with the spontaneous good-will shown toward the Canada by the many thousand American yachtsmen and spectators during the whole series; and while we cannot but think that your preliminary comments were written in any other feeling than that of exultation on the result, at the same time we fear an impression otherwise may be conveyed to our American friends. Among your remarks you state: "There, alone, uncheered, unsung, unboasted, the Canadian craft, with a Canadian crew, carried the Union Jack twice over the course in advance of the Stars and Stripes."

As a matter of fact, no winner could have received a more enthusiastic and generous reception, the Canada being cheered to the echo, not only at the winning line, but at every buoy in each race, and her twelve-mile run to her anchorage, after the final race, was a triumphal procession, the yacht and her crew being royally saluted by guns, whistles and lusty cheers from every boat she approached. All Canadians were splendidly entertained, and their wants looked after to the fullest extent.

When our American yachting friends visit us in Toronto, as we hope they may next season, Canadians will have reason to congratulate themselves if they are able to give them as hearty a welcome and as cordial a reception as they gave the Canada and Canadian fleet at Toledo. Yours, etc.,

F. J. CAMPBELL,
H. E. RIDLEY,
W. H. BROUSE.

TORONTO, Aug. 27.

Mr. Jarvis and his crew, with many other Canadians, have borne testimony to the fact that they were treated most fairly and hospitably at Toledo, and that no such state of affairs existed as is pictured by the *Mail and Empire*. The same was the case at Oyster Bay in July and at Grindstone last month; the Canadian winner of the Seawanhaka cup and the A. C. A. trophy were cheered and saluted by all.

Minnetonka and White Bear.

From the Chicago Record.

TARTAR has proved herself the champion for another year in the interlake races between the sloops on White Bear Lake, the St. Paul resort, and those on Minnetonka, the pride of Minneapolitans. The races were to have been commenced on Tuesday, but a 25-knot breeze played such havoc that it was next to impossible to sail, and a couple of accidents prevented the attempt.

The first race was sailed in a stiff breeze and under fair conditions. On Wednesday the sailing was over a three-legged 10-knot course on Lake Minnetonka, and the race was won on its merits by Tartar, who headed her rival, Alfrida, by 7m. and 24s. The official time of Tartar was 1 37.19.

What made the contest so intensely interesting, aside from the fact that every plan had been made to wrest the championship away from Minneapolis this year, was the fact that Tartar was a boat designed by a local Scandinavian builder on the shores of the "lake beautiful" from his own plans. Alfrida, on the contrary, was a creation of the world-renowned Bristol builders, the Herreshoffs. In their efforts to down their hitherto victorious rivals, a syndicate had been formed on White Bear, which secretly placed an order with the Bristol builders.

When Alfrida, the boat which was the result of that order, reached the lake she was found to be by all odds the best boat they had ever sailed; but over on the lake of "a hundred isles" was another boat built by the unknown Peterson. He had thought long and hard. He was a practical boat builder. He was familiar with the variable winds of Minnetonka, and he put his ideas into form, adding what has hitherto been unknown in boat building—a divided stern.

This division was effected by simply cutting out a rectangular piece from the stern of the boat, the entire cut, however, being above waterline. Objections were made to the boat of the new design, but the committee of the yacht club which took the measurements found Tartar to be all right and "of a design the building of which ought to be encouraged."

On Thursday there was little wind and a drifting match, in which Alfrida succeeded in drifting harder than Tartar. The course was not sailed until long after the time limit had expired, and it remained for the race of yesterday to tell the story of how the battle was lost and won.

A regular Tartar breeze of stiff twenty knots was blowing and freshening every minute. The Minnetonka boat did not get down to business until she began to beat to windward on the third leg of the first circuit. Then she fairly hissed through the water, increasing her lead till at the close of her three stretches, which comprised the course, she led her rival by 7m 8s., corrected time.

The result gave the series to Tartar, which makes the two clubs break even on the two years' races. Next year will now decide which club shall have both the pennant and the cup. Tartar's work gave her the record for the ten-knot course on Lake Minnetonka.

A somewhat exciting contest was waged at the same time between Varuna, a Minnetonka catboat, and Nushka III., belonging to the White Bear catboat fleet. In both races the former won, although yesterday the breaking of the mast of Nushka prevented her from competing, a race which still held a fighting chance for her.

The yacht races were the scene of much social pleasure, the lake hotels and the yacht club both giving hops for the visitors. Mr. Peterson, the builder of Tartar, was the subject of many congratulations.

Hull Y. C. Club Regatta.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 22 in a variable S.W. wind, fresh at the start, then falling very light and increasing toward the finish. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis	38.04	2 31 37	1 59 57
Handsel, J. B. Hooper	31.07	2 40 43	2 02 02
Mabelle F. Swift, G. Bruce	44.10	Disabled.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	21.09	2 33 45	1 53 04
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	24.02	2 30 31	1 54 28
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	25.05	2 31 34	1 56 47
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf		2 33 49	. .. ..
FIFTH CLASS.			
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	1 41 08	1 15 57
Opechee, W. P. Barker	22.06	1 46 44	1 22 18
SIXTH CLASS.			
Aikane, F. M. Kelly		1 41 35	. .. ..
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Torpedo, J. J. Souther		1 35 56	. .. ..
Bo Peep, Clark & North		1 37 58	. .. ..
La Chica, C V Souther		1 42 25	. .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs		1 42 40	. .. ..
Nike, C. A. Cooley		Withdrew.	

The judges were Messrs E. C. North, F. H. Jeffries, E. K. French, W. E. Sherrifs, C. P. Flint, N. F. Greely and W. L. Walker.

Cero is a new boat, built on the Cape for W. E. C. Eustis to take the place of his Dyer boat Salmon, burned last year. She is about 34ft. l.w.l. and 13ft. beam, with very light draft and weighted centerboard.

Rochester Y. C. Closing Regatta.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

Thursday, Aug. 27.

THE last regatta of the Rochester Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 27 in a moderate west wind and light sea. Many of the yachts were absent on cruises and but eleven started. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.			
Facile	2 25 00	5 26 25	3 01 00
Kilpie	2 25 00	5 31 46	3 06 43
Iris	2 25 00	6 05 20	4 20 20
Weno	2 25 00	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Nydia	2 30 00	3 59 27	1 29 27
Zanita	2 30 00	4 00 48	1 10 48
Althea	2 30 00	4 15 50	2 25 20
Nyxie	2 30 00	Did not finish.	
Jean	2 30 00	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Zenobia	2 30 00	4 16 37	2 26 37
Chic	2 30 00	Did not finish.	

Miramichi Y. C.

THE Miramichi Y. C. sailed its third race of the season on Aug. 27 at Newcastle, N. B., the course being twice around a 4-mile triangle. It was for the Thos. D. Adams cup and club prizes. The result was as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriana, J. L. Stewart	1 18 40	1 16 00
Loaring, Thos. Currie	1 16 30	1 16 30
Maude, J. C. Miller	1 20 15	1 17 35
Avis, Albert Henderson	1 20 25	Not meas.
Kittoch, Dr. Pedlin	Did not finish.	

The race was sailed in a strong breeze. Oriana wins the cup for the second year. She won the first race this season, was dismasted in the second, and now wins the third.

Delevan Lake Races.

DELEVAN, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE last race of the season on Delevan Lake was sailed in a blow that dismasted Mariella and Estelle and kept Ideal from starting, as she carried away her halyards on the way to the start. Circe was goosewinged in jibing, but finally won. The times were:

Circe	1 30 25
Euliana	1 36 00
Therissa	1 39 13

A second prize goes to Euliana.

The judges were G. M. Davis, L. G. Foster and E. S. Gilbert.

Jubilee Y. C.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE fourth and final championship race of the Jubilee Y. C. was sailed in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elvira, M. Bartlett, Jr.	1 42 10	1 27 50
Elf, Dixon, et al.	1 50 30	1 34 20
Brownie, Hawley	2 19 10	1 45 40

Elvira wins the championship.

Put-in-Bay Regattas.

PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE.

Aug. 18, 19, 20.

THE races of the Interlake Y. R. A. at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, began on Aug. 18 with a lively race in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Priscilla	3 43 35	3 42 35
Mistral	4 16 41	4 07 09

25FT. CLASS.

Eva	4 04 50	4 00 05
Shamrock	4 23 47	4 23 47
Alborak	4 35 55	4 32 05
Nadia	4 39 29	4 34 26

50FT. CLASS.

Vanessa	3 36 20	3 36 20
Vreda	3 48 37	3 47 47

40FT. CLASS.

Vivia	3 46 02	3 46 02
Dinah	3 52 55	3 50 23

The second day, Aug. 19, brought out the new Canada and a new American cutter, Czarina, of Toledo, as well as a good fleet of yachts from the different lakes. The wind was now strong N.E., with smooth water, making a good race. The times were:

46FT. CLASS—21 MILES.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Canada, Toronto	3 37 39	3 37 39
Zelma, Hamilton	3 40 04	3 39 01
Czarina, Toledo	4 20 44	4 20 44

30FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.

Hiawatha, Hamilton	1 59 23	1 56 19
Lucy, Detroit	2 02 06	2 01 26
Myrna	2 09 44	1 59 47
Yankee, Toledo	2 13 16	2 12 10
Mischief, Toledo	2 17 59	2 17 59
Nox, Rochester	2 09 48	2 08 90
Undine, Kelly's Island	2 26 57	2 25 39
Viking, Toledo	Did not finish.	

25FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.

Typhoon, Toledo	2 25 18	2 23 40
Marie M., Sandusky	2 27 45	2 27 45
Pearl, Toledo	2 33 16	2 33 06
Elfin, Toledo	2 38 32	2 34 35
Brownie, Toledo	2 35 10	2 31 32
Sprite, Toledo	2 40 18	2 39 30
Eurocydon, Hamilton	2 37 00	2 33 09
Flirt, Toledo	2 43 22	2 34 33
White Wings, Kelly's Island	3 00 40	2 37 33
Volante, Toledo	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL—DOUBLE CATS—10½ MILES.

Katrina, Detroit	2 33 41	2 33 41
Amelia, Detroit	2 46 46	2 44 19

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES—21 MILES.

Restless, Toledo	3 19 25	3 10 37
Carina, Sandusky	3 20 43	3 20 43

The race of Aug. 20 was an open one to all classes, with time allowance, the prize being the Hotel Victory cup. The wind was light and variable, with much fluking and drifting. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zelma	8 45 00	2 42 13	5 57 13	5 37 51
Vreda	8 44 04	2 59 33	6 15 29	6 02 26
Sultana	8 14 17	3 15 11	6 58 54	6 13 20
Vanessa	8 45 00	3 22 02	6 37 02	6 27 32
Miriam	8 45 00	4 44 47	6 59 47	6 37 20
Priscilla	8 42 35	4 59 30	7 16 55	7 16 55

On Aug. 21 a special consolation race was sailed in a moderate wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neva	1 58 48	1 58 48
Yankee	2 22 00	2 06 43
Lucy	2 22 13	2 06 23
Meteor	2 32 11	2 20 40
Elfin	2 35 12	2 09 13
Pearl	2 44 45	2 23 09
Mischief	2 26 50	2 10 41

In connection with these races, the *Chicago Times-Herald* comments very sensibly on the important question of a good rule and one rule only for the lakes:

"The meet has been the most successful yachting event ever held on Lake Erie. Not only did the fleet of yachts assembled far outnumber any of previous years, but the representative gathering of yachtsmen from the three Great Lakes gave an opportunity never before presented of discussing interlake yachting interests.

"The most important feature in illustration of this was the discussion of the plan to adopt uniform rules of measurement. Last winter the *Times-Herald* urged that the three big yachting associations of lakes Erie, Ontario and Michigan get together and agree upon some basis of measurement and racing rules. The discussion of the rules which should govern the international race emphasized the importance of this suggestion, and resulted in the appointing of a committee from each association to confer and report a plan for unanimity on the question.

"The matter was brought up at a meeting of yacht captains held at Put-in-Bay, and E. W. Radder, of the Cleveland Y. C., who represented the Interlake Association committee, announced that the Lake Erie yachtsmen favored the adoption of the system of measurement in vogue on Lake Ontario, where the actual instead of the approximate sail area is taxed. The only yachtsman present who was openly opposed to this new departure was Capt. Ingraham, of the Erie Y. C., who made a heated argument against the modern racing machines coming in and robbing the old style boats by reason of their overhang. He was in favor of adopting the overhang tax which Lake Michigan is striving to abolish. The discussion at this meeting demonstrated the fact that the Canadian yachtsmen have taught their brethren on this side of the water a good many things since these circuit races began. Not only have the lake sailors learned much from them about how to handle their boats in a race, but they have received other lessons which will work to their benefit.

"The Canadians are anxious that the three lakes should keep up the spirit of friendly rivalry which the international race and the meets at Cleveland and Put-in-Bay have inaugurated. They are willing to meet the others half way. It is a conceded point that on Lake Ontario they are far in advance of the other lakes in everything pertaining to the sport, and, in order to encourage an interlake organization, they are willing to retrograde, if necessary, and wait for the others to catch up. The result of this discussion just at this time will be the organization of an association combining the three lakes and establishing an annual meet, taking each lake in its turn."

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Aug. 22-29.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed its second regatta on Aug. 22 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

SPRITSAIL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dude, H. E. Hibbard	18.06	1 31 25	1 31 19
Trilby, J. K. P. Purdham	18.06	1 35 20	1 35 11
Florence, A. M. Ferris	18.05	1 35 34	1 35 30
Try, Chas. Harding	18.08	1 35 30	1 35 30
No Name, Mr. Wilbur	18.00	1 37 28	1 36 58
U K, Mr. Dyer	18.00	1 41 58	1 41 22
Hope, J. Veeder	18.00	1 41 59	1 41 23
Polly H., Capt. Fish	18.01	1 43 56	1 43 25
No Name, Mr. Foster	18.01	1 47 40	1 47 09
Hobo, Com. Harding	18.01	Disabled.	
Init, Bob Harding		Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Vivid, J. M. Forbes	....	0 49 57	.. ..
Bob, Edgar Harding	....	0 58 23	.. ..
P D Q, Emmons	....	0 54 28	.. ..
Captain Cox, A. M. Ferris	....	0 54 57	.. ..

The third regatta, on Aug. 29, was very unsatisfactory, there being almost a calm. The only class to finish was the second catboat class, with Try first and Cinch second.

Green Lake Y. C.

GREEN LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE third and last race of the series for the Interlake cup offered by the Green Lake Y. C. and open to yachts from all the inland lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois was sailed on Aug. 29 on Green Lake. The course was 12 miles, the wind blowing half a gale from S.W. Tsin won, making her record four firsts and two seconds. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tsin, Will E. Hazeltine	2 18 23	2 18 23
Hypatia, Gwynne Garnett	2 15 23	2 15 23
Pleasant Point, J. W. Ross	2 21 55	2 17 26

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has provided liberally for the schooners of late, with a race on Aug. 29 for the very handsome cup presented by Com. Bouse, and one on Aug 31 for the Center trophy—originally a New York Y. C. prize—for a race around the Cape May Lightship, won twenty years ago by Vindex; and recently presented by Mr. Center's mother to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The response on the part of yacht owners both in the schooner and two smaller classes, in which good prizes were offered, has not been specially gratifying, as very few yachts started, in spite of the personal applications of members of the committee to various owners. The race for the Commodore's cup, costing $500, for schooners, and a $250 cup presented by Vice-Com. J. K Todd for the 30-footers, was sailed on Aug. 29, the wind at the start and through the first round being fresh from N.E. The Greenwich-Long Neck triangle was sailed twice over, the schooners starting at 12:05, Amorita leading smartly over the line at 12:05:04, Colonia at 12:08:17, and Emerald at 12:09:08. The 30-footers were started at 12:10 from the gun, Hera being first, followed by Departure, Raccoon and Argonaut. On the reach across Amorita kept well to windward of the mark, the others in her wake, so that all overstood; Colonia passed Amorita, the turn being timed:

Colonia	12 40 31	Hera	12 50 18
Amorita	12 41 41	Departure	12 50 57
Emerald	12 43 10	Raccoon	12 51 10

On the beat to the Long Neck Point mark Emerald passed Amorita, the schooners being timed:

Colonia	1 42 15	Amorita	1 89 05
Emerald	1 56 40		

The wind held long enough to make a reach to the line for Colonia and then came out S.W. The end of the round was timed:

Colonia	2 33 10	Amorita	3 08 06
Emerald	2 54 40		

Amorita withdrew at the line.

The 30-footers were timed at their finish:

Hera	3 39 50	Departure	3 56 30
Raccoon	3 49 11	Argonaut	Withdrew

The second leg was sailed in slow time, the wind being very light. Colonia won easily. The full times were:

SCHOONER CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	12 06 17	6 37 56	6 30 39	6 22 39
Emerald	12 09 08	6 48 53	6 39 50	6 33 05
Amorita	12 05 04	Did not finish.		

30FT. SLOOP CLASS.

Hera	12 10 00	3 39 50	3 29 50	.. .. ..
Departure	12 10 00	3 56 30	3 46 30	.. .. ..
Raccoon	12 10 00	3 49 11	3 39 11	.. .. ..
Argonaut	12 10 00	Did not finish.		

Hera had left the racing of her class at Newport and made the trip to Oyster Bay specially for this race, being well entitled to the handsome cup.

On Monday, in addition to the schooner prize, a special prize was offered in the new and as yet nebulous 20ft. class, which it is proposed to substitute for the 15ft. class next season. Thus far there are no yachts in the class except the bulb-fin Bogie, designed by W. P. Stephens, and Eos and two other bulb-fins just completed from designs by Chas. Olmstead; only Eos being ready for racing.

The club launch was sent out in the morning to set the two marks for the same triangle as on Saturday, and, as on that occasion, started for the Greenwich mark first. The committee finding that the wind was W.N.W decided to sail the course the reverse of the usual way, to the Long Neck mark first. The start was made at 12:05, Ramona crossing at 12:05:40, Colonia at 12:10 and Amorita at 12:10:40, the two 30 footers being timed from the 12:10 gun. Before Colonia reached Long Neck Point the committee discovered that the launch had not had time to set the mark after setting that off Greenwich. After some trouble the yachts were notified of the situation, and that a new start would be made from Long Neck Point. On the reach across Colonia passed Ramona, and Bogie made a good lead on Eos.

The second start was made at 1:40, the times at the line being:

Ramona	1 47 18	Amorita	1 49 06
Colonia	1 48 46		

A shift of the wind now made a reach to the Greenwich mark, there being a stiff breeze. They ran across to the Center Island mark, Colonia in the lead and Eos ahead of Bogie; the schooners were timed here:

Colonia	2 56 22	Amorita	3 09 32
Ramona	2 59 57		

The wind now came out N.E., with a shower of rain, followed by a calm, and the yachts drifted across to Long Neck Point, where the 30-footers finished, Eos in the lead; the schooners being sent directly back to Center Island, as the wind was very light. Ramona withdrew here. The full times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	1 48 46	6 47 36	4 58 50	4 58 50
Ramona	1 47 18	Withdrew.		
Amorita	1 49 06	Did not finish.		

20FT. CLASS.

Eos	1 50 00	5 26 17	3 36 17	.. .. ..
Bogie	1 50 00	5 32 30	3 42 30	.. .. ..

Huntington Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HUNTINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE Huntington Bay Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 29, the course being a triangle between Taylor's Dock in the bay, Lloyd's Neck Buoy and Eaton's Neck Buoy; 13½ nautical miles. The start was made in a moderate N.E. breeze, but after a time it fell and the wind came in light from the south. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Pawnee, E. Waterman	12 40 00	4 30 45	3 49 15
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	12 40 00	3 46 06	3 06 06

CABIN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Ninta, F. A. Dingee	12 40 00	4 31 06	3 51 06
Fannie, G. Andrews	12 40 00	4 30 05	3 50 05

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

Zaloma, W. W. Wood	12 36 30	4 28 30	3 51 49
Mayonaya, F. C. Swand	12 36 10	4 30 45	3 56 05
Naida, H. H. Gordon	12 37 10	4 31 20	3 57 34
Flyaway, A. W. Palmer	12 37 46	4 33 56	4 12 26
Aigil, Klots & Vail	12 37 00	4 46 25	4 06 26
Dorothy, Geo. Hill	12 39 41	4 16 27	3 32 39
Jemmie, A. Van Cott	12 36 48	4 26 10	3 45 48

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Shadow, G. N. Brown	12 40 00	4 26 07	3 58 07
Presto, E. M. Hatfield	12 37 00	4 35 27	3 52 11
Win or Lose, J. I. Appleby	12 39 00	4 29 58	3 45 48
Penelope, Dr. Ketchum	12 40 00	Withdrew.	
Oconita, Mr. Smith	12 36 41	Withdrew.	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Bubble, A. M. Braley	12 43 18	3 35 11	2 51 43
Goosebird, R. H. Nevins	12 44 42	4 55 00	4 10 98
Louise, T. Hansen	12 45 24	Withdrew.	
Mischief, Rogers & Shepard	12 43 22	3 56 00	3 13 28

The winners were Norota, Ninta, Dorothy, Win or Lose and Bubble.

Conanicut Y. C.

JAMESTOWN, R. I.—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Wednesday, Aug. 26.

THE Conanicut Y. C., of Jamestown, Conanicut Island, sailed a race on Aug. 26, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Iris	2 40 15	4 31 27	1 51 12
Sea Maid	2 40 25	4 37 20	1 56 55
Rainbow	2 40 23	4 37 13	1 56 50
We Two	2 40 10	4 40 24	2 00 14

SECOND CLASS.

Gad Fly	2 46 02	4 41 23	1 56 21
Boodler	2 45 35	4 44 54	1 59 19
Cinder	2 46 10	4 49 15	2 03 05
Suta	2 46 18	Did not finish.	
Thetis	2 45 10	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Vesper	2 50 15	5 04 20	2 14 05
Maud	2 51 05	5 05 38	2 14 35
Vega	2 50 44	5 15 20	2 27 36
Sunshine	2 52 00	5 27 54	2 35 54
Dart	2 50 20	5 26 50	2 46 30
Daisy	2 50 24	5 22 00	2 31 35
Spy	2 51 05	5 26 09	2 44 57
Milky Cocoa	2 50 44	Did not finish.	

15FT. CLASS.

Ideal	2 55 25	Did not finish.	
Gnat	2 55 20	4 56 14	.. ..

Huguenot Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE second annual regatta of the Huguenot Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 29 in a variable wind, a fresh easterly breeze at the start followed by a calm and light south wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CUTTERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Infanta	12 45 00	2 56 30	2 11 30
Modesta	12 45 00	3 54 05	3 09 05
Dorothy	12 45 00	5 12 00	4 27 00
Acushla	12 45 00	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.

Sparrow	12 45 00	2 25 55	2 40 55
Wahneta	12 45 00	3 36 35	2 51 35
Agawan	12 45 00	3 49 05	3 04 05
Avis	12 45 00	Did not finish.	
Virginia	12 45 00	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS—CABIN CATS.

Grace	12 45 00	6 02 38	5 17 38
Scat	12 45 00	5 58 35	5 08 35
Ducky	12 45 00	Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS—CABIN CATS.

Oconee	12 45 00	5 32 00	4 17 00
Loyalty	12 45 00	Did not finish.	

FIFTH CLASS—OPEN CATS.

Edwina	1 05 00	5 34 10	4 29 30
Ondana	1 05 00	Not timed.	

SIXTH CLASS—15-FOOTERS.

Yola	1 05 00	5 24 31	4 19 31
Hope	1 05 00	Did not finish.	

SEVENTH CLASS—CATS.

Dorothy	1 05 00	5 45 05	4 40 05
Narrisch	1 05 00	Did not finish.	

EIGHTH CLASS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST BOATS.

Starling	1 05 00	5 40 00	4 35 00
Angleses	1 05 00	Did not finish.	

NINTH CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.

Hyale	1 05 00	3 43 30	2 37 30
Eos	1 05 00	3 20 00	2 15 00

TENTH CLASS—21 FOOTERS.

Vaquero	12 55 00	5 32 05	4 37 05
Houri	12 55 00	4 33 10	3 38 10
Celia	12 55 00	Did not finish.	

The winners were Modesta, Sparrow, Scat, Oconee, Edwina, Yola, Dorothy, Starling, Eos and Houri.

Acushla broke her gaff.

Bay-Waveland Y. C.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE new Bay-Waveland Y. C. sailed a regatta on Aug. 29 in a moderate breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tawasta	32.06	3 06 00	3 06 00

OPEN SLOOPS—OVER 22FT.

Nyanza	23.07	3 17 00	3 17 00

OPEN SLOOPS—18 TO 20FT.

Jeanne	22.09	3 06 00	3 06 00
Alice	22.00	3 11 30	3 39 43

OPEN SLOOPS—UNDER 18FT.

Lady Luckett	21.45	3 17 00	3 17 00
Trolley	17.05	3 30 00	3 19 43
Martha S.	20.01	Withdrew.	
Manhattan B.	20.04	3 26 00	3 23 39

CATBOATS—20FT. AND OVER.

Com. Moorman	23.06	3 08 00	2 59 23
Dionysius	20.01	3 01 00	3 01 05
Florence No. 2	24.02	3 22 00	3 19 57
Lady Florence	25.01	Withdrew.	
Daisy B.	20.09	Withdrew.	
Daisy	20.08	Withdrew.	
Defiance	21.07	Withdrew.	
K. M. A.	16.04	Withdrew.	
Clemence C.	20.05	Withdrew.	
Lady Gay	17.03	Withdrew.	
Black Cloud	14.01	Withdrew.	

Judges—August Keller, E. J. Bowers and Louis H. Fairchild.

Timers—Ed Corkery, J. F. Clark and E. E. O'Brien.

Measurer—W. Brunet.

Regatta Committee—S. L. Mitchell, F. H. Matthews and Charles A. Worsley.

Cape Cod Y. C.

THE club sailed an open regatta on Aug. 29 off Provincetown in moderate breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.04	3 07 00	2 22 38
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.04	3 04 00	2 25 48
Harbinger, Beebe	28.04	3 18 39	2 38 16
City of Chicago, F. Crossby	32.10	3 15 06	2 21 18
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	27.08	3 16 00	2 34 55
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	3 14 00	2 29 51
Marguerite, E. L. Cummings	26.07	3 23 00	2 35 59

SECOND CLASS.

Tacoma, S. N. Small	21 08	3 12 08	2 21 21
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	24.07	3 20 59	2 55 19
Arawak, L. D. Baker	24.02	3 20 45	2 57 39
Electra, E. O. Snow	23.08	3 18 20	2 21 23
Cumaquid, J. Knowles	....	Withdrew.	
Free Silver	....	Not timed.	

THIRD CLASS.

Nancy Hanks, McLathlin	20.06	3 55 20	2 23 52
Hustler, Turner	20.04	3 07 37	2 25 54
Gee Whiz, Lombard	19.06	3 32 12	2 49 27
Fanny D., McDowell	20.06	3 50 35	2 19 29
Zulu, L. F. Crowell	18.10	3 55 00	3 10 46

FOURTH CLASS.

Anita, S. N. Small	17.08	3 01 45	1 22 15
Dolphin, O. H. Davenport	16.02	3 09 48	1 36 07
Trilby, F. Higgins	17.02	3 16 09	1 48 01
Tantrum, G. W. Hollbrook	15.00	3 05 10	1 32 27

SPECIAL.

Maud B	....	3 57 46	3 00 49
Cora Belle	....	4 55 45	3 02 44
Bessie S. Kelley	....	3 47 29	3 09 22
M. Henry	....	4 06 25	3 20 44
Esta	....	3 50 00	3 07 18

Riverside Y. C. Special Race.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, Sept. 2.

THE special race of the Riverside Y. C. on Sept. 2 was blessed with winds from every quarter and of varying force. In addition to the regular class race, a special match was made by Uvira, Norota and Eidolon, Norota winning. The times were:

CUTTERS—31FT CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Uvira	1 46 07	5 00 51	3 14 44	3 14 44

CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.

Eidolon	1 46 37	5 12 38	3 25 41	3 25 41
Norota	1 50 00	5 05 58	3 15 58	3 15 06

SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.

Vorant II.	1 48 10	5 30 00	3 43 50	3 43 10
Acushla	1 49 19	5 18 17	3 28 58	3 28 58

SLOOPS—32FT. CLASS.

Vaquero	1 52 44	4 52 42	2 59 58	2 59 58
Eos	1 50 58	5 03 58	3 13 54	3 04 07

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Penelope	1 55 00	Did not finish.		
Presto	1 58 47	4 59 39	3 05 52	3 05 52
Scat	1 58 09	4 56 33	3 06 24	3 06 43

15FT. CLASS.

Yola	2 00 00	4 20 00	2 20 00	2 20 00
Trilby	2 00 00	Withdrew.		

Lake Geneva Y. C.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

Saturday, Aug 29.

THE great event of the Lake Geneva Y. C., the annual race for the Sheridan cup, was sailed on Aug. 29 together with the race for the Folly cup. The wind was moderate from S.W. and a good race was sailed, Lorna winning the Sheridan cup and Possum the Folly cup. Mephisto was disqualified for fouling a mark, making Possum the winner.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., of Larchmont, sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 22 over the club's courses about Execution. The day was cloudy and unpleasant for the many spectators, but with a moderate S.E. breeze and a sea for the yachts. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cymbia, T. A. McIntyre	35.57	Did not finish.	
Acushla, W. A. Hanan	34.00	4 27 17	2 17 17

CABIN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.

Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	26.15	4 59 34	2 49 34
Fannie, B. F. Andrews	....	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL—30FT. CLASS.

Raccoon, T. R. Hostetter	30.00	4 35 42	2 25 42
Departure, C. B. Seeley	30.00	4 38 22	2 28 22

SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.

Houri, E. B. Hart	21.00	4 00 32	1 45 32
Celia, W. S. Gould	21.00	4 00 40	1 45 40
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	21.00	4 04 04	1 49 40

SPECIAL—15FT. CLASS.

Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	15.00	4 20 08	2 00 08
Willada, W. G. Neuman	15.00	4 33 58	2 13 58

OPEN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.

H. E. Z., E. S. Towle	16.00	4 21 40	2 01 40
Dolly, B. Whiting	17.17	5 05 42	2 45 42
Eos, P. T. Dodge	19.05	4 06 59	1 51 59
Nereus, M. D. Wright	N. M.	5 01 59	2 41 59

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Dosoris II., G. P. Nall	29.00	4 52 30	2 42 30
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.48	5 07 39	2 57 39

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Grace, J. F. Lamsden	23.00	5 33 13	3 23 13
Scat, F. M. Randall	23.00	5 13 08	3 03 08
Presto, M. E. Hatfield	22.67	5 13 57	3 03 57
Hornet, E. Mallory	22.00	Did not finish.	

CABIN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Orienta, A. B. Bill	17.94	4 46 45	2 36 45
Alice, G. G. Fry	19.85	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Fairy, F. E. Towle	23.16	4 07 50	1 07 50
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.45	4 30 47	2 10 47
Ondawa, E. Lambdee	20.91	4 21 06	2 01 06
Punch, Clark Bros.	20.06	4 29 13	2 09 13

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Starling, C. Delevante	19.91	4 28 20	2 08 20
Ione, C. M. Bird	19.68	4 27 45	2 07 45
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.59	4 54 55	2 34 55
Gosbird, R. N. Nevins	17.50	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—15FT. CLASS.

Skip, K. Whiting	14.00	Not timed.	
Coot, A. D. Prime	14.50	Not timed.	
Caprice, F. R. Proctor, Jr.	15.00	5 07 46	2 37 46

CABIN SLOOPS—32FT. CLASS.

Brenda, M. Scott	31.00	Not timed.	
Ola, F. W. Smedley	34.05	Not timed.	
Agawam, C. D. Wright	33.00	5 30 58	3 20 58

MIXED CLASS—FOR BEVAN CHALLENGE CUP.

Fairy, F. E. Towle	....	4 07 50	1 47 50
Ione, C. M. Bird	....	4 27 45	2 07 45
Caprice, F. R. Proctor, Jr.	....	5 07 46	2 37 46

The winners were Acushla, Quantuck, Raccoon, Houri, Paprika, Eos, Dosoris II., Scat, Orienta, Ione, Caprice, Agawan and Fairy. Fairy keeps the Bevan challenge cup, having won it three times in succession.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Fox Lake Y. C., of Fox Lake, Ill., sailed its sixth regatta, the last of a very successful season, on Aug. 22, the starters being:

Sloops.—Hornet, G. A. Johnson; Sleepy Tom, Nic Morris; Gold Bug, F. Mohrman; Baby Jane, O. H. Morrison; Francis M., O. D. Bray; Nellie G., H. Gardiner; Anna, O. Wangberg; Windward, J. Lindsay; Joker, S. Chase.

Catboats.—Willie Wumps, F. Lornax; Vixen, E B. Webber; Happy Days, G. A. Martin; Grimalkin, R N. Tooker, Jr.; Lorna Doone, W. H. Lyford.

Baby Jane is a new yacht of the same model as Sleepy Tom and Gold Bug. The wind was strong from N.W., and it rained toward the end of the race. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hornet	2 26 07	3 57 17	1 30 10	1 31 10
Sleepy Tom	2 24 50	3 46 06	1 21 15	1 18 40
Gold Bug	2 25 10	3 49 30	1 24 20	1 14 47
Baby Jane	2 25 15	3 50 42	1 25 27	1 20 12
Francis M.	2 25 12	3 57 14	1 32 12	1 29 47
Nellie G.	2 25 25	3 59 01	1 33 36	1 33 36
Anna	2 25 00	3 52 00	1 27 00	1 21 49
Windward	2 25 49	Withdrew.		

CATBOATS.

Willie Wumps	2 27 30	Withdrew.		
Vixen	2 26 55	3 58 56	1 32 01	1 21 42
Happy Days	2 29 30	3 51 50	1 22 20	1 22 16
Grimalkin	2 29 44	3 51 46	1 22 02	1 22 02
Lorna Doone	2 29 44	3 52 55	1 23 11	1 23 27

The judges were C. A. Barnum and Clark Bennett.

Gold Bug was protested by Baby Jane for fouling the mark at the start and was disqualified. Sleepy Tom wins the Commodore's cup, having won five out of the six races of the season. Happy Days wins the Hansell cup, having two legs for it, with Grimalkin, Vixen, Lorna Doone and Willie Wumps one leg each.

Piscataqua Y. C.

YORK BEACH, ME.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE second open race of the Piscataqua Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 22, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emma C., Cooper	2 54 17	2 49 17
Ida J., Beckman	2 56 58	2 51 58
Premier, Chase	3 03 33	2 58 33
Notus, ———	Withdrew.	
Organot, ———	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Toyo, S. Humphrey, Jr.	2 43 05	2 38 05
Frolic, Decatur	2 54 30	2 44 30

THIRD CLASS.

Emma C., French	3 19 40	3 09 40
Aurora, Regan	3 22 22	3 12 22
Cirrus, Turner	Withdrew.	
Almeda, ———	Withdrew.	

Oconomowoc Y. C.

LAKE OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Oconomowoc Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 22 for the Commodore's cup and cash prizes, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bird, F. W. Noyes	1 07 28	1 06 26
Hope, Geo. D. Vandike	1 10 29	1 06 54
Skedaddle, Gordon Buchanan	1 11 31	No al'w'nce
Argo, D. E. Murphy	1 33 45	1 32 11

The final race at Lake Oconomowoc was sailed in a strong S.W. wind that disabled both Argo and Skedaddle. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bird, F. W. Noyes, Jr.	0 50 05	0 49 09
Hope, G. D. Van Dyke	0 54 40	0 50 55

The final result of the series is that Hope has won four times and Bird three times.

Zoe—El Capitan.

A PRIVATE match was sailed on Aug. 21 at East Moriches, Great South Bay, between the catboats Zoe (Henry Growtage) and El Capitan (Wm. Newberry); the stakes being $100 per side. The course was a 3½-mile triangle, sailed three times. Zoe led until the last round, when she was passed by El Capitan, but the latter neglected to cross the finish line and started to sail another round, thus losing the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
El Capitan	3 17 48	4 31 20	1 13 32	1 13 27
Zoe	3 14 28	4 17 13	1 02 41	1 01 10

Racing at Newport.

IT must at least be said for the special 30ft. class that it has furnished sport in plenty for those directly interested in it, and to this extent has been a direct benefit to yachting in a dull season. The racing at Newport goes on without interruption, in spite of the fact that two or three boats are taking all the prizes.

On Aug. 19 the race for the cups offered by Mrs. E. D. Morgan was postponed in the absence of the wind, but late in the afternoon a light breeze sprung up and a sweepstakes race was started over a 10-mile course from Brenton's Cove around the Castle Hill and Bishop buoys, the times being. Start, 4:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, James Stillman	6 06 00	2 06 00
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	6 06 04	2 06 04
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	6 07 05	2 07 05
Musme, J. Macdonough	6 08 50	2 08 50
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	6 09 20	2 09 20
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 11 50	2 11 50
Puck, E. D. Morgan	6 14 25	2 14 25
Rosemary, G. Paget	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 20 a race was sailed for a cup offered by H. P. Whitney, owner of Dorothy, for Corinthian helmsmen only, the Dyer's Island course being sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, to leeward and return. The lee mark was timed:

Puck	3 23 35	Dorothy	3 24 35
Vaquero	3 23 35	Wawa	3 24 50
Musme	3 24 00	Hera	3 25 20
Rosemary	3 24 30		

On the wind Vaquero III. soon came to the front, Mr. Duryea steering, with Mrs. Duryea as one of the crew. Puck went ashore and was unable to finish. The times were Start 2:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 50 08	2 50 08
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	4 52 30	2 22 30
Dorothy II., W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 53 02	2 23 02
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	4 54 12	2 24 12
Rosemary, Gerald Paget	4 56 11	2 26 11
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 58 38	2 28 38
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 21 the Brig Ledge course was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind and moderate sea, the yachts following the Newport shore on the return made over the others and Vaquero III. again won, the times being. Start 2:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 38 58	2 43 58
Musme, J. Macdonough	5 39 30	2 44 30
Asahi, B. Thayer	5 41 52	2 46 52
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 43 08	2 48 08
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 44 07	2 49 07
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 44 59	2 49 59
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 46 28	2 51 28
Rosemary, G. Paget	5 47 30	2 52 30
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 22 the fleet started in a special class in the regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. at Potter's Cove, the times being: Start 1:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, B. Thayer	4 36 53	2 56 53
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	4 36 17	2 56 17
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 38 58	2 58 58
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	4 39 09	2 59 09
Musme, J. Macdonough	4 39 34	2 59 34
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 40 12	3 00 12
Dorothy, G. Paget	4 41 00	3 01 00
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 41 26	3 01 26

The race of Aug. 25 was for three cups of $100, $50 and $25, given by residents of Newport, the Brig Ledge course being sailed in a light and variable wind. Vaquero III. raced with a new suit of Ratsey canvas and won, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 33 31	2 47 31
Asahi, B. Thayer	5 33 20	2 48 20
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 34 30	2 49 30
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 37 14	2 52 14
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 42 37	2 57 37
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 45 01	3 00 01
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.	
Musme, J. Macdonough	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 26 the Brig Ledge course was again selected for the race for the Duryea cup, already won by Vaquero III., but offered again by Mr. Duryea, the wind being moderate S.E. Esperanza did very well during the early part of the race, but Vaquero III. again won. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.	5 27 18	2 52 18
Asahi	5 28 01	2 53 01
Esperanza	5 28 12	2 53 12
Wawa	5 30 50	2 55 50
Puck	5 32 30	2 57 30
Musme	Did not finish.	

The postponed race for the Morgan cup was sailed on Aug. 27 over the Dyer's Island course in a fresh S.W. wind. Vaquero made a poor start, but won on the windward work, the times being: Start. 2:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 13 15	2 33 15
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	5 14 02	2 34 02
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 15 35	2 35 35
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 15 40	2 35 40
Musme, J. Macdonough	5 16 24	2 36 04
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 19 39	2 39 39
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 20 42	2 40 42

The race of Aug. 29, over the Dyer's Island course, in a moderate S. wind, was for the Thayer cup, Mr. Thayer withdrawing Asahi; but Capt. Nat Watson went aboard Wawa and won with her. Puck again went ashore, and hung up until she was out of the race. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, J. A Stillman	5 27 47	2 47 47
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 28 40	2 48 40
Musme, J. Macdonough	5 29 40	2 49 40
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 31 50	2 51 50
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 32 27	2 52 27
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 24 a very interesting race was sailed by the 15-footers Osprey (a Herreshoff fin-keel, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.) and Ideal (owned by H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.). The course was from Brenton's Cove around the Jamestown and Bishop buoys, six miles, in a variable wind, making a reach over the course. Osprey made a poor start, but was very close to Ideal at the first mark; the other then left her and won easily, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ideal	3 18 00	4 30 36	1 12 36
Osprey	3 18 00	4 35 38	1 17 38

The prize was a gold cup offered by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

On Sept. 1 a sweepstakes race was sailed over the Brig Ledge course in a strong N.W. wind, the times being: Start 2:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	5 06 50	2 41 50
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 08 50	2 43 50
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 14 50	2 49 50

On Sept. 2 another sweepstakes race was sailed over the Dyer's Island course, the wind being strong from S.W. The run down wind was very even, Vaquero being first at the turn; on the wind Wawa and Puck did very good work. The times were: Start 2:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	4 43 10	2 11 10
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 43 30	2 11 30
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	4 44 07	2 12 07
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 46 08	2 14 08
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	4 46 40	2 14 40

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug 22.

THE third race of the Savin Hill Y. C. for the Damon cup was sailed on Aug. 29 in a fresh S.E. breeze, single reefs being in order. The times were:

	Corrected.
Flora, W. Burgess	1 12 54
Arab, W. T. Scott	1 15 59
Siko, J. E. Morbeth	1 16 20
Romance, L. Sears	1 19 21
Madcap, C. E. Main	1 22 13
Erverell, W. H. Lowe	1 30 15
Imp, L. A. Horton	1 31 26
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	1 38 09
Moya, G. L. Fitz	1 39 42
Mora, A. R. Howland	1 41 42
Heming, J. E. Scott	1 48 19
Wild Duck, W. T. Leach	2 02 13
Minx, G. D. Gilsbee	Withdrew.

Arab, Imp and Flora have each won a leg for the trophy, two wins being necessary to hold it permanently.

Beverly Y. C. Third Sweepstakes.

WEST FALMOUTH.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE recall of the postponed third open sweepstakes, 258th race, was had at West Falmouth, Aug. 29. Judges—S. G. King and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Course for special class, triangular, 17½ miles. For first and second classes, to windward and back, 12 miles. For third and fourth classes, to leeward and back, 9½ miles. Fifth class, to leeward and back, 4 miles.

There was a light N.E. air in the morning, but it died out, and at 12:30, the advertised time, there were breaths from six or eight directions within half a mile of judges' boat. Race was postponed for twenty minutes, when a light but steady S.E. breeze struck.

First leg down the wind showed Cero and Ashumet as near as possible quits, but once on the wind Cero took the lead and kept it reaching home. It was not an Ashumet day; on the other hand, Cero got becalmed near Wepeckut buoy.

In second class it was a close call between May King and Mist, the latter winning on allowance, while in third class Nobska beat Meiro by 6 seconds only.

Coquette led in fourth cats, with Elsa, who wants more wind, second. In fourth sloops, three men could hold Grilse up and she won by nearly 7 minutes. Sally and the little Herreshoff c. b. knockabout sailed a great race for second place, Sally winning by one second.

999 as usual beat in the fifth class.

Exit protests her own and Snipe II.'s measurement, leaving second prize in doubt in this class.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cero, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	39.00	3 50 24	3 49 21
Ashumet, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	34.08	4 06 50	3 59 19

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Little Peter, B. Y. C., W. G. Cotton	28.10	3 46 13	3 36 31
Falcon, B. Y. C., J. S. Russell	27.06	3 01 47	3 50 35

SECOND CLASS CATS.

May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	26.00	3 02 06	2 49 05
Mist, B. Y. C., Geo. H. Lyman	25.01	3 09 14	2 49 00
Uiula, Onset, N. H. Huckins, Jr.	26.00	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Nobska, Onset, H. Burgess	23.04	2 12 12	1 59 04
Meiro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.06	2 16 02	1 59 10
Colymbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor	21.06	2 17 26	2 03 04
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H. Davis	22.01	2 20 32	2 15 16

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	19.00	2 26 18	2 07 28
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	2 28 36	2 09 50
No Name, B. Y. C., C. Brewer	19.00	2 21 33	2 12 47
Smile, B. Y. C., L. Bacon	19.00	2 21 05	2 32 19

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	2 16 52	1 57 26
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	2 22 05	2 04 19
Edith, B. Y. C., C. M. Baker	18.07	2 23 45	2 04 30
Helrese, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	18.00	2 25 56	2 10 10
Turkey, B. Y. C., C. S. Dennison	16.04	2 32 10	2 13 45

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	0 50 05	0 39 13
Mongoose, B. Y. C., N. H. Emmons	15.00	0 55 37	0 45 45
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.04	1 58 54	. . .. ..
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	.....	1 01 09	. . .. ..

Winners: Special, Cero. Class 1, sloops, Little Peter. Class 2, cats, Mist. Class 3, cats, Nobska first, Meiro second. Class 4, cats, Coquette first, Elsa second. Class 4, sloops, Grilse first, Sally second, Edith third. Class 5, sloops, 999 first, Mongoose second.

FIRST OPEN RACE—MARBLEHEAD.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

The postponed 253th race, first open race, was sailed at Marblehead Aug. 29 off Corinthian Y. C. house by the courtesy of that club.

There was a good E.S.E. to S.E. breeze and the feature of the race was the work of Cock Robin and Ida J.

Latter is a first-class boat, but having no competitor assume length and won on allowance.

Cock Robin is a great credit even to Herreshoff. As a knockabout she has played with the class, and now with a jib and mainsail rig, but a small one, she sails round the racing machines.

Judges—F. E. Cabot, W. W. Keith.

Courses triangular: 10½ for special, 10 for second and knockabouts, 6¼ for third and fourth classes.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel F. Swift, G. E. Bruce	37.08	1 46 53	1 45 16
Ida J., F. E Bachman	30.00	1 50 08	1 43 08
Anaotok, Geo. G. Owen	31.08	1 50 29	1 44 44

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 52.03	1 39 01
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.09	1 54 07	1 40 48
Elvira, M. & N. S. Bartlett, Jr.	25.04	1 55 27	1 43 55
Marena, D. H. Follett	24.07	2 00 12	1 47 50

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Magpie, A. W. Stevens	19.10	1 31 49	1 19 48
Cleopatra, Henry M Faxon	21.02	1 32 16	1 21 39
Koorali, Com. Robbins	21.11	1 34 04	1 23 58
Niobe, W. C. Brackett	....	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	....	1 18 53	. . .. ..
Exit, W. H Higginson	22.07	1 22 30	1 13 05
Snipe II., E. A. Boardman	22.08	1 22 44	1 13 09
Wawanda, S. N. Small	19.11	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Bonita, C O. Hood	17.00	1 33 34	1 17 29
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 35 20	1 19 34
Coot, S. D. Hildreth	16.04	1 40 19	1 24 23
Luna, Farrell Durgee	17.05	1 43 49	1 28 15
Mephisto, J. Spratt	19.04	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

Bo Peep, L. W. Clark *et al*	....	1 54 16	. . .. ..
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	1 55 10	. . .. ..
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	....	1 55 55	. . .. ..
Mala, Everett Paine	....	2 00 07	. . .. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival	....	2 02 27	. . .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	....	2 00 51	. . .. ..
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	....	2 03 30	. . .. ..
Comet, J. A. Lawrence	....	2 07 10	. . .. ..
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	....	2 07 45	. . .. ..
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	....	2 09 06	. . .. ..
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	....	2 09 38	. . .. ..
Airuna, J. H. Lambert	....	2 09 54	. . .. ..

Winners: Special, Ida J.; second class cats, Rex first, Susie second; third class cats, Magpie first, Cleopatra second; third class jib and mainsails, Cock Robin; fourth class jib and mainsails, Bonita first, Circe second; knockabouts, Bo Peep first, Vishnu second, Water Lily third.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. ended its season on Aug. 22 with a race for the Hamilton trophy, won last year by Xania, the race being open to yachts in the A, 30ft. and 25ft. classes. The starters were: Xania, G. H. Duggan, owner and skipper; Chaperon, E. S. Clouston, owner; J. C. C. Almon, skipper; Rita, C. O. Clarke, owner and skipper; Valda, A. F. Riddell, owner and skipper; Coquette, Arthur Hamilton, owner and skipper; Waterwitch, James Paton, owner and skipper. The race was sailed in a light east wind, the times being:

Preparatory gun, 3:35; start, 3:40; course, A.:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Xania	3 40 00	5 40 45	2 00 45
Chaperon	3 40 00	5 49 10	2 09 10
Rita	3 40 00	6 08 08	2 28 08
Valda	3 40 00	6 17 12	2 37 12
Coquette	3 40 00	6 20 45	2 40 45
Waterwitch	3 40 00	Did not finish.	

Xania wins the cup permanently. She was designed by Mr. Duggan and built by St. Onge under his direct supervision.

Pine Lake Y. C.

PINE LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Pine Lake Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 22, the Dyer boat Friar winning easily. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Friar, Com. Robt. Nunnemacher	1 07 18	1 00 00
Frances, J. C. Iverson	1 07 27	1 04 10
Leona, Udo Doristan	1 10 40	1 05 08
Kismet, A. A. L. Smith	1 12 47	1 05 44
Nyack, Henry Niedecken	1 13 55	1 09 59
Edna, H. & M. Manegold	1 11 35	1 11 15
Henrietta, Geo. Brumder	1 17 26	1 16 05
Martha, John C. Koch	1 18 56	1 17 10

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE 105th regatta and third championship of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on Aug. 22 in a fresh S.W. wind, Reaper, Exit and several others carrying single reefs. The times were:

CLASS A.	Elapsed.	Allowed.	Corrected.
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman	1 27 20	....	1 27 20
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	1 29 34	1 00	1 28 34
Metric, J. G. Pain	1 32 37	4 00	1 28 34
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 31 15	2 00	1 29 15
Vagrant, W. H. Harvey	1 40 44	5 00	1 35 44
CLASS B.			
Itasca, C. B. Tucker	1 38 18	....	1 38 18
Niobe, A. Bracket	1 41 15	1 00	1 40 15
Comus, J. Kitredge	1 45 54	3 00	1 42 54
Edith, F. M. Wood	1 47 40	3 00	1 44 40
CLASS C—KNOCKABOUTS.			
Dorothy, F. Brewster	1 33 55	1 00	1 32 55
Sally, D. E. Pergival, Jr	1 35 31	1 00	1 34 31
Mona, E. Paine	1 37 40	3 00	1 34 40
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	1 38 20	2 00	1 36 20
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	1 36 30	....	1 36 30
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 42 27	5 00	1 37 27
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	1 43 25	4 00	1 39 25

SECOND CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	2 12 12	2 12 12
THIRD CLASS.			
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	....	2 01 12	. .. ..
Reaper, H. P. Reaper	24.01	2 07 30	. .. ..
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.04	2 15 22	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Koorali, R. S. Robbins	23.10	1 25 22	1 25 22
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	22.04	1 27 07	1 25 55
Egeria, R. Tucker	23.05	1 30 06	1 29 48

The Herreshoff knockabout, Cock Robin, sailed in this race as a jib and mainsail boat.

On Aug. 29 the postponed open regatta was sailed in a light wind from E. by S., the times being:

FIRST CLASS—25 TO 30FT. L.W.L.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ida J	10 05 00	12 03 23	1 58 23
Barnacle	10 05 00	12 21 37	2 16 37
SECOND CLASS—21FT. AND NOT OVER 25FT. L.W.L.			
Rex	10 10 00	12 28 15	2 18 15
Susie	10 10 00	12 31 32	2 21 32
Marina	10 10 00	12 33 13	2 23 13
Metric	10 10 00	12 36 16	2 26 16
THIRD CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Cock Robin	10 15 00	12 08 15	1 58 15
Snipe II	10 15 00	12 15 40	2 00 40
Exit	10 15 00	12 21 10	2 06 10
Mephisto	10 15 00	12 36 22	2 21 22
Natoye	10 15 00	12 40 56	2 25 56
FOURTH CLASS—KNOCKABOUTS.			
Bo Peep	10 20 00	12 25 38	2 05 38
La Chica	10 20 00	12 27 39	2 07 39
Sally	10 20 00	12 27 43	2 07 43
Water Lily	10 20 00	12 29 52	2 09 52
Vishnu	10 20 00	12 31 09	2 11 09
Airuna	10 20 00	12 32 28	2 12 28
Mai	10 20 00	12 33 56	2 13 56
Mayona	10 20 00	12 34 05	2 14 15
Dorothy	10 20 00	12 35 32	2 15 32
FIFTH CLASS—CATBOATS 18FT. AND UNDER 21FT. L.W.L.			
Cleopatra	10 25 00	12 26 57	2 01 57
Magpie	10 25 00	12 31 16	2 06 16
Egeria	10 25 00	12 38 39	2 13 39
Edith	10 25 00	12 50 41	2 25 41
Koorali	.. .. ..	Did not finish.	
SIXTH CLASS—YACHTS UNDER 18FT.			
Circe	10 30 00	12 24 52	1 54 52
Crab	10 30 00	12 39 56	2 09 56
Luna	10 30 00	12 44 17	2 14 17
Swallow	.. .. ..	Withdrew.	
SEVENTH CLASS—DORIES NOT OVER 17FT. L.W.L.			
Faith	10 35 00	12 45 34	2 10 34
Sylvia	10 35 00	12 52 47	2 17 47
Pauline	10 35 00	12 52 52	2 17 52
Hope	10 35 00	12 54 12	2 19 12
Oswego	10 35 00	12 58 52	2 23 52
Madeline	10 35 00	12 59 10	2 24 10
Lillian	10 35 00	Did not finish.	

Winners: First class, Ida J. $30; second class, Rex $30, Marena $10; third class, Cock Robin $20, Snipe II. $10, Exit $5; fourth class, Bo Peep $20, La Chica $15, Sally $10, Water Lily $5; fifth class, Cleopatra $15, Magpie $10, Egeria $5; sixth class, Circe $12, Coot $8, Luna $4; seventh class, Faith $7, Sylvia $5, Pauline $3, Ho; e $3.

The committee included Messrs. Geo. W. Mansfield, W. W. Keith and Arthur G. Wood.

Manchester Y. C. Open Race.

MANCHESTER, MASS.—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Friday, Aug. 28.

THE open race of the Manchester Y. C., after one postponement, was sailed on Aug. 28 in a moderate east wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.09	1 47 55	1 21 02
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	24.11	1 51 28	1 25 39
Marena, D. H. Follett	24.04	2 02 21	1 36 06
CLASS A.			
Snipe II., Boardman Bros	22.06	1 42 41	1 14 25
Exit, A. H. Higginson	22.10	1 45 51	1 18 11
CLASS B.			
Magpie, A. Stevens	19.10	1 52 43	1 21 48
Egeria, R. Tucker	20.02	1 57 00	1 26 26
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	21.11	1 58 19	1 28 36
Monsoon, A. D. Nute	20.10	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Mephisto, A. J. Blethen	19.04	1 38 20	1 09 41
Natoye, A. C. Usher	20.09	1 48 12	1 19 48
Yankee Maid, E. Stanley	19.04	1 47 12	1 23 38
FOURTH CLASS.			
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 27 18	1 00 39
Coot, A. Brown	16.04	1 31 44	1 04 59
Pauline, W. Bain	17.06	1 49 00	1 23 32
Luna, S. D. Hildreth	17.00	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Bo Peep, F. O. North	....	1 46 46	. .. ..
Water Lily, Sears Bros	....	1 49 59	. .. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr	....	1 55 47	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	....	1 56 52	. .. ..
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	1 59 42	. .. ..
Maia, E. Paine	....	2 04 54	. .. ..
Airuna, Lambert Bros	....	2 05 20	. .. ..
Comet, J. A. Lawrence	....	Withdrew.	

Snipe II. was formerly known as Apukwa when owned by E. E. Tafft, but has been renamed by her new owners, Messrs. Boardman. She was designed and built by Arthur Dyer, of Deephaven, Minn.

Revere Y. C. Open Regatta.

REVERE, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE first open regatta of the Revere Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 22, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger	2 30 00	4 27 13	1 57 13	1 27 38
SECOND CLASS.				
Satanic	2 35 00	4 27 40	1 42 40	1 04 17
Trouble	2 35 00	5 18 30	2 43 30	1 55 41
Alma	2 35 00	4 39 41	2 04 41	1 27 51
Torment	2 35 00	4 58 37	2 23 37	1 48 15
THIRD CLASS.				
Arab	2 40 00	4 11 50	1 31 50	0 58 41
Alison	2 40 00	4 12 07	1 32 07	1 03 21
Wawinda	2 40 00	4 13 19	1 33 19	1 02 29
Nemo	2 40 00	4 37 59	1 57 59	1 27 27
FOURTH CLASS.				
Alpine	2 45 00	4 20 10	1 35 10	1 01 18
Fantasy	2 45 00	4 24 53	1 39 53	1 04 28
Coot	2 45 00	4 26 14	1 81 14	1 05 24
Sunbeam	Disabled.			
Try	Disabled.			

The winners are: Satanic $10, Alma $5, Torment $3; Arab $10, Alison $5, Wawinda $3; Alpine $10, Fantasy $5, Coot $3.

Newburyport Regattas.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—NEWBURYPORT HARBOR.

American Y. C., Monday, Aug. 17. Newburyport Y. C., Aug. 18.

TWO RACES were sailed at Newburyport on Aug. 17-18, the first under the management of the American Y. C., the second under that of the Newburyport Y. C. The first was sailed in a reefing breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 55 30	1 27 46
Ida J., E. E. Beckman	29.04	1 57 35	1 29 47
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	26.05	2 14 39	1 42 05
Elf, Southard *et al.*	25.00	2 22 40	1 50 36
Wilhelmina, M. E. Priest	29.11	2 20 27	1 53 00
Hazard, Thompson & Hale	25.01	2 26 35	1 29 47
SECOND CLASS.			
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 21 00	0 51 07
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	24.09	1 29 38	1 00 31
Adolph, A. H. Mock	22.03	1 32 26	1 00 33
Mavis, Smoethen *et al.*	21.01	1 39 55	1 06 44
Ariel, A. Gorby	21.00	1 44 55	1 06 28
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	24.08	1 41 08	1 11 58
Offit, D. Elman	24.10	1 44 08	1 15 06
Vixen, G. M. Murphy	21.10	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 12 04	0 43 04
Mephisto, C. J. Blethen	19.04	1 12 11	0 44 35
Spirit, Kenney & Walsh	19.10	1 15 45	0 48 40
Rudy, Jr., B. Jacoby	18.07	1 20 37	0 52 12
Rogue, H. McKinnon	18.09	1 17 33	0 49 19
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.06	1 11 46	0 40 47
Lima, S. D. Hildreth	16.01	1 14 23	0 43 49
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 13 56	0 42 50
Coot, A. E. Brown	16.04	1 15 30	0 44 26
Wirtena, F. K. Wyman	16.02	1 21 53	0 50 26
DORIES.			
Folly, D. H. Woodbury	....	. .. ..	1 02 51
Trilby, F. H. Menton	....	. .. ..	1 03 20
Vinora, H. H. Harris	....	. .. ..	1 05 11
Go Ahead, Joseph Trent	....	. .. ..	1 05 22
Half Shell, A. Dyar	....	. .. ..	1 07 47
William McKinnon, T. House	....	. .. ..	1 08 32
Good Luck, Al True	....	. .. ..	1 08 52
Lena, William Farrell	....	. .. ..	1 14 00
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Hattie G., G. E. Vivian	....	. .. ..	1 04 27
June, W. H. Vivian	....	. .. ..	1 03 57
Emily, A. Cote	....	. .. ..	1 06 00
Alice, H. Kelley	....	. .. ..	1 06 53
Petus, F. Cote	....	. .. ..	1 07 42

Fantasy was disqualified on protest from Circe for not turning all the marks.

On Tuesday there was a strong southerly breeze and sea; the yachts started but, some turned the wrong buoys, the first and second classes making no race. The others were timed:

THIRD CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 45 30	1 16 30
Tautog	20.05	1 54 22	1 27 54
Spirit, J. P. Walsh	19.10	1 55 15	1 26 10
Louisa, S. W. Clement	18.11	2 01 04	1 32 01
FOURTH CLASS.			
Coot, A. Brown	16.04	1 51 47	1 20 34
Alpine	Withdrew.		

Eastern Y. C. Open Races.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Aug. 18-19.

THE Eastern Y. C. sailed two open races for the knockabouts and 30-footers on Aug. 18-19. There was a moderate sea and a fresh breeze on the first day and a good race was sailed, but in the 30ft. class there was trouble over a missing mark, the race being finally given to Handsel with Anoatok second. Cock Robin easily won in the knockabout class. The times were:

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.	Time.
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	1 26 00
Anoatok, G. Owen, Jr	1 28 45
Katona, Oliver Ames, 3d	Withdrew.
Cero. W. E. C. Eustis	Disabled.
Zeruah, G. C. Curtis	Withdrew.
Mabel F. Swift, George Brewer	Withdrew.
KNOCKABOUTS.	
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	2 00 20
Tautog, W. O Gay	2 02 05
Bo Peep, Clark & North	2 03 27
Water Lily, H. M Sears	2 03 46
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs	2 05 48
Torpedo, A. J. Souther	2 05 52
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr	2 07 01
Vishna, C. F. Ayer	2 09 55
La Chica, C. V. Souther	2 10 24
Dorothy, F. Brewster	2 12 25
Bonita	2 12 56
Airuna, Lambert Bros	2 21 48
Comet, A. Lawrence	2 22 12
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	Disabled.
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	Withdrew.

With a N.W. wind the next day the water was smooth and a very good race was sailed, the times being:

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis	3 20 15	3 18 33
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	3 20 48	3 14 00
Anoatok, G. Owens, Jr	3 20 21	3 15 16
Katonah, O. Ames, 3d	3 32 30	3 29 30
Mabelle F. Swift, G. Bruce	3 38 59	3 38 59
KNOCKABOUTS.		
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	2 01 30	. .. ..
Bo Peep, L. M. Clark	2 03 57	. .. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival	2 04 34	. .. ..
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs	2 04 39	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	2 04 57	. .. ..
Dorothy, F. Brewster	2 05 22	. .. ..
Tautog, W. O. Gay	2 05 34	. .. ..
Comet, A. Lawrence	2 06 17	. .. ..
Torpedo, A. J. Souther	2 06 17	. .. ..
Maia, E. Paine	2 06 27	. .. ..
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 13 30	. .. ..

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed a special regatta on Aug. 22 over courses on Gravesend and New York bays. Martha M. broke her gaff and withdrew and Louise was disqualified after the finish for making a wrong start. The times were:

CLASS 1—OPEN CATS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rosalie, Mr. Bowles	24.0	1 18 53	1 18 53
Martha M., R. B. Moore	19.1	Did not finish.	
CLASS 2—CABIN CATBOATS.			
Acorn, Commodore Morgan	28.0	2 33 20	2 26 47
Louise, Vice-C. Sherwood	31.0	2 23 41	Disqualified.
Jean, B. Johnson	26.6	Did not finish.	
CLASS 3—SLOOPS 42FT. AND OVER.			
Gael, C. H. Simonson	44.0	2 37 35	2 37 35
Poco, Dr. Scofield	21.0	3 04 27	2 46 45
Portia, — Erdeman	40.0	Did not finish.	
E. J. B., E. J. Bates	23.0	Did not finish.	

Great South Bay Y. C.

PATCHOGUE—GREAT SOUTH BAY, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE eighth annual regatta of the Great South Bay Y. C. was sailed off Sayville, L. I., on Aug. 29, the winners being:

Sloops, Class A—First, Defiance, C. W. Baker, Patchogue; second, Aglain, D. F. Hutchinson, Hempstead.

Class C—First, Jean, William Murray, G. S. B. Y. C.; second, White Flyer, W. W. Nye, G. S. B. Y. C.

Catboats, Class I.—First, Squaw, H. S. Jewell, G. S. B. Y. C.; second Mabel, C. H. Southward, H. Y. C.

Class II.—First, Beulah, F. C. Southard, H. B. Y. C.; second, Short Acres, W. C. F. Smith, G. S. B. Y. C.

Class III.—First, Little John, J. R. Suydam, S. S. S. Y. C.; second, Lottie, R. Brower, Keystone Y. C.

Class IV.—First, Cecilia, H. O. Walton, Westhampton Y. C.; second, Josie, R. B. Roosevelt, Jr., G. S. B. Y. C.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Aug. 22, 29.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed the first of a series of handicap races on Aug. 22 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Odd Fellow	0 59 00	0 55 00
Natoye	1 00 45	0 56 45
Sarsacus	1 04 20	1 00 20
Brenda	1 04 45	1 00 45
Blue Bell	1 16 08	1 09 08
Swampscott	1 18 32	1 11 32
CLASS B.		
Faith	0 39 12	0 39 12
Pauline	0 41 43	0 39 43
Ben My Chree	0 42 40	0 40 40
Fox	0 43 55	0 41 55
Hope	0 43 20	0 43 20
Bittern	0 53 35	0 45 35
Witch	0 52 10	0 49 10
Agnes	0 56 15	0 51 15
Owego	0 52 18	0 50 18
Hera	0 48 56	0 45 56

The second race of the series was sailed on Aug. 29 in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

CLASS A.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Odd Fellow, Curtis	0 54 30	0 50 30
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	0 54 48	0 49 48
Natoye, A. C. Usher	0 55 30	0 50 30
Bee, Macomber	1 06 15	0 58 15
Blue Bell, Schofield	1 11 50	1 06 50
CLASS B.		
Madeline, B. Patey	0 36 05	0 34 05
Ben My Chree, Stewart	0 36 09	0 34 09
Pauline, W. Bain	0 37 13	0 35 13
Faith, W. Chamberlain	0 35 25	0 35 25
Hope, L. Whiting	0 36 05	0 36 05
Fox, E. Cropley	0 39 02	0 37 02
Gwaska, E. Remick	0 41 50	0 38 50
Alma, J. Bailey	0 42 00	0 39 00
Blackie, W. B. Stearns	0 43 10	0 39 10
Agnes, A. Schofield	0 47 23	0 42 23

The judges were G. B. Humphrey, W. G. Brown, H. L. Broughton.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Aug. 22, 29.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 22 in a light south wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.	Corrected.
In It, R. B. Williams	1 08 25
Heron, Eliot Stoddard	1 11 45
Quamino, F. H. Pratt	1 20 25
15-FOOTERS.	
Swallow, John Richardson	1 15 30
Scooter, James Dean	1 16 10
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 17 45
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 18 45
Mungo, E. F. Willcutt	1 19 50
Bee, Alanson Bigelow, Jr	1 20 00
Blink, F. H. Pratt	1 20 30
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 20 40

On Aug. 29 there was a fresh S.E. wind, giving a very good race. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.	Corrected.
In It, R. B. Williams	1 21 13
Heron, Eliot Stoddard	1 24 01
Quamino, Fred Pratt	1 30 14
Petrel	1 26 15
15-FOOTERS.	
Swallow, John Richardson	1 26 55
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 30 10
Mungo, E. F. Willcutt	1 32 10
Scooter, James Dean	1 32 18
Bee, Alanson Bigelow, Jr	1 32 25
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 32 30
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 35 01

Lake Geneva and Oconomowoc.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—As a result of the friendly rivalry in yachting which has long existed between the Lake Geneva Y. C., of Lake Geneva, and the Oconomowoc, of Lac La Belle, Wis., a series of three match races were arranged between Mr. Julian M Rumsey's Lorna, of the former club, and a three-time winner of the Sheridan prize, and Corsair, owned by Mr. Wm. Hale Thompson, of the Oconomowoc Y. C. These races were sailed on Lake Geneva, under the auspices of the Lake Geneva Y. C., which also provided a handsome trophy.

Both boats are sandbaggers of the most approved fashion. Lorna, which was built by Willis, in 1886, has a long list of victories to her credit, both on Long Island Sound and Lake Geneva. Corsair is a more recent production, and was designed and built by the well-known builder, Mr. John Cornwall, at Port Washington, N. Y.

But two races were necessary, Lorna winning both, and these were sailed Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28 and 29.

Friday there was a fair breeze from the S.W. Following is a summary of the race:

	Start.	Upper Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lorna	11 02 00	12 46 48	1 59 40	2 43 43	2 46 40
Corsair	11 02 00	Capsized.			

Before reaching the upper mark Corsair, with sandbags and crew well out to windward, was struck by a sudden slant of wind, which, aided by the weight of men and bags, threw her down to windward till she filled and capsized.

The summary of the second race is as follows:

	Start.	Upper Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lorna	11 01 00	12 31 08	1 31 09	2 30 09	2 34 45
Corsair	11 01 00	12 39 04	1 43 48	2 42 48	2 43 42

The course is 14 miles.

The judges were: Com. Ferd. Peck, of the Oconomowoc Y. C.; Rear-Com. E. W. Marsh, Lake Geneva Y. C., and Mr. N. K. Fairbank.

New Jersey Athletic Club—Ellsworth Cup.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, Aug 29.

THE yachting department of the New Jersey Athletic Club sailed the third race of the series for the Ellsworth cup on Aug. 29 over a 10-mile course on Newark Bay below the bridge. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iroquois	2 53 20	4 46 24	1 53 04	1 26 24
Doctor	2 53 30	4 58 02	2 04 32	1 26 58
Chip	2 55 00	5 05 26	2 10 26	1 30 46
Drift	2 51 00	4 55 49	2 04 49	1 30 59
Henrietta	2 50 40	4 56 47	2 06 07	1 31 46
Yankee Boy	2 51 15	4 55 47	2 04 32	1 34 12
Volage	2 51 22	4 55 15	2 03 53	Not meas.
Flirt	2 50 15	4 58 18	2 08 03	Not meas.
P D Q	2 51 22	Disabled, did not finish.		

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Races.

THE following table gives the complete result of the races at the A. C. A. meet, a most favorable showing as compared with the last two years. The results of these previous years have been discouraging, and of a nature to prevent the building and racing of new canoes; but there is evident this year a marked turn of the tide that promises a renewed interest in the racing. It is tolerably certain that Mr. Butler will have a new canoe next year, and not be caught napping, as this season; up to the last moment, there was no indication of a new canoe, and the Vesper fleet—Bug, Bee and Wasp—had proved itself quite good enough for existing boats. Mab was raced within a month of the time when she was ordered, nothing was known of Mr. Archbald's intention of building, and no effort was made by other canoe sailors to meet him

A. C. A. RACES, 1896.

Events Nos. 20, 21 and 26 have no starters.

CANOE.	OWNER.	CLUB.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	22	23	24	25	27	28	29	30	31
Bug	Paul Butler	Vesper					3	2		D			2																	
Wasp	Butler Ames	Vesper					5	5		6			3																	
Bee	J. A. Gage	Vesper					8	6		4			6																	
Pioneer	F. C. Moore	New York					2	3	1	5			1																1	
Bud	H. H. Smythe	New York					W		W							W													
Paddle	J. E. Plummer	New York				5										1	2	5							4				
Torment	J. C. Mowbray	New York					10	D	2									2	5									2	
Kismet	W. M. Brownell	New York											W																
Kitt	L. H. May	New York						W					W		1													4	
Lassta	Mrs. J. E. Plummer	New York																				1	4						1
	Mrs. C. V. Schuyler	New York																				2							
Gull	H. D. McVean	Irondequoit					11	W				W	11																
As Is and Seville	J. R. Stewart	Irondequoit	1	3	1				D	8		1		1												2	3		
Garganey	A. M. Lindsay	Irondequoit	5	5									W			W									3				
Kite	C. P. Moser	Irondequoit	2	2								D	W												1		4		
Seville	Miss M. Stewart	Irondequoit																				2	2	1					3
Eclipse	F. L. Dunnell	Brooklyn					7	5	3	3			11	3														3	
Random	W. N. Stanley	Brooklyn											W		3														
Beta	Thos. Hale, Jr	Yonkers	4	4	2					W			9					3			4					4	3		D	
Chiquita	D. Goodsell	Yonkers					9	W		D			7																
Bo Peep	E M Underhill	Yonkers														C													
Foggy Dew	R. L. Quick	Yonkers					6	7		2			5															W	
Hardbuck	E. H. Holbrook	Yonkers																							W				
Zaidee	H. M. Stewart	Rochester					4	4				2	4																
	W. H. Burtis	Rochester													4														
Mab	C. E Archbald	Royal Canadian Y.C.					1	1		1	1																		
Eel	J W. Sparrow	Toronto	3	1				W										4		1									
	R. O. King	Toronto				2												2	1	2	1	2			1	W	1			
	G. A. Howells	Toronto																	4	1					2				
Spitfire	W. M. Clark	Peoria										C																	
Osceola	A. W. McAdams	Wawbewawa																							4				
Bee II	F. R. Gilbert	Brockville								9	2				2														
	M. D Wilt	Red Dragon																3											
Wish	D'Arcy Scott	Ottawa				3													1		3				3		W	2	
Sunbeam	Miss L Scott	Ottawa																				1	2	2					
Crescent	C. Cartwright	Catasaqui								W	W																		
	J. M. Mowatt	Catasaqui																	3	2						C			
Zarb	R. E. Burns	Catasaqui																	3	2						W			
	C. V. Winnie	Mohican																										W	
Star	W. C. Noack	Detroit				1												4											
	J. W. MacKendrick																							3					
Bagheera	A. A. Conger	Governeur																		1						5		1	
	H. McDougall																	1	3	1	W					2			
	F. A. C. Bickerdike	Lachine				4											1		1	2						1			
	R Bickerdike	Lachine																	4										
	Edwards																									3			
	Britton																				2								
	Miss Smith																						1	5					
	Miss Wilkinson																						3	3					
Oneto	W. M Carpenter	Shattemuc																						5					
	Miss Swift																												1

with a new boat. It is probable that next season will see several new racing canoes in the sailing division, while the victory of a Western paddler, and in a peculiar position, must awaken the rivalry of the East and Canada. While the entries were but few in number in many of the events, nearly thirty races took place, and the interest in them was not confined to a few experts, but was very general throughout the camp.

In our description of Mab last week we neglected to mention that all of her deck fittings are of rawhide; instead of blocks she has plain brass thimbles secured by a loop of rawhide to a base of the same material, which is screwed to the deck. How this works when saturated with water we do not know, but as long as it is protected by varnish and dry it is hard, strong and light.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

THE annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association was held last week on the range at Sea Girt, where these annual meetings have always been held, and where the Association has an elegant club house and ranges second to none. There was a large attendance of shooters, and as a natural result the interstate events were of exceptional interest.

The New Jersey organization has become the possessor of several trophies owing to the decease of the National Rifle Association, the latter organization when it went out of existence handing over to the New Jersey Association trophies which were shot for at the annual meeting of the national body.

All the arrangements for shooting off the long list of events scheduled for this meeting were as perfect as could be desired. The officers of the Association are: President, Hon. John W. Griggs; Vice-Presidents, Gen. Wm. C. Heppenheimer, Gen. P Farmer Wanser and Wm. Hayes; Treasurer and Executive Officer, Gen. Bird W. Spencer; Secretary and Statistical Officer, Capt. DeLancy G. Walker; Assistant Secretary and Manager, Lieut. Albert S. Jones.

The sharpshooters were treated well by the weather, that on the last day being about the worst of the whole meeting.

FIRST DAY—SEPT. 1.

The marksmen got to work early this morning, and from the start, which was about 8 A. M., there was no break in the firing until darkness put an end to shooting for the day. The strong northwest wind which was blowing in the early morning hours threatened to make trouble for the riflemen, but this proved not to be the case.

There were five events set down on the programme for to-day, but only two were brought to a conclusion, the company team match and the carbine team match. The first was won by the first team of Company A, Engineer Corps, D C., with the large total of 433. The first battalion, Georgia Infantry, was second with 430. The conditions of this race were 5 men to a team, 10 shots per man, at 200 and 500yds. range. Below are the scores in this event:

Co. A, Engineer Corps, D. C., 1st team.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Sergt Scott	40	49—89	
Corp Wetherald	37	46—83	
Pvt Appleby	37	48—85	
Pvt Cook	44	49—93	
Lieut Graham	43	46—89	
			433

Co. A, Engineer Corps, D. C., 2d Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Corp Pollard	41	44—85	
Corp Scott	44	36—80	
Sergt Dickey	41	40—81	
Corp Albertie	39	41—80	
Lieut Hutterly	43	41—84	
			409

First Battalion, Georgia Infantry.

Capt Cann	38	48—86	
Lieut Wilson	39	44—83	
Pvt Richmond	40	45—85	
Pvt Austin	44	44—88	
Pvt Wilson	44	44—88	
			430

Co. B, Twelfth New York.

Lieut Stibbins	42	44—86	
Sergt Smith	39	40—79	
Pvt Van Houssen	38	39—77	
Pvt Byers	37	36—73	
Pvt Eagan	40	43—83	
			398

Georgia Hussars.*

Pvt Nelson	40	36—76	
Sergt Hunter	40	30—70	
Sergt Harrison	41	47—88	
Capt Eichberg	44	40—84	
Capt Postell	42	38—80	
			398

Co. A, Seventh New York.

Capt Jansen	41	45—86	
Corp Conroy	42	41—83	
Pvt Darling	38	34—72	
Pvt Ford	35	42—77	
Pvt Green	39	19—58	
			376

* Fifteen points allowed for carbines, making total score 413.

Troop B, Georgia Volunteers: Sergeant Brown 79, Private Walker 76, Private Padgett 73, Private Daniels 92, Private Bantoen 62—382.

Company A, Sixth Battalion, D. C: Sergeant McClane 77, Corporal Whitacre 76, Sergeant Groome 72, Corporal Wilcox 66, Private Bush 65—356.

Company B, Sixth Battalion, D. C.: Private Buell 78, Private Bell 73, Sergeant Davenport 70, Private Kirk 69, Capt. Tomlinson 63—353.

First Troop, New Jersey (four men): Private Beck 84, Private Agans 80, Private Parker 76, Private Philips 64 (allowed 30 points for carbines) —304.

Second Separate Company, D. C.: Capt. Wiggins 57, Private Campbell 56, Lieut. Sorrels 51, Private Eggleston 49, Corporal Eckstein 47—260.

Company C, First Battery, D. C.: Private Wilkinson 65, Private Ralligan 59, Private Allison 44, Lieut. Lee 43, Private Drummond 14—217.

The Georgia riflemen, who lost the above match by 3 points, took their revenge in the Carbine team match, a team representing the Georgia Hussars, winning the contest with a score of 223. The conditions were: five men to a team, 7 shots each at 200 and 500yds. The scores were:

Georgia Hussars.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Pvt Nelson	38	30—68	
Sergt Hunter	37	28—65	
Sergt Harrison	39	37—76	
Capt Eichberg	38	30—68	
Capt Postell	35	30—65	
			223

Troop B, Georgia.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Brown	37	19—46	
Padgett	38	30—68	
Daniels	39	26—65	
Bantoen	37	24—61	
Walker	34	15—39	
			239

First Troop, New Jersey.

Pvt Beck	29	29—58	
Phillips	45	27—52	
Parker	23	27—50	
Agens	27	22—49	
Bryant	27	25—52	
			261

Troop A, District of Columbia.

Sergt Fitzgerald	26	22—48	
Trumpeter Carroll	27	26—53	
Pvt Brown	21	13—34	
Pvt Taylor	15	16—31	
Pvt Green	35	20—45	
			211

Squadron A, New York.

Sergt Sayre	25	12—37	
Sergt Reed	16	24—40	
Sergt Barry	28	20—48	

Pvt West 18 25—43
Sergt Claiborn 19 14—33
201

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 2.

Among the more important events decided to-day was the Interstate team match. This event was won by the Georgians with a total of 1,048; the Massachusetts men were second with 1,080, the District of Columbia team having to be content with third place and a score of 1,022. The scores were:

	200yds.	500yds.	
Georgia	517	531—1048	
Massachusetts	513	517—1080	
District of Columbia	516	506—1022	
Pennsylvania	499	493— 992	
New Jersey	479	488— 967	

THIRD DAY, SEPT. 3.

To-day was not a good one for large scores, a 20-miles-an-hour wind sweeping over the ranges. The force of the wind would not have been so fatal to high scoring had it been steady; it came, however, in gusts that knocked out all previous calculations as to correct windage.

The Hilton trophy contest was the chief event on the programme, and the closing scenes in this contest will not be easily forgotten. The teams representing the District of Columbia and the State of Georgia were in the lead, and the final rounds at the 600yds. range were watched with the most intense interest. The match closed with the two teams tied for first place with scores of 1,910 each. The District of Columbia team were declared the winners, as its score of 833 at the 600yds. range was 9 points better than that made by the Georgia men at the same distance. Below are the conditions under which the Hilton trophy is shot for, and the scores made at the various distances by the teams that took part in the contest:

Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of twelve from the army of the United States, the United States Navy, the National Guard or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia; also the regular army, the militia, the volunteers, and the navy of any country. The prize is a trophy presented by the Hon. Henry Hilton of New York, valued at $3,000; also a medal to each member of the winning team.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Pennsylvania	291	283	320	974
District of Columbia	317	260	333	1,010
Massachusetts	304	260	325	989
Georgia	316	370	324	1,010
New Jersey	291	349	306	946

The Regimental Interstate team match was won by the Georgia men, the First Battalion, Georgia Infantry, making the score of 1,594; the Engineer Corps, District of Columbia, was second with 1,554, and the First Pennsylvania third with 1,423. The scores in this match were:

Regimental Interstate Team Match—First prize, interstate trophy, $100; second, $50.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Skirmish.	Total.
Third New Jersey	214	188	660	1,289
Engineer Corps, District of Columbia	249	243	1,072	1,564
Sixth New Jersey	204	188	762	1,154
First Battalion, Georgia Infantry	255	262	1,077	1,594
Governor's Horse Guards, Atlanta	198	177	717	1,089
Second New Jersey	246	225	857	1,328
Second Regiment, Dist. of Columbia	216	223	883	1,322
First Pennsylvania	239	237	946	1,422
First Regiment, District of Columbia	216	184	874	1,274
Twelfth Pennsylvania	223	224	772	1,219
Third Pennsylvania	202	199	910	1,311

The New Jersey National Guard shoot for two special prizes, open only to teams of the National Guard of the above State. The first of these contests was the Columbia trophy, the trophy and a medal to each man on the winning team being the prizes offered. The Second Regiment won the trophy with the score of 1,948, as below.

Columbia trophy for New Jersey National Guard only. Prize, Columbia trophy and a medal to each member of the winning team:

	200yds.	500yds.	500yds. Skirmish.	T'l.
Third Regiment	151	141	660	1,253
Seventh Regiment	157	135	823	1,473
Sixth Regiment	158	152	760	1,922
Second Regiment	171	160	857	1,948

The second of these special contests was for the New Jersey National Guard trophy. The Second Regiment were again the winners, scoring 1,515; the Third Regiment was 80 points behind them with a score of 1,395.

New Jersey National Guard match. Prize, the New Jersey National Guard trophy and $50; second prize $45, and a medal to each member of the winning team:

	200yds.	500yds.	Skirmish.	T'l.
Seventh Regiment	214	104	682	1,240
Third Regiment	215	210	850	1,288
Sixth Regiment	205	208	762	1,175
Second Regiment	230	228	857	1,815

FOURTH DAY, SEPT. 4.

This was a New York day on the range at Sea Girt. Sergt. Dolan, of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., captured the prize in the President's match, and with it won the title of military champion of the United States. He won his honor by the scanty margin of 3 points, Sergt. Huddleson, of Massachusetts, and Pvt. Austin, of Georgia, tieing for second place with scores of 89 each against Sergt. Dolan's score of 92. The first stage of the contest is 10 shots each at 200 and 500yds; the five best scores in this stage being entitled to shoot in the second stage at 500 and 600yds., 10 shots at each distance. The five men entitled to shoot in the second stage were the three above named and Lieut. F. C Wilson, of Georgia, and Lieut. Young, of Company A, Engineer Corps, D C. Lieut. Wilson made the high score of 92 at the first stage and shot up well in the 500yds. series, but fell down on the 600yds. range. Last year's winner was Sergt. Boyle, also of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. N. Y. The scores in this match made by the five high men in the first stage were:

	First Stage. 200yds.	500yds.	Total.	Second Stage. 500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Dolan	41	45	86	47	45	92
Huddleson	42	45	87	47	42	89
Young	42	45	87	38	39	77
Wilson	46	46	92	47	39	86
Austin	42	45	87	47	42	89

In the contest to-day for the Hayes medal, Capt. George T. Cann, of Georgia, took a firm grip on the medal with a clean score of 70, making 14 bullseyes in succession, as well as two more bulls as sighting shots. This contest was 7 shots at 500yds. and 7 at 600yds. Capt. Cann's score is a record for this range.

FIFTH DAY, SEPT. 5.

This was the worst day of the week for good scores. A strong wind, amounting at times almost to a gale, blew in from the sea and made accurate work at the longer ranges something that was almost impossible.

The honors of the day rested with Capt. George Cann, of Georgia, who won the Wimbledon cup with a total score of 109. The conditions of this contest were 20 shots at 1,000yds., any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed, any position without artificial rest. Capt. Cann shot one of the Winchester military rifles; Ferd Van Dyke, who represented the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. at Sea Girt, being much tickled thereat. Military rifles received a handicap of 18 points, special military rifles a handicap of 6 points. The following were the scores:

Wimbledon Cup Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. Distance, 1,000yds.; 20 shots. Weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee, $2. Eighteen-point handicap for military rifles; 6-point handicap for special military rifles.

	Score.	Handicap.	Total.
Geo H Harries, Washington	73	0	73
Lieut S S Steabins, 19th Regt, New York	61	18	79
Chas P Frey, New York	60	0	60
Colin B Wise, Passaic	0	0	0
Sergt John Cowie, 12th Regt, New York	92	6	98
Capt J C Postell, 1st Cavalry, Georgia	53	18	71
Capt G T Cann, Georgia Volunteers	103	6	109
Col Cecil Clay, Washington	52	18	70
Sergt W W Cookson, Washington	68	6	74
Lieut F C Wilson, Georgia	99	0	99

The New York *Recorder* speaks of the revolver matches at Sea Girt as championship affairs. Of course all this is foolish, and neither the contestants nor management make any such claim. There has only been one championship for revolver shooting in the United States—the Winans Trophy contest, held under the management of FOREST AND STREAM—and there is only one champion, Capt. Wm. E. Petty.

The following is a brief resume of the week's work:

Members' match: Open only to members of the New Jersey State Association; 300yds., standing, 7 shots, any military rifle. Winner, General Inspector of Rifle Practice B. W. Spencer.

Kuser badge: Open to all; any military rifle, 500yds., 7 shots, 3 scores to count. 1st prize, Private Austin, Georgia, with score of 104; 2d prize, Sergt. Huddleson, Massachusetts, score of 100; 3d prize, J. H. Keough, score of 99.

All-comers' military match: Open to all; 7 shots at 200 and 300yds., any military rifle adopted or issued by any State. 1st prize, Lieut. F. C. Wilson, Georgia; 2d prize, Lieut. Wetherall, Washington, D. C.; 3d prize, Sergt. W. W. Cook, Washington, D. C.

The Schuetzen match: All-comers' continuous match; distance, 200yds; position, standing; number of shots, 7 on the standard American target, with rifle bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring); any weight rifle with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing, the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loop-hole of the shelter. Allowances for military rifles, 4 points on each string; cleaning allowed between shots; the aggregate to count for all prizes; entries unlimited. First prize, $50, won by L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City, score 181; second prize, $25, Charles Zettler, of New York, score 176.

Hayes medal: open to all; 7 shots at 500 and 600yds., both scores to be made on same day; any military rifle. First, Capt. George T. Cann, Georgia; second, Lieut. S. Wetherall, Washington, D. C.; third, Corp. G E Cook, Washington, D. C.

Perrine memorial match: Open to officers and enlisted men of National Guard of New Jersey; 7 shots at 200 and at 300yds.; rifles, those in use by National Guard. Medal presented by Col. Lewis Perrine, Jr., won by J. H. Wells, Company G, Second Regiment N. G. N. J.

Gen. E. P. Meany match: Open to all; any military rifle, 10 shots at 500 and at 600yds. Winner of gold badge and first prize, C. J. Smith, with a score of 91; second prize, C. S. Richmond, Georgia, score of 90.

Department of Rifle Practice match: Open to all inspectors of rifle practice, either by commission or detail, and to all members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association; distances 500 and 600yds.; 25 shots at each distance; both ranges to be shot over the same day; rifle, any military. First prize, the Department of Rifle Practice 50-shot badge, to be held by the winner during the year, and $30. Won by Inspector of Rifle Practice Scheffelin. His score was 223.

New Jersey Rifle Association trophy match: 7 shots at 500 and at 600yds. First prize and trophy, Pvt. W. G. Austin, Georgia, with score of 64; second prize, Lieut. G. B. Young, Washington, D. C., with score of 62; third prize, George P. Cooley, with score of 57.

Trenton Interstate Fair match: 7 shots at 200 and at 300yds. First prize, Lieut. F. C. Wilson, Georgia, with score of 68; second prize, G. B. Young, Washington, D. C., score of 59; third prize, Corp. McLaughlin, Washington, D. C., score of 59.

The Sumner match: Open to all; 10 shots at 200 and at 500yds.; rifles, regular three-grooved Springfield or regular Remington, chambered for and using standard ammunition. First prize, Capt. Boardman, of Massachusetts, and Lieut. F. C. Wilson, of Georgia, tied for first place, Boardman winning on best score at long distance. Their scores were 161.

Military revolver match: Scores 6 shots each, each score to be fired within the time limit of one minute. Revolver, the Colt 38-caliber, army or navy; factory ammunition with full service charge; trigger pull 4lbs., Creedmoor target; total of three scores to count. First prize won by Theodore J. Beck, 38; second, Sergeant Corrie, New York.

Revolver match: Distance 30yds.; five shots on American standard target, reduced to 100yds.; position, standing; off-hand use of one arm only allowed; aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Prizes: Revolver presented by Theodore E. Beck, Esq., and $15. Won by Private C. S. Richmond, of Georgia; second prize, Capt. Eichberg, Georgia.

Revolver Shooting in England.

London, England, Aug. 21.—The latest reports from revolver circles are as below:

At the North London Rifle Club, on Aug. 19, the revolver series was for alternate hands at 20yds., stationary target; right and left hand shot alternately:

Walter Winans	774677—38	Major Munday	576565—34
T Knapp	755767—37	Capt Evans	457754—32
Holmes	777755—38	Llewellen	547644—30
Capt T W Heath	757665—36	Lieut Curley	763763—32
Andrews	663777—36	G G Rowse	733365—25
Denyer	775547—35	Franzmann	498573—27
Britton	753675—33	Tilbury	735534—27
Capt Baxter	367755—33	H Young	233047—17

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

Series:	1						2	3	4		Total.
Walter Winans	42	41	41	40	40	40	38	39	37	36	394
A W Carter	40	38	38	36	36	36	32	35	34	31	368
W Luff	37	37	36	35	35	34	28	33	31	31	337
Capt W Evans	38	36	35	34	33	32	32	30	33	31	338
T Andrews	32	33	31	30	27	21	36	28	35	24	285

The rest have not shot their full number of scores yet.

At the South London Rifle Club, on Aug. 18, owing to the wet weather there were few competitors. The following scores were made in revolver shooting:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

Capt T W Heath	777767—41	C Knapp	747466—34
Walter Winans	777676—40	C Malschinger	555225—24
E Howe	676575—36		

Fifty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	657766—37	C Knapp	787456—33
Capt T W Heath	766647—36	C Malschinger	550654—25
E Howe	675466—34		

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

	20yds.					50yds.			Total.
Walter Winans	40	40	40	40	40	37	37	37	311
E Howe	41	41	40	40	39	37	37	35	310
Capt T W Heath	42	41	40	39	39	37	36	36	310
C Knapp	40	39	39	38	38	36	35	34	299
Clementi-Smith	38	38	37	37	36	38	35	34	293
Malschinger	26	26	25	24	22	25	23	18	189

The rest have not shot out their full scores yet.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30.—In the A class, 10 shots per man, 200yds. range, standard U. S. target, any caliber rifle, Paterson won the medal, his score of 30 being better than similar scores made by Harlan and Spaulding. Scores:

Houston	5000080830—12	Hodson	3430022803—19
Norcum	2342402330—23	Harlan	3414233403—30
Holmbol	2332330344—26	Paterson	0344222454—30
Spaulding	4345303333—30		

Miss Harlan won the Class B medal. The conditions for Class B were: 100yds. range, Creedmoor target, .22-caliber rifles:

Mrs Dr. Silva	0020300023—10	Mrs Marks	3349431353—34
Miss Ervin	4344444353—37	Mrs Whitman	334233 342—30
Miss Harlan	4345344345—39	C W Spaulding	4332344433—33
Mrs Chamberlain	2443433333—32	L J Marks	4435344543—39

Patty.

Snap Shots on a Tin Can.

Portland, Indiana, Sept. 2.—Mr. C. A. Bogardus, who claims to be the champion quick shot of the world, gave an exhibition on the grounds of the local gun club here yesterday. He did some very clever work, both with the shotgun and rifle, at a distance of about 25ft.; he put 25 out of 26 balls from a .22 Marlin into a quart fruit can in eight seconds. He tossed a can in the air, and hit it four times before it reached the earth; also tossed a small marble and broke it with a rifle ball. G. W. C.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 15-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company: $750 added money.

Sept. 26.—Hackensack, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct 6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

Merrill—Williamson.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 2.—On Tuesday, Aug. 25, a very interesting race was shot at live birds by Mr. Richard Merrill and Dr. J. L. Williamson; 100 birds, A. S. A. rules. The result was a tie, each man scoring 93, with 3 dead out of bounds. The tie was shot off at 100 birds the following Saturday, Aug 29, with the surprising result of another tie and precisely the same score: 93 each and 3 dead out of bounds. Both men were in fine form. The birds were extraordinarily hard. Mr. Merrill used a Greener, U. M. C. green trap shell and 50grs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7 chilled. Dr. Williamson shot a Cashmore gun, U. M. C. green trap shells, 3¼drs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7 chilled shots. The double tie may be shot off again some time this fall, and the result is awaited with interest. H.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., given this week under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, closes the season for the Interstate Association. The next important meeting held under the auspices of the Interstate Association will be the Grand American Handicap. As yet no place has been chosen for holding that great live-bird event. Manager Shaner will do some looking around with a view to choosing the scene of the Grand American Handicap of 1897 as soon as he has carried to a successful issue the above-mentioned shoot at Marion.

The West Lebanon, N. H., Gun Club will hold its second annual all-day shoot on Sept. 11. The club's grounds are located on Franklin farm, ten minutes' walk from the depot. The programme is one of popular prices, and a special invitation is issued by the club to members of neighboring organizations and to all trap-shooters in general. The purses will be divided under the Rose system.

The list of fixtures for 1896 is growing very small; it will not be long before the dull season will be upon us, that is, so far as target shooting is concerned. The Schmelzer Arms Company's tournament, Sept. 15-16, at Kansas City, Mo., and the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 29-Oct. 2, being two of the more important tournaments left on our list.

Jim Elliott has been spending some weeks at Block Island, where he has been performing some prodigious feats in the way of landing striped bass and bluefish. He has also succeeded in getting a good summer-girl color, and now looks fit to shoot anybody and everybody all the matches they want.

Louis Schortemeier is fast developing into a shooter of the cracker-jack class. Since he has taken up the single-barreled Francotte he has been smashing the targets with a monotonous regularity—to his opponents—and is just now about the king pin in these parts.

Ed Taylor, known to the boys as the "Old Reliable," has come to town; and what is better still, he has come to stay. His headquarters will be, of course, the offices of Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street.

The Arlington Shooting Association is one of the recent organizations in New Jersey. Its president is Marshall Herrington, the well-known representative of the W-A powder; its secretary-treasurer is Herbert Frapwell.

Sept. 8. Edward Banks.

The County League at Pottsville, Pa.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 2.—The annual meeting of the County League of Fish and Game Protective Associations took place here yesterday. There was a good attendance of members and some good shooting was done on the grounds of the Pottsville Gun Club at Woltjen's farm, Tumbling Run. In a 55-target event there were forty-four entries; of that number three tied for first place on 21 each—Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City; Schuyler Adams, of Newton; and Frank Palmer, of Pottsville. Fen Cooper retired from the contest, and left Adams and Palmer to shoot off the tie; Adams won by scoring 4 out of his first 5, Palmer dropping his first 2 targets and withdrawing as he was shot out. The scores were: Leininger 18, Tanner 16, Seltzer 14, Bechtel 7, Green 19, Miller 12, Weir 15, S. Adams 21, J. Bobbs 11, Dougherty 13, G. Schoffstall 18, Cockill 15, Driscoll 18, Barnhart 16, Malkey 12, Zimmett 18, Ed Clouser 15, Zerbey 7, Brown 12, H. Adams 18, Beck 17, Ossman 11, E. Schoffstall 18, John Irving 2, Cooper 21, Palmer 21, Stitzer 17, Zeckman 17, Hoverty 19, Starr 17, Cooch 10, J. Clouser 14, Thomas 12, Pritchard 16, Knittle 17, Foster 16, Schoppell 18, H. Hoover 17, Head 18, E. Hoover 18, Horning 13, Gorman 9, Walker 12, Roeder 12.

The live-bird event had 21 entries, each man shooting at 10 birds. The rules were "Schuylkill county rules," 31yds. rise, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, use of one barrel only, a missfire to count as a lost bird. Of the 21 shooters there were only two that made clean scores; these were Fen Cooper and F. Palmer, who divided first money. Second money went to John Head, of Wadesville, and P. Naventy with scores of 9 each. E. Walker, P. McQuaid, Frank Stitzer, Weir and Green each killed 8 and split up third money. The scores were:

Frank Setzer	1001011001— 5	Gorman	1101110100— 6
H Deibert	0111001111— 7	Driscoll	1011011100— 6
E E Hoover	0011101011— 6	Pritchard	0111101011— 7
F Palmer	1111111111—10	F Cooch	0100001100— 3
E Walker	1111001111— 8	F Cooper	1111111111—10
J Head	1111101111— 9	Stitzer	0111101111— 8
L Klausman	00000w — 0	Phieffer (Weir)	0011111111— 8
A Schappel	1010111110— 7	Green	1111111100— 8
P McQuaid	1011101111— 8	Parkins	0001110111— 6
T Tanner	0101110111— 7	Zechman	0100010110— 4
P Haverty	1111101111— 9		

The following account of the proceedings at the annual meeting is taken from the Pottsville *Miner's Journal* of this date:

"At the business session held in the morning the Llewellyn Fish and Game Protective Association was admitted into the League, and in honor of this admission the next meet was fixed for Llewellyn. Edward S. Silliman, President of the First National Bank at Mahanoy City, resigned his position as President of the League. Mr. Silliman's resignation was induced by failing health. His leaving was much deplored by the members. In his stead William A. Bensinger, of Mahanoy City, was elected. This is considered a well-deserved honor, since no man in the county has worked harder in advocating the interests of the Association and to protect our fish and game than Mr. Bensinger.

"The following delegates answered roll call:

"Tremont—John A. Bechtel, L. H. Miller, David Leininger, Samuel Brown.

"Newtown—John Irving, Thomas Dougherty, Schuyler Adams, Robert Weir, Harry Adams, Frank Clouser, John Ossman, Edward Clouser, Henry Zerba.

"Cressona—H. Deibert.

"Mahanoy City—W. A. Bensinger, Christ. Lugan, Thomas F. Gorman, Fenimore Cooper, C. W. Stitzer, John F. Becker.

"Schuylkill Haven—H. D. Roeder.

"Llewellyn—Grant Barnhart, Elwood Schoffstall, Wm. Mackey, Grant Schoffstall, Joseph Starr, W. A. Cockill, Frank Semmitt.

"Pottsville—Frank Leonard, Jacob L. Bobbs, James P. Costello, W. J. Beck, Frederick Portz, Al Zechman, F. C. Palmer, Cyrus Sheets."

On Long Island.

WOODSIDE GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 2.—The Woodside Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its club shoot this afternoon. Several sweepstakes at targets were indulged in, but the club shoot at 15 targets per man hand cap rise, was the main event on the programme. The score in this event was as follows:

A. J. Henderson (16) 13, T. W. Richardson (18) 12, J. W. Heany (16) 10, T. W. Murphy (16) 11, U. V. O'Connor (16) 9, J. W. Colgan (18) 12, E. V. Kent (16) 7, J. R. Bernstein (18) 5, F. F. Williamson (17) 8, H. P. Smith (16) 4, E. S. Morris (16) 8, C. L. Thurston (16) 5, T. W. Heany (18) 9, S. P. Schieucter (16) 5, Dr. J. F. Behrens (16) 11, W. H. Hunt (16) 6, J. J. O'Brien (16) 5.

MUTUAL ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 2.—The Mutual Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, a new organization, held its first shoot on the North Beach grounds to-day. The yearly prizes are awarded for scores made at the monthly shoots, the club event being at 7 live birds per man, all at 28yds., 10-gauge guns penalized 2yds. The scores made in that event to-day were as below:

J. B. Knowles and Frank Dexter 6, H. C. Staton, W. S. Massey, C. C. Treadwell and J. P. Smith 5, C. Schneider and P. Wambold 4, Aaron Whitney and G. A. Tracy 3, Thomas Hudson 2.

WAVERLY GUN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

Sept. 5.—The members of the Waverly Gun Club, of New York, spent this afternoon cracking targets on the grounds at Bayside, L. I. The club shoot, which is 15 targets per man, handicap rise, resulted in a victory for James R. Selover, Jr., who broke 15 straight from the 16yds. mark. The scores in this event were as follows:

J. R. Selover (16) 15, C. L. Thompson (16) 14, J. M. Gompert (18) 12, H. M. Meyemberg (16) 10, Dr. Emil Schroeder (16) 12, J. L. Waterman (16) 7, H. J. Gorman (16) 5, W. W. Graham (16) 7, P. F. Ulrich (16) 6, G. J. Guernsey (16) 5, T. J. Ryan (16) 4.

The L. J. Dorp Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 29.—The third weekly shoot of the L. J. Dorp Gun Club too place to-day on the grounds at Morris, Delaware county, Pa. It was an ideal afternoon for target shooting, with the exception of a strong wind blowing, that made the flight of the targets erratic. As the rail season is now on us, we do not expect to shoot again at targets until October, as the boys will be busy with the little birds. Scores in the club shoot were as below:

L J Dorp	1111011101111110111'11'01—21
Frank Gill	1111011011111111111110111—21
V V Dorp	1111011011110111110101111—20
Walt Durfor	1111101101100110011010 11—17
Robt Lloyd	0001000010001100100011000— 7

V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

In New Jersey.

FINLETTER WON THE MAX BLEIMAN CUP.

Aug. 29.—The main event at Hollywood this afternoon was the contest for the Max Bleiman cup, 20 live birds per man, handicap rise, Hollywood boundary. The cup was won by Leonard Finletter, of Philadelphia, who killed his 20 birds. A. L. Ivins was again unfortunate in losing a single bird, finishing with 19 out of 20; Phil Daly, Jr., J. B. Ellison and Thomas tied for third place on 18 each. Edgar Murphy was the scratch man, being placed on the 31yds. mark; he was clear off his form and retired at the end of the 8th round, at which time he had lost 3 birds. Bland Ballard and Fred Hoey both retired at the end of the 12th round, each having lost 2 birds and there being only two moneys. The scores follow:

L Finletter (29)	22222222222222222222—20
A L Ivins (29)	22220222222222222222—19
Phil Daly, Jr (29)	2022222222222222202[illegible]—18
J B Ellison (28)	2202222222022222222[illegible]—18
Thomas (27)	22222002222222222222—18
G S McAlpin (30)	2222222222220220[illegible]—16
Loening (26)	0802222222220[illegible]—16
B Ballard (30)	022220222222 —10
Fred Hoey (29)	202022222222 —10
Toland (27)	213022222200 —10
Dr Gagnon (26)	112007122002 — 9
Edgar Murphy (31)	02022022 — 5

THE DALY-MONEY MATCH AT HOLLYWOOD.

Sept. 1.—Captain Money and Phil Daly shot a race to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club, Daly winning the match by 5 birds, the scores standing at the close of the match: Daly 83, Money 78. The conditions of the match were: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side; 30yds. rise and the Hollywood boundary (21yds. in front, but only about 17½yds. from the end traps). The birds were a good lot and were materially aided in their efforts to get away by a strong wind that blew from the score to the traps.

Captain Money was not shooting in his old-time style; strangely enough he lost 5 birds that had an incoming tendency, ordinarily he is sure to score on such a bird. That his shooting was ragged is shown by the score, a single run of 10 straight being his only double-figure run in the match. Daly made one run of 15, two runs of 11 and two of 10. Lester Wallack was referee, while Louis Shortemeier pulled the traps. The individual scores were:

Capt A W Money	222e2e1112e0e1122212022[illegible]—19
	12220e12022122212 2e220122—20
	20122 22122101102221022 21—21
	2220e221101200212221 2201e—18—78
Phil Daly, Jr	2022 22e2212222220e2222—21
	222222e22122222 1e20 2222—22
	[illegible]—22
	0212222222222e0222222220e—18—83

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Sept. 2.—The members of the Arlington, N. J., Shooting Association held their regular monthly shoot this afternoon. The club event is at 25 targets per man. Mr. Tony Schuler would have made a better score in the club shoot had not his predilection for a pump induced him to shoot that kind of a gun, which did not suit him at all. He did some good work later on with a double gun, for Tony is all right and we look forward to his becoming one of the cracks of the Arlington Gun Club. Scores:

F Walters	1010011111111111111101111—21
J Sickles	0101011111111110111110110—19
M Herrington	1111101001111011001010110—16
J E Simpson	1010010001110110101111111—16
A Schuler	0000100000010100011100111— 9

M. Herrington, Pres't.

IVINS IN GOOD FORM AT HOLLYWOOD.

Sept. 5.—A. L. Ivins shot in good form this afternoon on the Hollywood grounds, and after a long streak of bad luck landed first money and the cup in the contest for the Phil Daly, Jr., cup, with a straight score of 25. He did not win the cup easily, Finletter, the winner of the Max Bleiman cup, chasing him with 21 straight before dropping a bird. Edgar Murphy and Fred Hoey took third place with 23 each. The wind was against the birds, rather a strong southeast wind blowing all the afternoon. The scores were:

Phil Daly, Jr., silver cup, 25 birds, $25 entrance, handicap 25 to 31yds., 50 per cent. and cup to winner, 30 to second and 10 to third.

Ivins (29)	1113111[illegible]—25
Finletter (30)	11111121[illegible]—24
Murphy (31)	1111101[illegible]—23
Hoey (30)	1101121[illegible]—23
Count (25)	120011[illegible]—21
Daly (30)	1010 1[illegible] —17
Ballard (30)	11011220[illegible]e —14
McAlpin (30)	111101[illegible]e220 —17
Hooper (28)	010111[illegible] —16
Moore (25)	0[illegible] — 3

THE ENDEAVOR'S ANNUAL SHOOT.

Sept 7.—The annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club was held to-day. The weather was all that could be desired for target-shooting, and the attendance in consequence was good also. To-day's shoot was a double-barreled affair. It was, as stated above, the annual Labor Day shoot of the club, but it also was the "preparation day" for the Interstate Association's tournament, which will be held to-morrow and the next day, Sept 8-9.

For the latter tournament Elmer E. Shaner, the Association's manager, has put in two sets of bluerock traps and has also placed in position all the paraphernalia of the Association, giving to the gun club's grounds at Marion quite a gala appearance.

Shooting commenced early and was kept up until sundown, 5,000 targets being thrown, although only one set of traps was used at a time and no hustling was indulged in to any extent. Among those present were: J. Hildreth and J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Justus and Carl von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the United States agents for Schultze powder; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Company; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company, Bridgeport, Conn.; Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand and W-A powder; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), ably filling the place of her husband, Milt Lindsley, etc.

Prominent among those shooting were: Louis Schortemeier, E. D. Fulford, "Uncle Billy" Sigler, who made his appearance at the traps for the first time for about a year; C. F. Lenone, of Passaic, and his fellow citizen, Bernie Abbott; James Smith, of Hackettstown; Dr. Jackson, of Springfield, N. J.; F. A. Thompson, of the Vernon Gun Club of Brooklyn; John L. Brewer, Jas. S. Duston, E. A. Geoffroy, etc.

The outlook for a good shoot the next two days is decidedly promising. The weather appears to be settled again, so that nothing need be apprehended on that score. The members of the home team are working well for the success of the shoot, the last one in the 1896 series of the Interstate Association. Edward Banks.

The Cazenovia Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 29.—The Cazenovia Gun Club held its weekly shoot this afternoon. Event No. 1 was the club prize shoot at 25 targets per man. Messrs. F. L. Swope and Stevens tied for the badge in class A, with scores of 20; W. Heinhold won the class B badge with 19, C. L. Swope taking the class C badge with 17 breaks. Several other sweeps were also shot during the afternoon, the scores appearing in the table given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F L Swope	20	6	9	7	9	6	7	8	G Kirkover	..	3	4	6	..	8	8	..
Stevens	20	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	H Kirkover	..	4	9	7	4	..	..	..
C L Swope	17	5	..	..	7	..	..	..	Burkhardt	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8
Beck	18	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	Plumsteel	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8
W Heinold	19	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	Whaley	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
F Heinold	13	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	Wheeler	..	..	..	4	9	6	..	..
Waltz	14	2	7	7	7	9	10	4									

No. 9, live birds: Stevens 4, F. L. Swope 2, Beck 3, C. L. Swope 3, Werlin 4.

Trap-Shooting Systems.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read a letter on "trap-shooting systems" which appeared in your last paper. Without altogether taking Novice's side of the question (and I think I know who Novice is), I must own to being very much of his way of thinking. While I am willing to admit that the system itself has been more to blame than the shooters for the "dropping for place" which was so common at tournaments until Forest and Stream went to work at the droppers, I am however far from willing to admit that the old system, which he reviles, is without merit.

Class shooting was introduced, I take it, to keep those shooting who would have had no share of the purse if everything was "high guns." It performs its part well, and the original system of dividing purses would still be in general use if "our paper," Forest and Stream, had not come out and given us the Rose system. I don't believe in jumping on a man when he is down, and the old system has certainly been downed by the newer and entirely equitable system you have so earnestly advocated. The old system was good enough when we knew none better, but now—*requiescat in pace.* Chilled Shot.

St. Paul Nineteenth Annual.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 1.—The St. Paul Gun Club may be seen to be an ancient and honorable organization by reference to the fact that it this week held its nineteenth annual tournament. According to these figures the club must be at least nineteen years of age, dating, therefore, back to 1877. What a world of change in shooting matters it has seen! I presume the club must always have given good tournaments—at least it has the reputation of having done so—but no doubt its early tournaments must have been crude affairs compared to the systematic and methodical modern tournament of 1896. This year's shoot is as good as any it has ever held—probably the best one it ever held—for, though the figures of former years are not at hand, the entry of 50 shooters on the first day is a large one.

The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis have a pleasant custom of taking a rest now and then and indulging in festivities of a purely holiday character. They made all sorts of schemes for having a big good time, from harvest festivals to ice carnivals. This week is a great one for the twin metropoles. Each city vies with the other, as usual, in magnificence and liberality. St. Paul has the G. A. R. encampment, and Minneapolis the Knights of Pythias, each city being a swarm of uniformed men, brass bands, parades, review stands, ice cream booths, and orators. There is a cloud of smoke all day and a pillar of red fire all night. There are a king and a queen of the carnival, chosen to preside over the nightly spectacles of joy and the long lines of illumined floats, and there are numbers of other kings and queens who preside elsewhere. Everybody is smiling and happy and brightly dressed, and both these towns are working their hardest and spending thousands of dollars daily in heroic effort to go through a vast daily programme of entertainment. Besides the two great encampments, the State Fair of Minnesota, itself a great thing, is in progress during this week. As neither of the two cities could corral the fair, they concluded to let it be held exactly halfway between the two cities, at Hamline, easily accessible by electric lines and railroads. Here there is a further daily struggle to work off a big programme of amusement. There are bicycle races and horse races and foot races and Indian la crosse games and parades and reviews and contests and displays of all sorts to stand as proof of the joy of the vast farming population of the grand State of Minnesota that the harvest is over and the fall shooting season at hand. All over the great fair grounds are all sorts of quaint, queer, ingenious and instructive things. You can buy several kinds of cider, and plenty of ice cream, and considerable pie, and peanuts and extraordinarily bad coffee, and a lot of things. You can see self-binders and seeders and huskers and stackers and threshers and rakers and diggers and pickers and all sorts of things now needful in the touch-the-button farming of to-day. It is easy to be a farmer now, it is all done by machinery. I think I shall go into farming, because all the hard work a farmer has to do nowadays is to go to church or to talk politics.

Up on the hill at the State Fair grounds, beyond the wagon and steam engines, and the tents of the mammoth ox and the two-headed rooster and the fat lady, are the grounds of the St. Paul Gun Club, where the annual tournament is now in progress. Here there is a very comfortable club house and a railing to keep out the surging crowd of spectators. The grounds lie on top of an eminence offering a good light and a fair background, and everything is very carefully arranged for the comfort of the many shooters in attendance, the platforms, walks, benches, etc., being very well planned.

The tournament was at targets only, and was announced to be under A. S. A. rules, though it is to be observed that 10-gauge guns shot through at the same score with 12-gaugers. Bluerocks were used, shot at 3 cents, and at two sets of traps, or rather at one set of traps (known angles) and one magautrap. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., superintended the magautrap personally, and one must say it worked handsomely, breaking almost no targets, and causing no trouble except an occasional balk by the puller, who sometimes grew erratic in his elbow. The old-fashioned and soon to be obsolete system of class shooting was adhered to, except that on the second day the equitable system was used in the first two events and the Rose system in the next two following. The choice of systems was left to the shooters following that. Winners of first money were handicapped 2yds. in the following event. This was hard on Charlie Budd, who had to stand back behind the others so much so he could not talk to McMurchy and Heikes at the firing line. Thus it may be seen that the nineteenth annual shoot of the St. Paul Gun Club was about as well arranged a shoot as the average modern tournament, with abundant indication of a leaning to still more modern methods. Next year, let us hope, it will cast aside fears and come out for the Rose system flat-footed.

The State championship event of the second day, for the diamond badge indicative of the individual State championship, made a change in the monotony of a stiff target programme—indeed too, stiff a programme, for 200 birds a day is too much shooting, especially where there are so many counter attractions as there are here at the State Fair. It ties a man fast to the traps all day and makes the "sport" not sport, but plain hard work. The State championship event was at 25 singles and 12 pairs, known angles (conditions not so hard and not so modern as such an event should carry), for an entrance of $8.50. A list of prizes followed down to the sixth place, among these a silver-trimmed cigar case for second place by Parker Bros. In the general average prizes there was a list covering the places from first to twenty-fourth, so that nearly everybody had a chance to get something to take home to the babies, from a plush lap robe to a negligee shirt. It would seem that the merchandise prize is still with us, but after awhile it too will go. Among the more important average prizes were the following: First, fine ejector hammerless gun, "B" grade, 12-gauge, presented by Remington Arms Co., value $75; second, cash by the club, $50; third, $40; fourth, $35; fifth, fine Elliot pattern repeating shotgun, 12 gauge, presented by Winchester Repeating Arms Co., value $47; sixth, cash by the club, $30; seventh, $20; eighth, $15; ninth, $10.

My ancient friend of the merchandise prize list, the silk umbrella, was in the list, and so was the hard hat, but I do not see any bottle of liniment. I was at a shoot once where the merchandise prizes included a bottle of liniment, and since then I have always thought that no such list was really complete without a bottle of liniment. It is singularly appropriate, moreover, for the man who has fallen down into twenty-fourth place. The ancient Romans had the pleasant motto "*Væ victis*," which being interpreted means, freely speaking, "Swat the under dog." Managements offering plunder lists to jolly along twenty-fourth men through 600 targets should always, in my opinion, offer a bottle of liniment or ointment, or something of that sort, for twenty-fourth place, so as to offer reproof to the brutal Romans. The Romans never asked a disinterested and harmless man's furnishing goods dealer for a silk umbrella or a Derby hat to jolly along a sore gladiator, but in many ways the Romans were behind the times, even the times of yesterday.

An innovation in methods was practiced by the officers of the shoot. No squad cards were used in scoring, and all the scores were kept as shot upon the blackboard only, the blackboard being covered by a piece of paper and ruled similarly, a fresh sheet being tacked on for each event. At the end of the event the sheet was taken down and handed to the cashier and assistants, who copied the totals of each man into the record book. This was an experiment, but it served to save time and confusion.

There was a strong attendance of stiff Western shooters, such as Mayor H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha; J. H. Block, of St. Peter; M. Treat, of Wadena; M. Jones, of Atwater; J. Dodge, of Duluth, etc., etc. P. O'Shaughnessy came all the way from Bismarck, N. D.; E. J. Graham from Roseale, Mich., and Willard Thomas, Indiana. Fred. Gilbert was not present from his Iowa home, being absent with Mr. E. S. Rice on a chicken hunt. The old guard was represented by McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., Rolla Heikes and Charlie Budd. The Twin Cities sent a large and hard shooting contingent of gentlemen, who united in making things pleasant for visitors.

There were two lady shooters present, though one of them, Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, did not enter in any of the events. The other lady is a very desirable accession to the ranks of trap-shooters, a very bright, graceful and pleasant personage, and of course popular at once among the gallant shooters. This was Mrs. D. H. Day, of Duluth, who has been shooting for less than a year, but who goes into the 65 per cent. class readily enough. This was Mrs. Day's first tournament away from home, and she seemed to enjoy the fun very much. Mrs. Day was coached by her husband, Dr. Day, a very pleasant gentleman, though also a very unfortunate one. Dr. Day recently in course of the practice of his profession incurred blood poisoning and was obliged to suffer amputation of two fingers of his right hand. He fears this will deprive him of his profession of dentistry. Let him at least take heart that it will not debar him from shooting, for many men even more unfortunate have become very proficient with the gun. Besides, as he himself says, he takes as much pleasure in seeing Mrs. Day shoot as though he were doing it himself. Mrs. Day has a fine position at the trap and will be a good shot as soon as she has a proper gun that fits her.

Mr. B. F. Schurmeier, Dr. Lyons, Mr. Kennedy and all others connected with the management were efficient and courteous in their several parts, and aided respectively in establishing the smoothness of detail which made the St. Paul nineteenth annual up to date. It was a shooters' shoot and a success worthy of either or both the Twin Cities, which are the homes of jollification, good times and successes.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Catamaran	13	11	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	..
Budd	10	17	17	13	17	22	15	20	22	20
Hopkins	12	14	20	13	11	21	7	16	20	18
Graham	13	18	21	15	20	23	10	19	18	17
McMurchy	13	19	25	14	18	22	14	19	23	19
Thomas	12	12	18	9	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	12	16	18	10	16	19	13	17	21	19
Robinhood	13	16	19	13	19	18	14	18	23	17
Stone	12	15	18	11	13	16	10	9	21	14
Goldbug	13	16	23	14	16	15	14	14	17	15
North	12	13	17	9	16	20	7	16	18	14
O'Shaughnessy	12	15	21	13	19	17	11	12	18	..
Woodbury	8	8	20	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
McHay	9	15	19	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rose	10	18	18	11	19	20	12	16	19	17
Ensign	12	17	22	12	13	19	9	17	20	15
Hub	14	17	20	13	20	21	12	19	23	16
Rodecker	10	19	19	12	16	20	7	16	..	..
Dodge	13	19	20	13	17	22	15	19	20	18
Baldwin, Sr.	10	16	14	9	12	17	5	10	17	..
Heikes	13	19	23	14	18	20	14	15	23	19
Baldwin, Jr.	9	9	18	14	13	14	12	11	19	7
Bold	7	17	22	8	20	18	12	13	20	..
Palmer	13	18	16	11	18	22	13	16	18	18
Boland	8	10	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Block	11	14	25	13	19	19	12	19	19	10
Hanson	9	19	11	8	10	19	13	15	19	16
Novotny	7	11	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Redfern	13	16	17	10	15	21	13	16	21	15
Shell	15	15	20	12	15	22	11	20	27	16
Peterson	11	16	16	..	11	..	..	13	..	..
Daley	11	16	20	9	12	13	11	..	..	..
Jones	13	16	22	13	17	22	13	15	23	14
Bird	12	18	19	10	18	24	12	14	19	14
Wilson	13	18	20	13	16	21	14	17	21	17
Paz	10	14	19	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Duchess	9	13	15	..	14	..	..	11	15	..
Holt	9	12	23	11	12	20	10	15	18	14
Main	8	15	21	9	18	22	11	18	21	18
Mahoney	11	..	14	10	11	..	9	16	..	..
Burke	14	20	21	13	18	22	12	16	21	17
Allen	12	..	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
Sandstone	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thielman	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rox	13	..	21	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Welland	..	16	..	..	18	..	..	..	21	11
Markham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Bloxam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

SECOND DAY.

The highest scores for the three days were made by the following shooters: McMurchy 1st, Heikes 2d, Budd 3d, Dodge 4th, Hub 5th, Robin Hood 6th, Burke 7th, Wilson 8th, Bennett 9th, Rose 10th, Bud 11th, Gold Bug 12th, Baldwin 13th. The scores made yesterday in the final events were as follows, the events being the 19th and 20th, inclusive. Four were at 25 singles, three at 20 singles, and four at 15 singles. The first event was at known angles and the second at unknown angles, successively.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*
Harris	9	11	14	6	15	14	7	..	..	..	15
Robin Hood	12	17	20	12	17	17	12	15	23	8	19
Bennett	..	16	20	14	19	13	13	13	22	10	19
Stone	9	13	21	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	13	18	25	12	16	22	12	15	25	12	24
Graham	12	16	21	11	17	23	14	14	17	15	21
Burke	11	15	18	12	15	19	10	17	19	14	19
Budd	13	15	21	12	19	22	14	18	21	15	23
Thomas	11	17	20	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	14	19	23	12	19	23	15	16	22	11	20
Hub	12	13	18	12	15	17	13	14	21	15	24
Wilson	15	14	21	12	16	16	13	8	23	7	19
Taylor	13	14	21	11	15	..	13	..	21	..	21
Carlton	14	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bird	12	17	20	14	16	16	11	13	22	10	20
Peck	12	..	..	9	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Wood	12	16	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	13	..
Dodge	15	15	21	14	18	17	12	20	18	12	21
Gray	8	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goldbug	10	12	18	8	7	21	12	13	17	13	23
Rose	13	13	18	13	15	19	13	13	20	10	18
Peterson	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Houston	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baldwin, Sr.	6	10	14	9	8	11	6	11	13	13	11
McAndrews	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pat	..	..	..	11	16	..	12	..	20	..	..
Baldwin, Jr.	..	..	..	9	13	..	10	..	..	..	..
Ludrington	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daley	..	..	..	9	15	..	13	..	..	..	..
North	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	15	..	11	..
Gramm	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Shaughnessy	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
McAndrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Peck	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

By evening of the second day, Tuesday, the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis were crowded almost to their limits by the throngs of visitors from all over the country who came either to the G. A. R. or K. of P. encampments or to the State Fair. Each train brought many more people, until it was next to impossible to get about on the streets. Arrangements for handling these crowds were pitiably inadequate. The Interurban car line between the two cities was the only route the shooters could take from the grounds, and the cars on this line went by in lines, one after the other, loaded down so that the shooters had to wait often over an hour by the roadside before they could crowd into a car. There was great popular dissatisfaction over this very unfortunate state of affairs.

On the first day Heikes was unable to get his trunk at his hotel, and was forced to use a job lot of ammunition which proved no good. Budd also shot badly for a while. McMurchy was steady and went far ahead on the grand average. On the second day both Budd and Heikes began to pull up to McMurchy, but at evening he still led them by something like 12 or 14 birds, and was thought safe for first on grand average.

On the second day, it being left to a vote of the shooters, the Rose system was continued in use and gave satisfaction. Budd said that under the old system he made on Monday about $35 clear, and on Tuesday, under the Rose System, he made about $34 clear. The Rose system is bound to be the next thing in trap-shooting.

The weather was good, bright and calm Monday, but windy on Tuesday, when the shooting was hard.

The individual State championship was won by W. M. Taber, of Park Rapids, with the score of 88 out of 50, the lowest score ever shot to win this trophy. The high wind accounted for the low scores.

Mr. Day shot under the name of Duchess, one the boys were willing to call appropriate. In the State championship race Mr. Day scored 25 out of the 50.

The attendance at the shoot would have been much better had it not fallen directly at the date of the opening of the game season. This is a great country for field shooters, and all were eager to get out for a go at real feathers. It is good to be able to say that the Minnesota shooters will have more game this fall than they have had for the past ten years.

Paul North wore his bicycle suit, which displays him to be built like a hired man.

"Hank McMurchy, the Syracuse crackerjack," is what a local paper called him.

Roger Kennedy proved himself an able cashier, and pleased everybody at the window.

B. F. Schurmeier was general hustler and manager-in chief at the scores.

John F. Burkhardt appears in the new rôle of newspaper man, being publisher of the *Western Field and Stream*, a bright monthly which bears no less a name than that of Chas. Hallock as editor, as well as that of Mark Biff, a young lawyer of St. Paul. Mr. Burkhardt is welcome to the broad and flowery path of newspaper work.

Mayor H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, is Wapahasa in the game and shooting columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and well known by that title. Mr. Jewell's style at the score is singular. He points his gun at the ground inside the trap line when calling "Pull!" Most men cover the field above the traps.

Pa Baldwin was there, as usual.

Block, of St. Peter, is one of the town's solid citizens. He weighs about 260lbs.

It takes the Twin Cities to get up a crowd. It was like World's Fair times. One rarely has a better chance to observe the serious and businesslike way in which the American citizen sets about having a good time than was afforded here this week.

After the shoot McMurchy goes to Duluth; then to Atwater, Minn., for a chicken shoot; then to Clear Lake, Ia., for a visit with Charlie Grimm until it is time to go to the Schmelzer shoot at Kansas City. Budd was called home and could not go chicken shooting. Heikes stayed over for a chicken hunt with Fred and Dick Merrill and the writer, west of St. Paul. Two days after the shoot would have found few of the trap-shooters at home, for all had joined the general exodus for the prairies and stubble.

E. HOUGH.

1926 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 30.—The regular medal contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took place to-day. S. M. Booth was the winner in class A with 24 out of 25; Hodson, in class B, made the same score, losing his 23d target, and winning the medal in that class. Harlan, of class C, won the medal in that class by defeating his solitary opponent, Chamberlain, by the score of 18 to 17. The conditions of the shoot are 25 targets per man, known traps and unknown angles. Scores:

Class A.

G C Lamphere	0111111111111101111110101020
S M Booth	1111111111111111111101111—24
A C Paterson	0111011111111101111111101—21

Class B.

Houston	1100110111000111100101110—15
Hodson	1111111111111111111111011—24
Harper	1010000001001010111100011—12
Metcalfe	0111010100011111000001011—14
Norcum	1111100111101111111101111—22
Whitman	1010111110111101101011000—16

Class C.

Harlan	1101101101110111111010101—18
Chamberlain	1101110101001100111111101—17

Two team races were shot during the afternoon. The first resulted as follows:

Patterson's team: Patterson 8, H. Carson 8, Hodson 6, Metcalfe 6, Houston 5, Chamberlain 4—37.

Lamphere's team: Lamphere 8, Norcom 5, Harlan 5, Harper 5, Booth 4, Whitman 4—31.

The second team race was at 10 targets per man, as the above, but the 10 targets were shot under the conditions known as "snipe shooting." At this style of shooting Lamphere's team put up the score of 43 out of 60, defeating Patterson's team handsomely. Scores:

Lamphere's team: Lamphere 10, Norcom 10, Booth 8, Harlan 7, Harper 6, Whitman 2—43.

Patterson's team: Hodson 6, Metcalfe 6, H. Carson 6, Patterson 5, Houston 5, Chamberlain 3—31.

Four events were also shot, the conditions of these events being as below: No. 1, 15 targets; Nos. 2 and 3, handicap events at 25 targets, Class A men shooting at 25 targets, Class B at 27 and Class C at 30; No. 4 was at 25 targets, unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*15*	*25*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*15*	*25*	*25*	*25*
Patterson	11	19	22	..	Chamberlain	5	17	18	..
Booth	13	15	19	19	Norcom	..	14	24	18
Harlan	10	13	9	..	Metcalfe	10	17	18	20
Houston	10	19	20	14	Hodson	13	..	..	..
Whitman	6	..	..	..	Lamphere	13	21	21	..

PATTY.

Grand Rapids versus Holland.

GRAND RAPIDS, Aug. 29.—The Valley City Gun Club of this place has held the five-men team championship of Michigan since winning it from Battle Creek in 1895. The club was recently challenged by the Holland Gun Club, and the contest came off to-day. The result, a tie, was very unsatisfactory to both clubs, and it was at once arranged to try issues again on Sept. 12. The score was much lower than has ever won the trophy, and was remarkable for being a tie on both singles and on doubles. No excuses can be made; weather and all conditions never were more favorable for a high score, but, for some unaccountable reason, every man was unable to reach his regular average. Even Messrs. Karstens and Van Eyck, usually handling their guns like professionals, shot well in the preliminary sweeps, but fell down in the main event. We do not know so much about the shooting qualities of the rest of the visitors, the two named having shot with us before, but all failed to maintain the reputation they were credited with. With the exception of Mr. Gould, who took the place of Mr. Gilmore on the home team, it was made up as usual, and no excuses can be made for the result.

There is no other club to whom we would rather lose the cup than the Holland gentlemen, and their next visit will be welcome.

Valley City Gun Club.

Gould	0010101010111011000110101111111—18
	10 10 10 10 00 11 10 11 11 10 —18—80
Wharton	1100111101101101011111101101100—20
	11 10 10 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 —15—35
Widdicomb	1111101111010111101111011011111—24
	10 11 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 —13—37
Walton	1010111010101111111111111110111100—22
	11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 11 —16—38
Coleman	1111111101111101011111010112110—24
	10 10 01 10 00 10 10 00 10 00 — 7—31—171

Holland Gun Club.

Karstens	1110101111101111111101101010011—23
	10 10 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 10 —16—39
Ferguson	1100111101010111101111011011001—20
	10 10 01 00 10 10 11 11 11 10 —12—32
Van Eyck	1011101111101111111111111111111—26
	11 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 00 01 —13—39
De Roo	1001111101101011001110100101101—17
	10 00 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 11 —12—29
Arieth	1011111001100111111010111111101—22
	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 00 10 —10—32—171

C. F. ROOD, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 3.—Unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*25*
Nelson	16	17	4	19	22	Miller	17	15	6	19	19
Terry	17	14	8	18	18	Cleland	10	18	7	15	..
Dorsia	18	19	5	22	23	Durphy	19	18	5	17	17
Moorman	18	16	7	21	20						

F. M. D.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Good News from South Dakota.

THE glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri River, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that State.

Diversified farming the growing of live stock and the products of the dairy are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful Western States.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or to the local agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.—*Adv.*

The Baker Gun Quarterly.

"THE Baker Gun Quarterly" for August is full of information relative to Baker guns. The first article is by A. R. King, of Syracuse, who brings out strongly the good features of the Baker hammerless. On another page notice is given of the company's intention to discontinue the manufacture of hammer guns. Owing to this fact, an excellent opportunity is offered to purchase guns of this class at reduced rates. The "Quarterly" will be sent free on application to the Baker Gun Co., Batavia, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Winchester Shot Shells.

THE Winchester Company has issued an August price list of paper shot shells that describes and illustrates the famous "Rival" and "Leader" shells, as well as the later products of the company, "Blue Rival," "Metal Lined" and "Repeater" shells. A table of comparative measures of nitro powders is also included.

The circular is artistically printed, and each shell is shown in its particular color.—*Adv.*

On Sept. 6 the double summer service of the Fall River Line will be discontinued. The steamers Plymouth and Pilgrim will be retired from service, while the Priscilla and Puritan will remain in commission, leaving New York, as usual, week days and Sundays at 5:30 P. M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. D. B., New York.—The snapper is the young bluefish.